Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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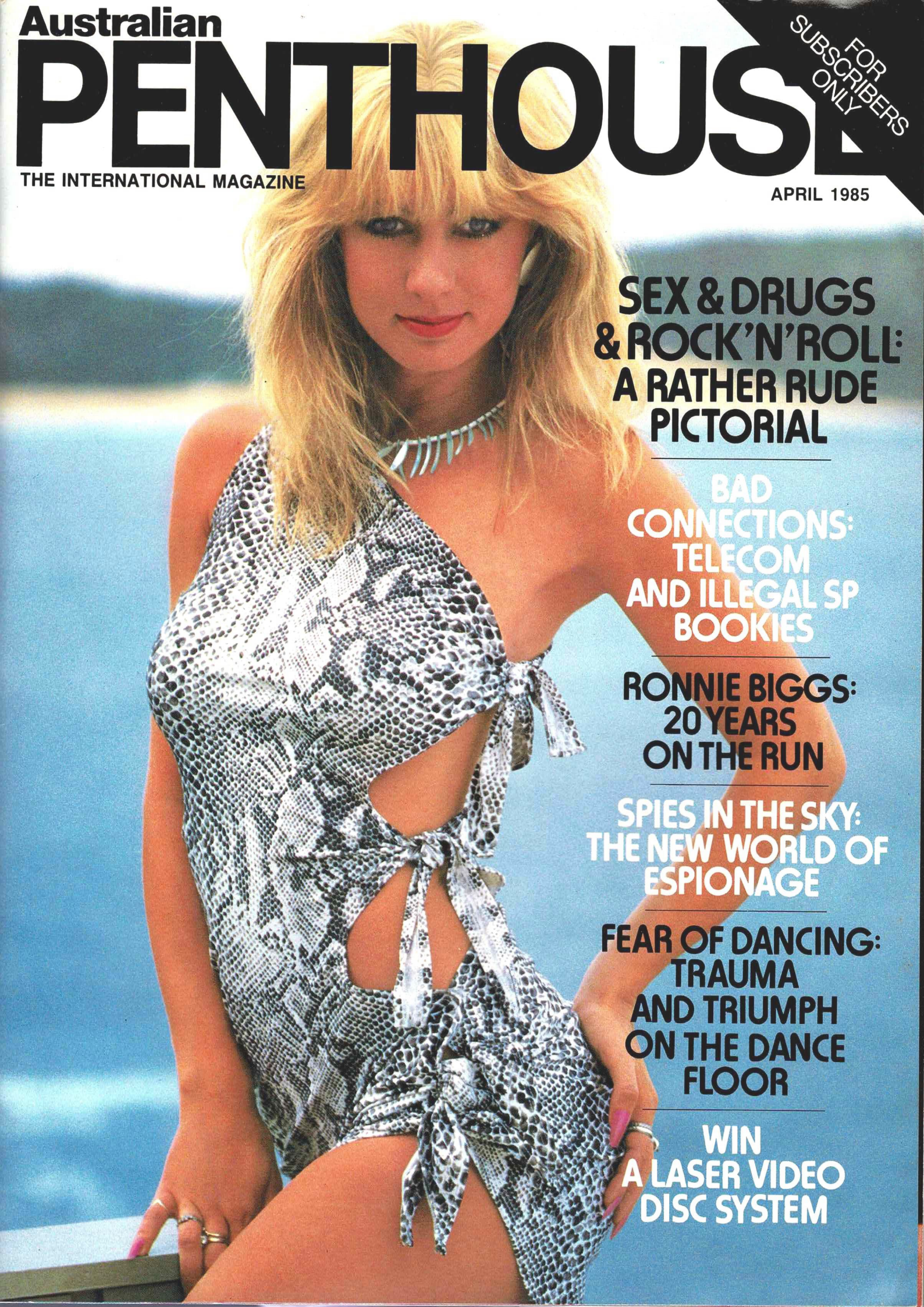
APRIL 1985



SEX & DRUGS & ROCK'N'ROLL: A RATHER RUDE PICTORIAL

BAD CONNECTIONS: TELECOM AND ILLEGAL SP BOOKIES

RONNIE BIGGS: 20 YEARS ON THE RUN

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FEAR OF DANCING: TRAUMA AND TRIUMPH ON THE DANCE FLOOR

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 6 No 4/April 1985

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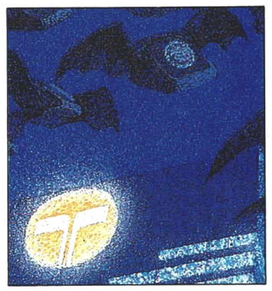
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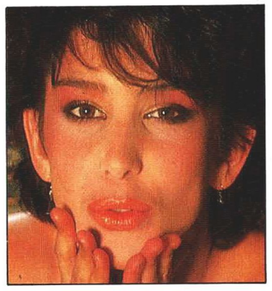
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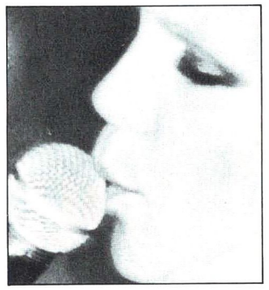
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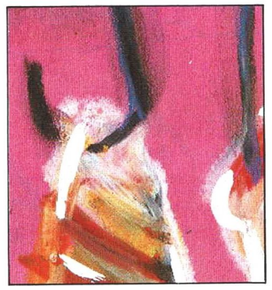
Rough Passage

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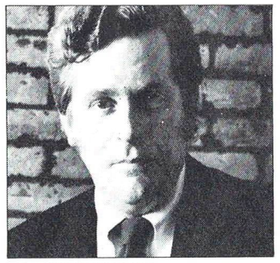

ERNEST VOLKMAN

FRANK ROBSON

HOUSECALL

PET OF THE YEAR
Australia's first aboriginal centrefold Bobbie Wallbank created more than a few ripples of interest when she appeared in the December 1984 issue of this magazine. Those ripples turned into waves when it came to counting the votes for the 1985 Pet of the Year contest. *Penthouse* is proud to present Bobbie as the winner of the richest glamor prize in the Southern Hemisphere. Turn to page 43 for another glimpse of our glamorous 1985 Pet of the Year and her enviable array of prizes.

BAD CONNECTIONS
As quickly as police raid illegal SP bookmaking premises, new telephones — the vital link between bookies and punters — are installed. And who installs them? Telecom — perhaps the only Australian Commonwealth authority which is obviously and consistently linked with organised crime. In Bad Connections, **David Hickie** exposes the official blind eye which is regularly turned to the links between Telecom and illegal bookmakers. **Geoff Cook** created the illustration. Turn to page 34.

I CAN DANCE!
Frank Robson's fear of dancing rendered him a social cripple — until he took just five lessons at Brisbane's Arthur Murray Studios. This hilarious account of his transformation from a dancing dyslectic into a nimble-footed lady killer starts on page 55. **David May** soft-shoed on to the dance floor with his camera to prove Frank's newfound confidence.

SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
Penthouse presents a bonus pictorial this month. It's an exclusive preview from the just-released British publication *Sex And Drugs And Rock 'N' Roll*, a scurrilous series of photos of rock and roll celebrities caught, sometimes literally, with their pants down. Turn to page 88 and check the portfolio of pictures which has outraged the rock and roll industry.

BIGGS' BUSINESS
Ronnie Biggs makes a living out of being notorious. Ensconced in a luxurious apartment in Rio, the man who has become the world's most visible living escape artist holds court for anyone who is likely to help him maintain his infamy. That's where **Cathy Galvin** found the Great Train Robber. Her lively report on Biggs' latest plans for self-promotion is on page 60.

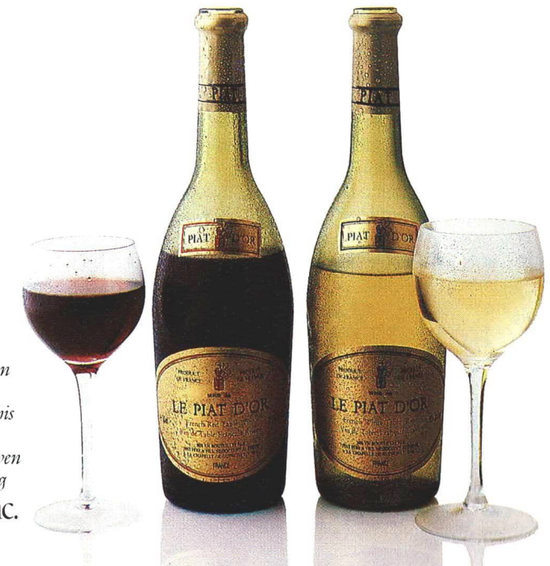
SPY-TECH SECRETS
The mind-boggling sophistication of America's satellite spy system may look impressive on paper, but in fact this multi-billion dollar network has some serious shortcomings. On page 80, **Ernest Volkman** traces the fascinating development of the US spy network, a technological extravaganza which has left that great nation looking up its own posterior.

JOHN-MICHAEL HOWSON
Whether you admire or loathe his distinctive style, television talking head John-Michael Howson is impossible to ignore. When Howson speaks, everyone listens. In this month's interview with **Adrian Tame**, Howson tells how he got his foot into Hollywood's closed door and became the confidant of the film world's glitterati. He also speaks frankly about the many foibles of his famous interview subjects. **John Murie** shot the photo on page 124.

ClemSyd SWM 2219 AB3829-85

The one thing the French love more than tradition: breaking with it.

Today, in France, another revolution is taking place. Gone are the days when people can sit over lengthy, over-rich meals and then take the time to sleep it off.
The food is now lighter. The sauces less creamy and floury. And along with this nouvelle cuisine is a new approach to wine making.
A perfect example is Piat D'Or red. A light, exceptionally smooth red, that even chilled, is a joy to swallow. Look for Piat D'Or red and white. We've been looking after people who love wine since 1849. Piat D'Or Rouge and Blanc.



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Phantom fan

If he reads *Penthouse*, the Ghost Who Walks would undoubtedly bestow a Phantom Good Sign on your February issue for the story Phantom Freaks.

However, I can make a criticism based on 30 years of Phantom following. Your writer Frank Robson consistently referred to the published adventures of The Man Who Cannot Die as "comics." If Mr Robson had substituted the correct term "chronicles" his story would have been excellent and not just great. It's worth noting in case you contemplate handling more of the Phantom's publicity in the future. In the words of another Old Jungle Saying, "Keep it up." — *B. Graham, Perth, WA*

Grow your own

Your article in the December issue on the problems of the balding male was timely and well written. The treatment of baldness is not merely a pandering to vanity but represents a genuine attempt to solve an age-old problem.

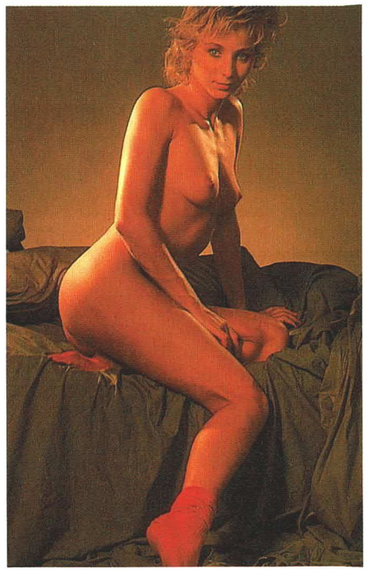
May I be permitted to correct an impression that hair transplantation is only available through so-called commercial clinics? There is, in fact, a professional body — The Association of Hair Transplant Surgeons of Australia which consists of medically qualified persons skilled in hair transplantation. Those interested in hair transplantation should contact members of this body for advice rather than put themselves in the hands of persons with absolutely no medical qualifications whatsoever.

The fact that hair transplantation is preferred by film stars, radio and TV personalities, etc speaks for itself. Most so-called treatment programs are an expensive waste of time. At the conclusion of the program the victim is told (with a sigh): "What a pity you didn't come sooner!"

Hair-pieces, including the glued on variety, have their place but nothing can beat your own hair growing in your own head for comfort, convenience and ultimately economy. Why else do the megastars undergo hair transplantation? Quite simply it is the most effective solution. In skilled hands, with modern anaesthetic agents, it is a painless experience. — *Dr David E. Cooke, Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Australian Society of Hair Transplant Surgeons*

Bouquets for Bobbie

This is just a short note to thank you for your Bobbie Wallbank pictorial (December '84 *Penthouse*). She is the best, she is the most and we are crazy about her. We beg you for more of Bobbie, and we hope it is sooner and not later. — *T.M. and D.T., Stanthorpe, Qld*



Sophie Jeanne . . . body language

You're not the only ones smitten by Bobbie's charms, as the result of the Pet of the Year contest demonstrates. Turn to page 43 and feast your eyes. — Ed

Bottom is tops

I refer to the Bob Bottom interview in January *Penthouse*. Australians need more of this sort of journalism if they are to be informed about corruption which is rife in this country. It has been said that the education system at the turn of the century taught people how to read, but not how to think. It is men like Bob Bottom who help to remedy this problem. — *John De Haan, Narellan, NSW*

Hard facts

Kevin Sander's article in January *Australian Penthouse*, Hard Drugs, was excellent. The work of Brindley, Virag, Wagner, and myself has ushered in a new era in the diagnosis and practical treatment of impotence. The name of the game now is to increase blood flow to the erectile bodies. Where successful, this will either postpone or eliminate the need for a penile prosthesis implantation, which to date has been the primary method of treatment.

Some words of caution, however, may be useful. A 30-hour erection is not desirable; in fact, prolonged erection may harm long-term erectile function. Other shorter-acting, self-injected drugs are preferable. I have been dispensing these since February 1983, with an excellent sexual function in about 80 percent of patients. The dropout rate is small, further suggesting that results are satisfactory.

These drugs are absolutely not for those who want to improve an existing erection. This would constitute abuse and might be dangerous to normal function.

In the future, attention will have to be directed toward the risk factors for impotence, which are the same as for heart attacks: over-eating, smoking, diabetes, high blood pressure, elevated cholesterol, and so forth.

It should also be remembered that impotence may be corrected by other means. A diagnostic workup is essential before embarking on injection treatment. — *Adrian W. Zorgniotti MD, Professor of Clinical Urology, New York University Medical Centre, New York, USA*

The mating game

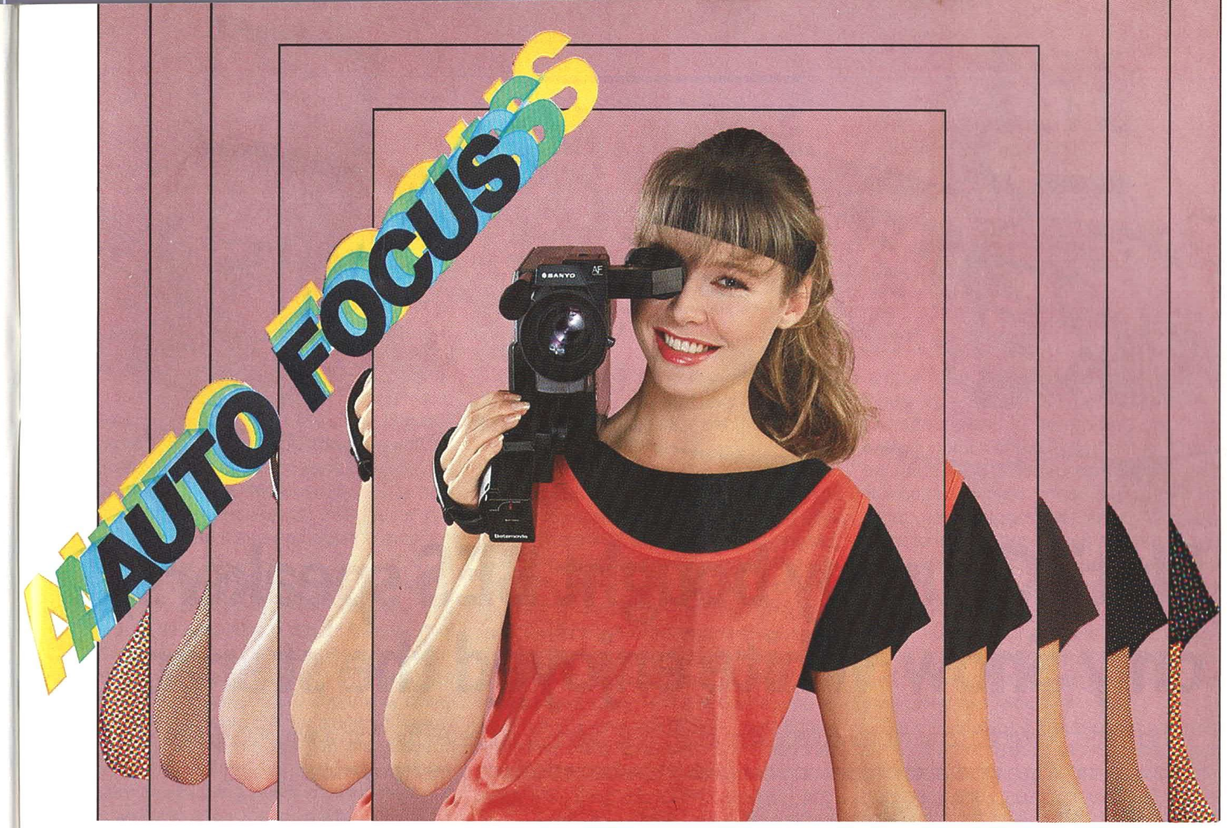
All thanks to Greg Hunter and *Penthouse* for the informative article on The Mating Game in your February issue.

I'm one of the suckers who thought an introduction agency could be the answer to my difficulty in approaching women. I cleaned up my act, locked up the liquor cabinet and went along, more than willing to pay whatever it cost to meet a sensitive, warm woman.

But since reading the facts my gullibility has dawned on me. I've gone back to the bottle and am much happier in myself now. I have realised that there is no magic formula for companionship, least of all paying through the nose. Cheers. — *Bob F., Sydney*

Body language

I'm all ears — Sophie Jeanne's body talks! How about you accent some more of her fabulous French figure in a forthcoming issue? She turned me on so much that my volume dial, which hasn't exactly had to deal with surplus volume lately, went off the air when I saw her. (I'm not *all* ears). Do it! — *J. Carter, Sydney*



Focus in on our new Betamovie with AUTO FOCUS

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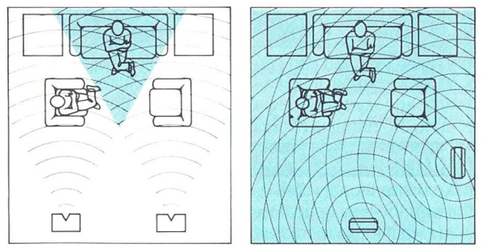
SANYO That's Life!

Until Grumpy bought BES speakers, only Snow White enjoyed the stereo.

No matter how good conventional loudspeakers are, they all suffer from a huge disability: there's only one spot in the room where the full stereo effect can be heard.



Conventional speakers **BES speakers**

BES electro-acoustic speakers overcome the problem. Instead of producing two "cones" of sound, BES speakers radiate sound in every direction. This means that no matter where you are in the room, you still hear the music in stereo with perfect clarity.

BES speakers start at $990 a pair.

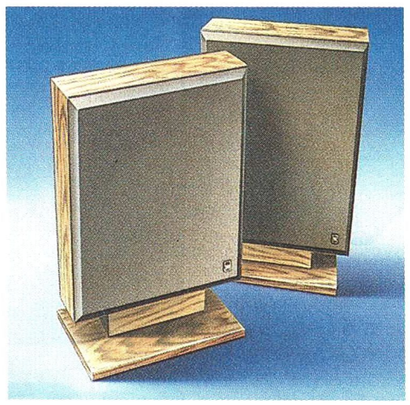
You can connect them to almost any make of amplifier with a rated output of up to 250 watts RMS. They will faithfully reproduce your music with solid bass response, smooth mid-range and crisp high frequencies. All this from a slim, graceful enclosure that complements your furniture and decor rather than overwhelming it.

No more do you have to put up with those big, ugly boxes.

The remarkable performance and slim lines of BES speakers are the result of years of dedicated research by acoustic designer Professor Jose Bertagni.

Abandoning clumsy, old-fashioned cone speakers, Bertagni developed a specially moulded Soniflex™ diaphragm, energized by acoustic "hammers", to give exceptional clarity, expanded dynamic range, lower distortion and greater power-handling capacity.

And the full performance is heard in stereo wherever you sit, stand or lie. No matter what furniture is in the way.



Do yourself a favour. Listen to a demonstration of BES loudspeakers soon.

After all, why should Snow White have all the fun?

BES speakers

Give everyone the best seat in the house

Agents: Melbourne: Audio Trends, phone: 729 8233, Diamond Hi-Fi, phone: 434 8500, Footscray Audio Visual, phone: 68 4192. **Sydney:** Kent Hi-Fi, phone: 267 2600. **Adelaide:** Ford Electrical, phone: 223 6191. **Trade enquiries** contact Sonique Pty Ltd, 112 James St, Templestowe, Victoria 3106 (03) 846 3022

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School's out

I read your magazine every month and I've found that it has helped me become more aware and relaxed about sex. I'm fully at ease with guys and I enjoy intercourse very much. I'm always willing to try new sexual experiences and I'd like to tell you about the latest and perhaps the most exciting I've had.

I'm at high school in sixth form and this story concerns one of my teachers. She would have to be the school favorite. Not only is she an exceptional teacher but every guy in the school lusts after her. She is 27 with a terrific figure and a very pretty face — you could call her a classic beauty like one of the models you might see in *Vogue*. At school she always wears conservative clothing, never anything revealing enough to show the guys what they really want to see.

Well, my story begins one afternoon when I asked if I could have help with some schoolwork. She suggested I stay late and I remained after school for about an hour and she was a great help. We then began talking about other things — hobbies, boyfriends, etc, — and I found that we had quite a lot in common. I then found out that we lived only a few streets from each other and as it was getting late she offered to drive me home.

It was a very warm day for October and she insisted that I should wait in her air-conditioned car while she packed up. After a few minutes she jumped in with me. If only the guys in her classes could have seen her! Her shirt was open to about the fourth button down (she never undid more than one in class), and she'd taken off the bra she always wore. She seemed very relaxed now, happy to be going home.

Chatting on the way home, I couldn't help noticing that every time she changed gears her shirt would gape to reveal her whole breast. I get jealous of a good figure because I'm fairly flat-chested. She had beautiful breasts — firm with light brown nipples. I stared and I'm sure my teacher noticed. She suggested we stop at her place and have a drink. At her place we sat in the back yard on deck chairs beside her pool. She poured a drink and we began to talk. She said she was married but lately she had seldom seen her husband because he was working a night shift as a journalist. She told me she was doing a beauty course and boasted that she could make anyone look great. I laughed, saying that I'd cause her a few problems. At that, she jumped up and headed into the house, returning quickly with her beauty case.

Sitting on the edge of her lounge she opened the case and leaned forward to apply some make-up. There were those breasts again! Again I stared and I noticed her smile. I sat still as she went to work on my face, applying eye shadow and liner, blush and highlighter, leaving my lips till last. She took out some lipstick and applied a light smear to her own mouth. "It's strawberry flavor," she laughed. "Taste." She leaned toward me as if she wanted me to kiss her. I hesitated at first, then lightly kissed her. I sat back and commented that I could taste it. Then she applied a full coat to my lips. She then put the tube away and said, "Give me a taste." She moved forward again, but stopped with her face only a few inches from mine.

I wanted to kiss her! I opened my mouth slowly as she came closer. Her lips were so soft and our mouths just seemed to blend together. She was removing every trace of the lipstick she had so carefully applied. It must have been a full minute before she moved back and we both laughed at the smeared lipstick on each other's mouth.

I then took the initiative. I undid those last remaining buttons on her shirt and pulled the shirt back down off her shoulders. She stood up and removed her jeans. She lay on her back on the edge of the pool with only her briefs on.

"Come and lie down," she said. "You're not at school now, take off that silly uniform." I slipped off my dress and lay down beside her in my bra and briefs. She leaned over me and we again began to kiss. She shuffled forward, positioning one of her breasts above my mouth. I took her nipple in my mouth and began to lick and suck. I was getting so hot! I felt her hand move under my pants and she ran her fingers through my pubic hair and over my lips. She then entered me with two fingers and I shuddered and bit on her nipple.

She began moving down my body now, kissing me all over and slowly removing my bra and pants. I opened my legs wider as I felt her licking my clitoris. She brought me to an amazing climax, leaving me panting. Then she stood up and headed inside. I collected my things and followed her.

Looking into her bedroom I saw her briefs on the floor. I heard the shower running in a room down the hall. I left my things in a pile on her bed and moved towards the sound. As I pulled back the shower curtain she reached out and took my hand. She pulled me toward her and we began to kiss under the stream of water. Our tongues met as we pressed close to each other. I knelt down and began to lick and kiss between her legs. She started moaning and pulling my hair and I became more aggressive, sucking and biting her clitoris. I could tell I was bringing my teacher to orgasm and the idea was turning me on. As she came I sucked and swallowed her juices.

After the shower I dressed and was met by my teacher, naked and dripping at her bedroom door. I said I'd better be getting home and she smiled and stepped to one side. I walked past her and out the front door toward home where I explained my wet hair with a story about going to a girlfriend's place for a swim.

I'm not a lesbian (my boyfriend can vouch for that). I love men and making love to them. But all I could think about that night was how much I enjoyed making love with another woman.

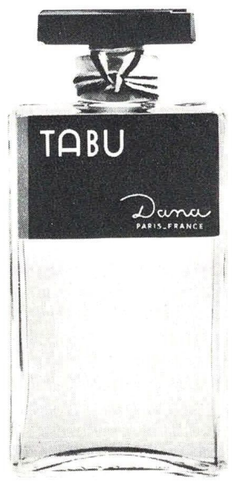
The afternoon after our encounter I had a class with my teacher. When she entered the room I sat nervously at my desk. But she was just as she always had been — hair tied back, shirt done up to the neck, knee-length dress, etc. She acted as if nothing had happened. I tried to do the same. During that class I did realise what the guys saw in her. She was beautiful. — *Name withheld, St Kilda East, Victoria*

The Owl and the Pussycat

As an avid Forum reader I have decided to share with your readers a birthday wish I received from a lady friend. The card was marked: "Talking dirty is the next best thing to being there. Happy birthday." Read on.

"I wish I was there to deliver a very personal birthday present. I remember what you gave me the last time I was with you and my body gets hot just thinking about it. I long for you to take me, to fuck me, to push your cock deep into my mouth and even deeper into my cunt. I am wet at the thought of you and want to stop typing and reach down to stroke the luscious wetness that's waiting for you. I want to brush my fingers against my nipples that are hard and stiff waiting for your tongue. But all I can do is keep going, trying to convey to

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

you how much my senses ache for you.

"It reminds me of how I felt when I first met you in Coffs Harbor. I felt so shy and yet so excited as I slowly got to know you. And that delicious moment later on when I turned toward you and felt your cock, hard and hot and forceful against me. I was overwhelmed — I wanted it all instantly. I wanted you in my mouth. I wanted to feel that smooth skin and the hard flesh as it glided across my lips and pushed deep into my throat. When it happened, I needed to hold your cock back to stop from choking, but while you were in my mouth I savored the sensation as your cock throbbed and swelled and sent thrills through my whole body.

"I feel ready to explode now, my pussy is so slippery and wet. I need you here to satisfy me. I love the taste of your come in my mouth . . . I love that moment when I know I have satisfied you, I want to lick every drop. That's the moment when you groan and thrust even deeper. But when you come I want more . . . I want you between my legs, buried deep in my cunt. I love the feeling of your body close against mine as you force your way into my hot, wet hole. I want you to bury your cock deep inside me, so deep that I can feel your balls hitting against me, so deep that when you come I can feel your hot semen explode within me . . .

"And all the while you're within me my mouth waits to suck you once more deep into my throat, so that I can hold you closer and slide my finger up that tight, dark hole. As you screw me I await the moment you come and your body stiffens as you pulse your come into me. In my imagination you're shooting into me now, sending jets of come into my already dripping box.

"I remember the first and last time and everything in between. Do you remember the time . . . I'll save that for some time soon or I'll never get this finished. Happy 69th — oops — happy 29th. Fondest love from a secret admirer, the Cheshire Cat." — *The Owl, Coffs Harbor, NSW*

Little Miss Big Mouth

It's been said that a cock is a cock is a cock, but honey, it is not. Cocks come in all sizes and complexions and, for me at least, each one is unique and worthy of close inspection. I have always been a female who needed something in her mouth. When I was a little girl an all-day sucker satisfied this craving, and in my early teens I chewed gum constantly. When I was 18 I found something truly delicious to stick in my mouth: a big, juicy cock!

I'm 22 now and work as a receptionist for a major television network. I don't really do much but answer the phones and greet visitors to the station, but that's okay, as I get to meet a lot of celebrities and even go out with some. Just last week, for instance, I was wined and dined by a good-looking author whose books almost always make the best-seller list. We got to talking while he was waiting to tape an interview with our entertainment editor, and when the interview was over we went out to dinner. Later, in his hotel room, I gave him my own interview, which consisted entirely of a sensuous, prolonged blowjob! As is always the case when I'm with someone famous, I made him come all over my face so that I'd have an "autograph."

My girlfriends call me "Big Mouth," not just because I talk a lot but because I talk a lot about sucking cock. But I'm not about to apologise for my love of fellatio. Taking an attractive man's cock into my mouth and sucking it till it's hard and throbbing ranks right up there with chocolate cake and ice cream, as far as I'm concerned. In fact, if I had to choose among the three, I'd take a cock every time.

One of my most interesting cock-sucking experiences occurred last year. I met the guy (I'll call him Jim) at my job and disliked him immediately. He was short, wiry, not particularly attractive and almost obnoxious in his manner. He was a director — soap operas mostly — and he made several visits to the station to see one of our bigwigs about a script a friend of his had written. On each visit he tried to talk me into going out with him, promising me the time of my life. Fed up, I decided to go out with him just once and get him off my back.

All through dinner and later at his place, he bragged about his ability to satisfy women. Sitting on his living room couch, sipping a glass of wine, I did all I could do to keep from laughing as he piled on the bullshit. "So, you don't believe I'm special, huh?" he said finally. "Well, then I'll show you. "With that, he unbuckled his belt and pushed his pants and jockey briefs down to his knees. My eyes almost popped out of my head as I stared at Jim's cock. It was the longest, fattest one I'd ever seen. Here was this short, scrawny character with a cock that would have looked more natural on a donkey!

"You like, huh?" Jim asked.

"I like," I said when I found my voice.

"Well then, show me how much you like it." Jim motioned me to him. As if in a daze, I got up off the couch and stepped over to him, sinking to my knees to examine his huge cock. For the first time in my life I had reservations about taking a guy's cock into my always-hungry mouth. This one, I figured, would choke me for sure or, at the very least, have my jaws aching for days. And when Jim came I'd probably drown in all his semen. But I'm a sucker for a good challenge, and while Jim knew nothing about my love of fellatio, it was as if he were challenging me to prove my oral expertise. I looked up at him and with false bravado said, "I'm going to blow you like you've never been blown before."

Turning my gaze back to the prodigious hunk of meat that hung before me, I lifted it up (God, it was as heavy as a small salami!) and then brought my lips to the head, which was the size of a doorknob. I started licking, swirling my tongue around the head first and then sliding it down the shaft, up one side and down the other, slowly, sensuously.

Up and down and all around I licked, stopping only when Jim's cock was dripping with my saliva and my tongue was tired. Thankfully, it hadn't grown much, but now it was fully erect, a scary monster of a prick looking right at me with that all-seeing vertical eye! It had to be 10 inches long, I realised. And it was as thick as my wrist. I'd never get it in my mouth.

But I did. I opened my mouth as wide as possible and then, slowly and carefully, slid my lips over the big, juicy head. Already I could feel the ache back to my ears, but I persisted, inching along Jim's pulsing tool, taking in a little at a time until, finally, I had about six inches of it in my mouth. Any more and I knew I'd choke to death, but I was happy with what I had, even though it felt as if my face had been impaled on a giant fleshy spike.

I rested for a moment, feeling the fullness in my mouth, getting used to it. And then, as Jim stroked my long blonde hair, I started sucking on his prodigious prick, once again moving slowly, my head going up and down lazily as my lips slid over the hunk of pulsing meat. I curled my hand around the base of Jim's cock and picked up the tempo a bit, my head bobbing a little faster now as I established a nice, easy sucking motion.

For three or four minutes I sucked on that monster manhood. Ordinarily I come at least once while sucking a guy's dick, but Jim required my full attention, and so I had to make do with being proud of my accomplishment. That alone was enough to make me wet. I experienced a moment of panic when he announced that he was going to come, but it gave way to sheer amazement as his creamy come, loads of it, started gushing down my throat. When it was all over, it felt as if I had swallowed a pint of sour cream sprinkled with salt. I let Jim's cock shrink to its "normal" size before removing it from my mouth. My jaws ached and the back of my throat felt sore, but I smiled up at Jim anyway. "You did real good, honey," he said, smiling back. "Now let's go into the bedroom and fuck."

It was three days before my jaws stopped aching. When I told my girlfriends about Jim's giant member, one of them said, "Well, Big Mouth almost met her match this time." I replied haughtily, "On the contrary, now I know for certain that there's not a cock alive that I can't fit in my mouth." — *Name and address withheld*

Video games

After five years of marriage our love-making had grown routine. We discussed it a lot and began looking for alternate routes. One evening Wal, my husband, brought home a videotape outfit from work. He suggested that we make our own porno flick. I readily agreed, and we set up the equipment in the bedroom. After recording for about half an hour, we stopped and reviewed what we had. It was exciting to see ourselves screwing on the TV screen, but the quality was poor due to the fixed position of the camera. Too much was lost; there were no close-ups like you see at the porno theatres.

We agreed that it had been fun but not what we had hoped for. Wal had another idea. He suggested that we have someone else come up and operate the camera while we performed. I was stunned at first. I had never been undressed in front of any man except Wal since we married — let alone make love with someone else present. I agreed, though, in the hope that it would aid in expanding our lovemaking horizons.

Wal suggested a male friend of his from work — one he knew I liked. I agreed, and the friend, Wayne was invited over for dinner the next Saturday. Over dinner we proposed our idea to him. He was at first hesitant, but when we both encouraged him, he agreed.

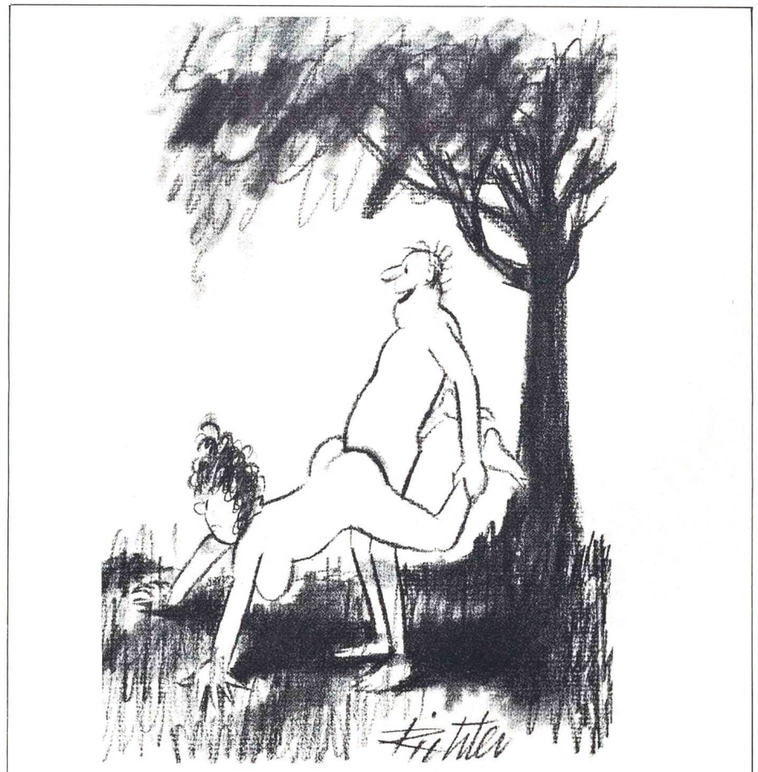
We already had the gear set up in our bedroom. We had learned fom our first taping that the camera-mounted microphone did not reproduce our "love sounds" very well, so we hid a microphone at the head of the bed.

We told Wayne to start the camera and to choose whatever angles and shots he felt were best. We began by kissing and slowly undressing each other. Our performance progressed from sensual massage to my taking Wal's hard cock in my mouth. I gave him one of the best head-jobs of my life. When he erupted in my mouth, I let some of his come run out in hope that Wayne would get it on film. Wal then returned the oral favors by sucking, licking, and biting my pussy until I had two shattering orgasms. I was so hot that I had forgotten about Wayne and the camera, and was begging Wal to bury his manhood inside me.

Wal climbed on top of me and pushed his dick in to the hilt. In the course of the next 15 minutes, we managed to produce a number of positions and climaxes. When Wal finally approached his climax, he pulled out of me and squirted his come all over my belly and breasts, just like they do in the movies.

Wal and I were exhausted. As we were lying side by side on the bed catching our breath. Wal whispered in my ear to look at Wayne. He had his prick in his hand and misery written all over his face. Can you blame him, after what he had just witnessed? Wal suggested that I help him out. I was still so turned on that I was willing, even though I had thought I would always be faithful to my husband.

We motioned for Wayne to join us on the



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bed. I helped him out of his pants and shirt and then took his big tool in my mouth. (I didn't realise at the time, but Wal had slipped out of the bed and had started filming.) Sucking Wayne had me really hot again, so I moved my body around until we were in the 69 position. Wayne willingly dived in and began to work on my wet hole and clit. It wasn't long before he had me in the throes of another mind-boggling climax. I had to feel him inside of me. I rolled him over and slid my slick tunnel down over his cock. After a few ins and outs, his cock throbbed and deposited a load of come deep inside my twat.

It was only then that I realised Wal had been recording the whole thing.

We watched our efforts and were thrilled with the results.

Wal and I have played the tape several times since. He says the best part by far is when I do it with Wayne. We are considering making another tape, but Wal wants to use a female cameraperson this time. He has his eye on a friend of mine whom he admits to fantasising about. He also suggested that my friend and I might look good together on the screen. — *Name and address withheld*

High-endurance workout

I've never written a letter to a magazine before, but something happened to me a few days ago that was unbelievable.

It was a hot, muggy day, and I went to the local pool after uni so I could swim some laps as a workout instead of jogging in that heat. I'm a 20-year-old student, and I like to take care of my body. I parked my car in a secluded area, so I could change in the driver's seat without being noticed. Just when my work pants were down around my ankles, I heard footsteps approaching. Desperately, I grabbed a towel and put it on my lap. Then I saw the most luscious package of erogenous zones moving in my direction.

She had big boobs and small hips, long blonde hair, and a bikini that left nothing to the imagination. She smiled at me and said "With all that wiggling you're doing, you look like you need some help." Before I could answer, she reached through the window and tossed the towel on the floor. My prick was as tall as the Eiffel Tower, and with her face next to mine, she gave me a devilish grin. Then she leaned over and started sucking greedily.

This was a blowjob I never dreamed possible! I slid my hands under her top and started playing with her tits. They were 38s and I had my hands full. Soon, beads of perspiration appeared on my forehead and I couldn't hold back any longer. My steamin' semen erupted into her mouth like hot lava.

After she took all I could give, she lifted her face and gave me an open-mouthed kiss, and some of my sperm dribbled from her mouth into mine. The taste of my own stuff was a first and probably won't be the last.

Before I could come back to earth, she said, "Are you gonna pork me or do I have to get myself off on this door handle?" She already knew the answer before I said anything, so I looked around for a safe place and motioned behind the car. There were some trees and a patch of grass there, and the car would shield us from anybody going to the pool. By the time I joined her, she was out of her suit and hot to trot. I dived for her muff and put my tongue to work. Her fingers were running through my hair as I licked and nibbled and slurped at her quim until she couldn't stand it anymore. She let out a long, low moan, as her whole body started shaking, and her legs wrapped around my head like a vice. I hung on, while the spasms slowly subsided and her breathing returned to normal.

Spent, we both lay there until we heard noises from the pool area. The pool was closing and people were going to their cars to drive home. This little wench gave me a big kiss and said, "Nice knowin' ya," before she walked quickly away. I never did get to swim those laps, but I sure got my workout! — *Name and address withheld*

Election erections

I am 25 years old and live in Canberra. Being politically active, I started working in the member's office of my home electorate. The first time I went to his office, I was immediately struck by the beauty of a blonde staff member. Carefully, I manoeuvred my job situation so that I was working under her.

For the first couple of weeks, I did my work but never missed an opportunity to flirt with her. Accidentally, I would let my hand brush up against her beautifully round, firm bum, or I would let her catch me gawking at her perpetually erect nipples. I really wanted to screw her badly, but since she was about eight years older than me, I resigned myself to fantasising about her gorgeous arse and firm, friendly tits. Therefore, I was understandably surprised and excited when she asked me to come over to her place in Deakin to help with some extra campaign work. I gladly agreed.

When I got to her place, she greeted me in jeans that were so tight I was surprised she could sit down in them. Of course I didn't mind that the pants accentuated her slim hips and tremendous arse. Just looking at her gave me such a hard-on that I was sure I was going to come in my pants right then and there. Noticing the increasing size of the bulge in my pants, she said, "I know what will make you more comfortable." I was a little shocked when she walked over to me and undid my pants, exposing my rapidly hardening dick. She whined with delight at the sight of my spitting dog. I was again surprised when she proceeded to take the entire length of my prick into her mouth and throat. I was afraid that if I came right then and there I would be spent for the night, so I slowly pulled my cock out of her mouth and said that it was her turn to have fun.

When she disrobed, I got my first look at her perfect 36D-24-34 body that I had spent so many nights dreaming about. Her tits were so fine looking, they cried to be sucked, which I did with great relish. She got more and more turned-on as I nursed at her pink nipples. One of my hands found its way to the soft, blonde down that guarded her beautiful pussy and started to lightly rub her clit in a circular motion. Soon she was so wet that her juices were running down my fingers and hand. I just had to taste her gash. My tongue began to trace her outer lips, darting periodically to her clit. She began to squirm a little in a fashion that told me that she was almost ready to come. I concentrated my efforts on her clit until she started grinding that lovely quim harder on to my tongue. She seemed to orgasm forever, and I must have swallowed a gallon of her juices. I was so hard by that time, I was about the burst.

Carefully, I put my throbbing cock into her tight pussy. With each inch, she squealed louder and louder with pleasure. She met my long, even strokes with great desire. I was amazed that she had recovered so quickly from her last orgasm, but she seemed to have an amazing capacity for sex. Soon I came. My spurts were so powerful (at least 20 of them), I was convinced I had come all the way up the back of her teeth. I rolled off her and we decided to get cleaned up a little. We showered and had some wine before we continued.

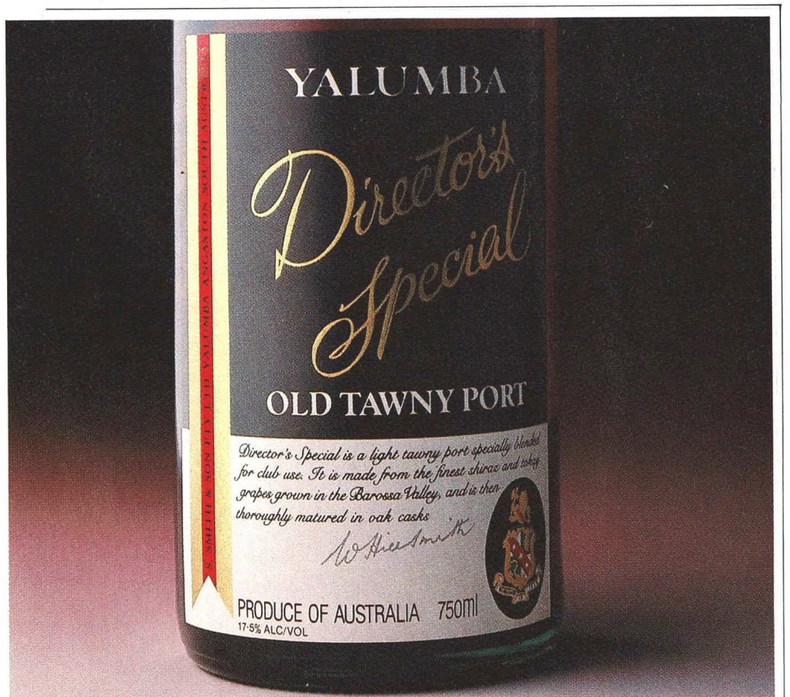
We spent the rest of that night sucking and screwing each other. I'm not as interested in politics as I once was, but I enjoy the political activities very much. I've also become a firm, if you'll pardon the pun, believer in the validity of Forum letters! — *Name and address withheld*

Hidden talents

I have the kind of looks that make women turn around for a second look after I walk by. I know this only because whenever a chick catches my eye and I swing around to check out her cute little arse, she is usually checking out mine. Anyway, I normally can find satisfaction whenever the need arises, but this particular incident really stands apart from the rest.

I was spending a lively evening of dancing and drinking at my favorite pub. I noticed this girl who kept checking me out. But I had no burning desire to dance with her, because she was rather plain to look at and there were plenty of foxy women around to feast my eyes on.

After a couple of hours of drinking, I had a nature call to answer and made my way to the men's room, only to find the publican was making some much needed changes in the decor. I climbed over some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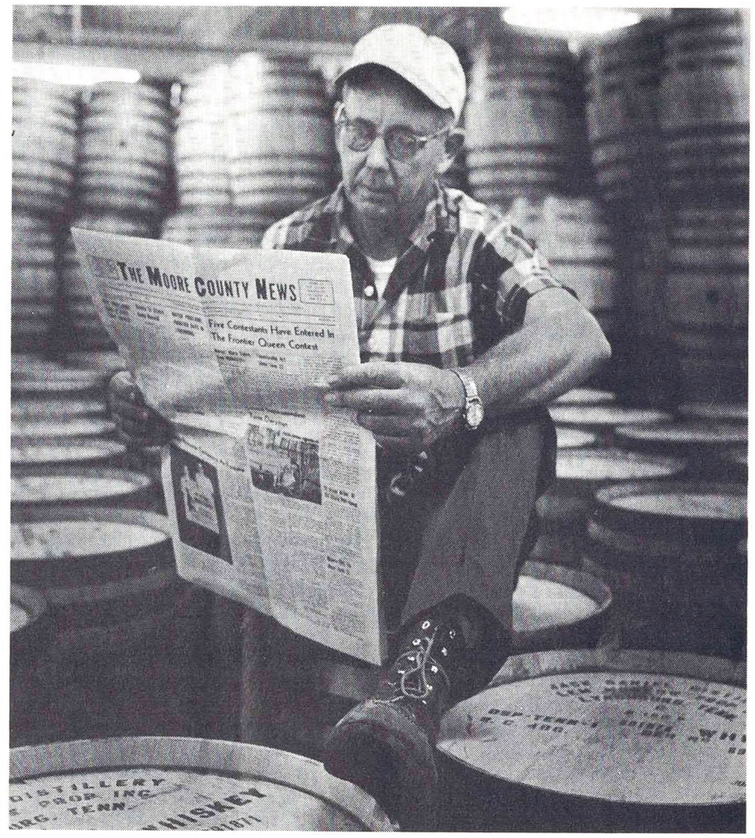
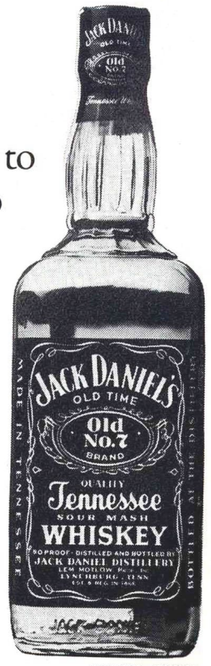


A MAN CAN READ the Moore County News in just five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you see a piece on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm rolling barrels to the warehouse. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



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debris and relieved myself in the nearest urinal, staring curiously at a hole in the thin wall that I was sure led to the ladies' toilets.

Just as I was shaking off the final drips from the end of my dick, I heard a feminine voice purr through the hole in the wall, "Are you alone in there?"

I wasn't sure she was talking to me, but I answered anyway. "Yeah, who wants to know?"

"Why don't you just stick your cock through this hole and I will introduce you to my tonsils," she drawled sexily.

I could hardly believe this was happening to me, but the thought of getting sucked off this way was just too irresistible to turn down. Besides, my cock was already out and beginning to swell with anticipation, so I eased it through the hole.

"Oh, he's *beautiful*," she sighed. Her fingers caressed the length of my shaft with a butterfly-light touch, sending shivers of pure delight down my spine. It was heavenly. My dick pumped up to its full length in no time. I was delighted to feel a hot wet mouth engulf it entirely before she pulled back just enough to flick her tongue everywhere — quickly, joyfully, like she just couldn't get enough.

Before long, she got her hand back into action, pushing my foreskin back with her talented fingers. I swear the lady could have sucked batteries out of a flashlight. Never had anyone gone down on me with such enthusiasm!

I nearly shot my load down her throat a half-dozen times, but she seemed to sense when I was about to lose control and then she eased off.

The seventh or eighth time that she took me close to the edge, I decided I wouldn't disappoint her appetite and began bucking against the wall with everything I had. The mystery lady must have guessed I really meant business, because she quickened the pace (which I didn't think was possible).

About five strokes later I felt an orgasm to beat all previous orgasms building up. The mystery lady clamped down on my throbbing dick with her lips, flicking her tongue everywhere, coaxing my come into her eager mouth. The result was a white-hot flash of desire streaking through my entire body. It was incredible. My dick began shooting wad after glorious wad into her mouth. My whole body jerked with reaction. She worked all the come out of my dick, leaving no traces behind.

It took everything I had to get my dick in my pants and zip my fly up. I stumbled over to the sink and splashed water on my face and combed my hair. Never before had I experienced anything like this. I began feeling guilty that I had not even thanked this mystery lady who had delivered me into the arms of ecstasy.

I bolted for the door and wrenched it open, just as the rather plain woman I'd seen earlier was exiting from the ladies'. On closer inspection I noticed she had a special indefinable attractiveness, which had escaped me before. She was no raving beauty, mind you, but a long haul from repulsive.

"Were you alone in there?" I asked incredulously.

She looked frightened for a minute, unsure of my reaction, then nodded her head as she looked at the floor.

"I just wanted to thank you. You are incredibly talented." I walked up within a foot of her and lifted her chin with my finger. "Would you like to go to my place so I can return the favor?"

She lit up like the sun coming out from behind a dark cloud. "I sure would," she purred, then frowned. "I. . . I've never done anything like that before. . . ."

"It really doesn't matter. Come on."

We walked out with our arms around each other and spent a glorious night making love. But, that's another letter. — *Name and address withheld*

Self-serve screw

Last weekend I had the most amazing sexual encounter in a very unlikely place. It was a hot summer day and a friend of mine invited me over to his house for a swim. I jumped in my car and headed over to his place wearing only a pair of shorts. Since I was going swimming, I didn't even bother with a shirt or shoes.

On the way, I pulled into a self-service petrol station. I didn't even notice the cashier at first, but I guess she noticed me. (I keep myself in good shape and already had my usual summer tan.)

When the tank was full, I stepped over the window and handed the attendant my money. Her eyes swept over my body from my face down to my toes. As she began to ring it up I noticed she was about my age and rather cute. She had a nice smile, and the light tube top she wore revealed a perfect set of breasts. I've always been a sucker for a chick with nice tits, so I struck up a conversation with her. We finished our transaction, and just as I was about to turn and go back to my car she asked, "Would you like a lube job?" I was startled, but instantly realised what she was suggesting. I looked her in the eye and said, "I thought this was a self service-station." Gazing at my nearly naked body, she smiled and replied, "Why don't you come in here and serve yourself!" I almost fainted.

Trembling in disbelief, I went around to the doorway and entered the booth. "Business has been slow today," she explained, "and I've been fantasising about something like this for half my life."

She immediately placed her hands on my shoulders and gave me a few quick kisses on the nipples. "This better not take too long or we'll be discovered," she warned. With that she sat down in the chair, pulled off her shorts, and said, "Eat me." I got right down on my knees and planted my face in her snatch, which was already juiced up. She told me that she got really hot watching my body while I was at the gas pump. I thrust my tongue in and out of her cave as fast as I could. She wrapped her legs around my head and started talking dirty. I had never heard this sort of thing from a girl before, and it really turned me on. "Eat my pussy, sexy stud. Give me your tongue, you suntanned, barefoot hunk!" she said in a breathy voice.

I lapped at her clit feverishly, and she began grinding her twat into my face and moaning. When she was finally satisfied, she looked at me and said, "Your turn."

I sprang to my feet and eagerly dropped my shorts to my ankles, releasing my rock-hard wanger. "Nice," she purred, stroking it several times with her hand. By now I was wild with desire. After she dropped to her knees, I rammed my cock between her waiting lips. She gave head as well as any girl I have ever been with. Sucking gently, she worked her tongue as fast as a snake. My hips soon began to jerk toward her, and I exploded. My body lunged and I stood on my tip-toes as I orgasmed, banging her head against the cash register drawer. The jolt popped my cock free, and I squirted all over her face and chest.

A car was turning in so I quickly pulled up my shorts, gave her a kiss, and left. I don't even know what her name was! — *Name and address withheld*

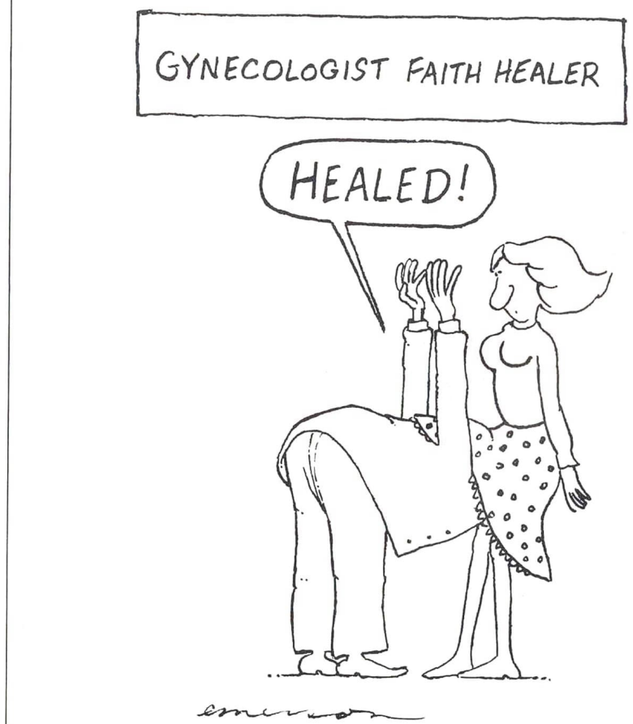
The coital express

I was always sceptical about Forum letters until I had my own incident well worth reporting. I rarely travel by train, but I was sick of driving and a friend assured me that the ride was smooth and relaxing. I was heading to the country on my day off.

As I was boarding the train, a young well-built woman with strawberry-blonde hair was in front of me asking for the non-smoking car. It was the car I wanted as well, so I followed her, figuring I'd sit next to her and perhaps strike up a friendly conversation to help kill time. She seemed receptive, yet a little reserved, when I asked to sit down next to her. We started the typical demographic conversation and then she went to get some white wine from the buffet car.

Upon her return, our conversation livened up a bit. We began to talk about our sexual adventures and fantasies. Then she asked if I would join her in the bathroom. Needless to say, hearing all this talk from a sexy young woman started to make my cock a bit stiff, so when the invite came, I almost did as well. We slipped into the bathroom for the handicapped (it had room for two). She handed me her glass of wine and while I was taking a sip, she slipped her hand down to my cock and began to gently massage it. Before I got the chance to swallow, she said that she had neglected to tell me her biggest fantasy was to make love to someone in the bathroom of a train. She pulled my pants down and took my already stiff member into her mouth. Restraining myself, I put down the glass and put my hands on her breasts. They were firm and enjoyable, and the more I caressed them, the more pleasure she seemed to derive from sucking me off.

The train seemed to roar faster and faster, and so did we until we reached the first stop and I heard the conductor shouting. It was then that I started to come. She lapped up every drop, and when she was finished, she stood up, smiled, and thanked me for letting her do that. We finished the wine, and as I started to compose myself, she began to undress. Holy cow, what a body! My cock was stiff in no time. She lowered the dunny cover, turned around, and offered me her beautiful buttocks! She grabbed my cock from behind and put me inside her as she stood on top of the toilet seat pushing in rhythm with the train's rocking. Before I heard the conductor call the next stop, she was panting and moaning like crazy and I couldn't help but come again. At the station stop, we both collapsed, hugging each other and vowing to meet again. We both left the bathroom with huge smiles, and a suspicious conductor glanced at us as we returned to our seats and slept. At her stop, she departed and said, "See you back in the city," and that I did — and I've been seeing her ever since. — *Name and address withheld*



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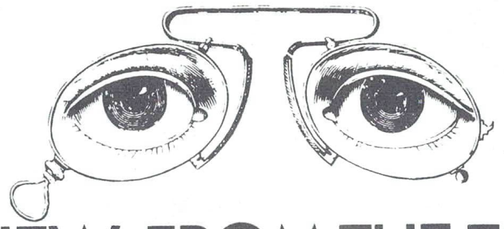


VIEW FROM THE TOP

JUNK WARS

BY FRANK ROBSON

The man from the dump looked rather like Robert Duvall. He was lean and wiry with a cowboy hat tilted across eyes that were humorous *and* angry — as though he laughed most at things that infuriated him. It was a hot, windless evening in Brisbane and most of us at the party wore shorts, light shirts and sneakers. You could tell by *his* clothing — scuffed western boots, heavy jeans and plain shirt — that this man considered dressing for the climate an affectation.

He leaned against a pole on the open verandah and drank from a stubbie. He told an accountant in pastel green Bermudas, who claimed to be a communist, how jobless kids should be slapped into the army and made to carry packs until they wept.

He said: "I only quit the armed forces because there were no wars. If a war started, I'd be back in tomorrow!"

Before long, sensing danger, most of the other guests moved away. I was going to join them when the man from the dump announced: "As a journalist, you should spend some time at the dump. That's the place to see the human animal at its worst." He laughed bitterly, puffing a cigar.

"Worse than at war?" I asked, and he stared at me with those unsettling seagull eyes, looking for sarcasm perhaps, or some other despised attitude encountered while orchestrating the setting down of rubbish at the local tip. The scrutiny continued for quite a while, then he relaxed. "You're all right," he said professionally.

"First off," he began, "don't get the idea I *have* to work at the dump. I have a beautiful home full of beautiful things. I could buy and sell most of the people who come to the dump and treat me like dirt. But it's healthy, outdoor work and the money is handy. And I do meet some good people, like the bloke who asked me to this party. Also — and this is probably why I'm still there — I'm fascinated by how people behave at the dump . . . how just being there turns them into little fucking Hitlers!" He pointed to a scar on his forehead. "I got this from a bloke who pushed me too far. We had it out on the spot."

I asked what people did that made him so angry.

"A good example," he said, "was the guy who drove up in a flash car and started lifting a perfectly good black and white TV set from the boot. The moment he saw me watching — you get pretty good at assessing stuff from a distance — the moment he saw my interest, he picked the TV up and smashed it on the ground. Then he kinda smirked as if to say: *Whaddya gunna do about it?*"

The man from the dump spat his cigar butt into the darkness. "That's man at his worst," he went on. "The people who are the best are almost always the poor ones. They come smoking along in their old Holdens with bald tyres. They see you watching and call you over. They ask you if you want any of their bits and pieces. Even if I don't want it, I usually take some token thing. They seem offended if you don't; it's like you're rejecting them, like you're too good for them, you know?"

He looked along the verandah at the other guests. "I've seen quite a few of these people at the dump," he said — but softly, warily, as if to say more, to reveal precisely what they discarded and how they behaved, would be a breach of his professional ethics. Then he said: "The dump does strange things to a certain type of woman: the ones who drive Volvos and have husbands who are doctors and solicitors in the city. I guess they get bored so they put something in the boot of the Volvo — a handful of leaves or two soft drink bottles — and drive to the dump. They watch me, you know? I'm covered in sweat and shit, swatting flies, and they sit in their air-conditioned cars watching.

"I know what they're thinking. Once or twice they've put it on me. I say: 'But who would watch the tip?' That floors them, the idea that the dump is more important to me than what they're offering."

It floored me too, but before I could say so we were approached by a guest asking for a cigarette; a large man in a loud shirt whose voice had been drowning out all others up on the verandah. He clapped us both on the shoulder, braying about having seen my companion at the tip.

"And I've seen you," said the dump man. "Hundreds of times."

"Sun's getting to yuh, old son," replied the other. "I've only been there once!"

"You're wrong. I've seen you there every day since I started. I recognised your voice too."

The noisy guest shrugged. Something in the dump man's tone must have decided him to drop the debate. He went back along the verandah, without a cigarette.

"There he is," said the rubbish philosopher. "The worst type of dump monster. War is one thing, but dealing every day with people like that, putting up with their arrogance . . . well, I've been thinking of quitting. I don't need the money. I have a lovely home full of beautiful things. I could buy and sell that bastard, no kidding."

"Perhaps there'll be another war," I told him.

"The sooner the better," he said.

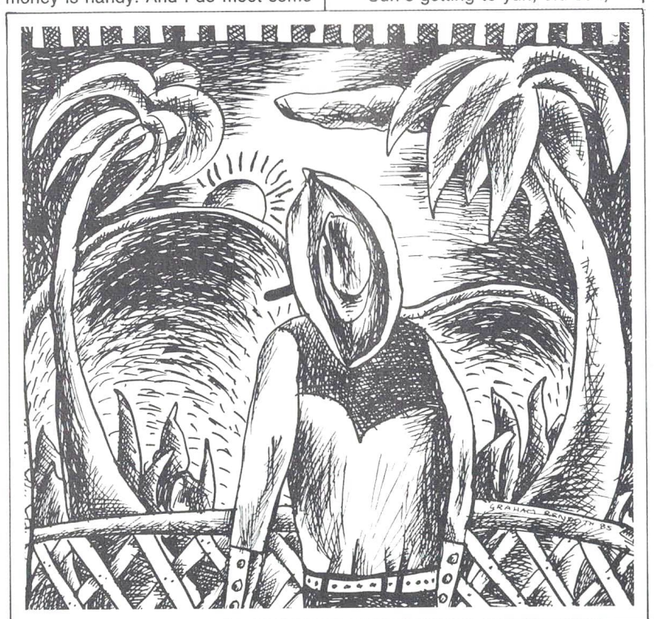


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

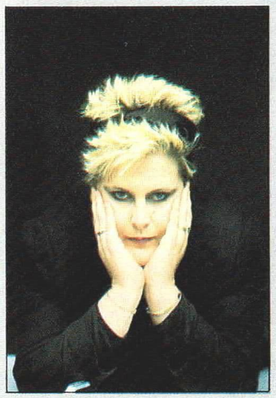
A WHITER SHADE OF BLUES

You don't have to be black to sing the blues. At the head of a crop of soulful British female wailers is **Alison Moyet**. This far from diminutive whitey from the depths of British suburbia has finally found the right pop setting for her bluesy intonements on *Alf* (CBS). Former Depeche Mode keyboardist (weren't they all?) Vince Clarke had decided Ms Alf was the right singer for his new outfit Yazoo, being the only singer he knew at the time. It was a fated combination, sometimes clicking, but often his music making her delivery sound dated or her powerful moments making his music sound dinky. Curbing her desire to embark on a black blues expedition she sought the pop expertise of Tony Swain and Steve Jolley, whose past clients include Spandau Ballet and Bananarama. They gave her the music for her lyrics and a produced sound. She gave them *Alf*. Rich keyboard layers are favored over huge brass sections and scorching guitar work. Moyet delivers some right royal blue with songs like "All Cried Out" and "Invisible."

Locally the sweet soul comes from the mouths of Kate Ceberano and Zan of Melbourne's **I'm Talking**. *Trust Me* (Regular) is alas still only a two track. Their insistence on rap trappings (record scratching and back-spin beat) gives the disc a faintly historical odor but a bright promise of things to come.

Another local chanteuse who has taken her own steps to put Sixties soul in its place is Julie Mostyn of **Flaming Hands.** With guitarist Jeff Sullivan, a hard-won debut album has been conceived after several years and line-ups. *The Flaming Hands* (Big Time) has a judicious use of drum machines and current production sounds. The jarring moments come when Julie's emotive warble takes off.

Flaming Hands' Julie Mostyn . . . self-titled debut album



Alison Moyet . . . bluesy

Sally King, backed by the dance floor faves **The Champions**, has a lot of sweet soul delivery about her vocals but *Dancing Is Crazy* (Arika) tends to lack any real punch in the musical backing, sounding more polite than powerful.

For people who believe Van Morrison was the first coming with Bruce Springsteen a close second, Lloyd Cole may hold some fascination. He and the **Commotions** have their debut nest of *Rattlesnakes* (Polydor) for perusal. Cole sees his team as partly in Elvis Costello and the Attractions' mould but they go further back to early Dylan with their simple rhythms, acoustic guitar and string section highlights. Cole manages to bend such simplicity to his own ends with wordy, conversational lyrics that occasionally settle into a chorus. With new-found airplay for their single "Perfect Skin" ("She's sexually enlightened by *Cosmopolitan* . . . my eyes go out in vain for her perfect skin") he might be able to buy a decent rhyming dictionary. His saving grace is his world-weary sarcasm. Still, at 23 this Englishman can't be expected to have reached the poet laureate status of a David Byrne or Elvis Costello.

In contrast to the shuffling stance of Cole is the chiming, twin guitar barrage of **Big Country**. There is something inherently heroic about these Scottish lads, as if they have sprung from the pages of the *Boys Own Annual*. Their second album *Steeltown* (Mercury) is inspired by the post-industrial decline of singer Stuart Adamson's home town Dunfermline. Cole admits "All we shared was a taste in clothes . . . we were simply wasting precious time" while Big Country go more for grand emotions in true Springsteenese: "Did we ever have it good while we lived in Eldorado, did we find the gold we should?"

Heading the current list of artists proving themselves to be more than mere TV lip out-of-synchers are the kings of cabaret soul the **Dynamic Hepnotics**, who are *Live* (White). Not to be outdone, the collectively deceased **Sunnyboys** insist they were at least *Real Live* (Mushroom) in 1984. Meanwhile **Cold Chisel** fan the flames of local musical mythology with *The Barking Spiders Live 1983 (WEA)* from their stint as house band at the Sydney Entertainment Centre.

With more conspicuous success on the live circuit, the **Radiators** have left the smoke bombs to your imagination for their recent studio effort with overseas producer Ken Scott (Beatles, Bowie, Supertramp). *Life's A Gamble* (EMI) comes complete with occasional English accents. Also **Rose Tattoo** have surfaced as *Southern Stars* (EMI) with jingoistic anthems for your air-brushed panel van.

Jenny Morris is showing some more *Animal Magic* (EMI) on **QED's** debut album. A revamped lineup has been taking this material to the faithful for the last six months. Surrounded by a seething mass of musical competence, Morris remains the linchpin, writing the bulk of the material and growing into a vocal stylist of classic proportions.

Survivors of recent health camps and in a broader sense the Seventies, **Deep Purple** bravely reformed despite their impending wealth for the coyly titled *Perfect Strangers* (Polydor).

John McLaughlin with colleague basher **Billy Cobham** resurrect the *Mahavishnu* (Warners) monniker, even if it's not the full Orchestra and its rhythmic complexity. **Jamaaladeen Tacuma** does nothing to hide his role as a bass player/leader on *Show Stopper* from the hot New York funk label Gramavision, which recently has gained a local distributor in Larrikin Records. — *Jeremy Cook*

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FILM

THE HORROR, THE HORROR

Khmer Rouge forces bail up US correspondents in The Killing Fields

A vision of child mutilation was like a diamond bullet blasted through the forehead of Colonel Walter E. Kurtz, the rogue commander in *Apocalypse Now*. It was the bullet of realisation that the Americans could never win the war in Vietnam. After innoculating the children of a village against polio, US troops under Kurtz returned a day later to find that the Vietcong had hacked off every innoculated arm, leaving them in a pile as a symbol of their indomitable will to win at any cost. The story, related by Marlon Brando and perhaps apocryphal, painted an horrific picture that seared the imagination with the suffering of the innocent in wartime.

The Killing Fields, set against another war, the war in Cambodia, goes beyond a single image of suffering children. Its progress is littered with graphic scenes of maimed children, children blasted apart, or wandering lost and screaming amidst shelling. If Francis Ford Coppola's image in *Apocalypse Now* was a burning needle to the heart, producer David Puttnam and director Roland Joffe's images in *The Killing Fields* are a battering ram, a brutal assault on the senses that leaves one cowering, yet compelled to look at the screen.

The Killing Fields is a re-enactment of the true story of a friendship between an American war correspondent and his Cambodian interpreter and aide, set against a war that is little understood by Westerners numbed by years of Vietnam reports. The incidents recounted take place between early 1975, prior to the fall of the US-backed Lon Nol government to Khmer Rouge forces, and late 1979, when journalist Sydney Schanberg and his friend Dith Pran are reunited, after the latter has endured years of torture.

With the fall of Phnom Penh, where the correspondents are based, Schanberg comes to owe his life to his assistant. He is unable to return the favor when all foreigners are ordered out of what is now Kampuchea. Frenetic attempts to forge a foreign passport for the Cambodian prove too little and too late. As the last foreigners are transported to the Thai border, Pran is left to face the carnage and chaos of the Khmer regime.

While a guilty Schanberg sits impotent in New York picking up accolades for his work overseas (including the Pulitzer Prize for "international reporting at great risk"), Pran is being "re-educated" in a Kampuchean work camp.

After physical torture and the torment of watching those around him fall to starvation or execution, Pran escapes the camp to begin a long and dangerous journey to the Thai border. Stumbling in the pre-dawn, he slips into a muddy wasteland strewn with thousands of putrefying corpses, dumped from the camp. It's a killing field — one of the most gruesome re-enactments ever staged for cinema. Unknown months pass before Pran arrives at the border, to be reunited later with a weeping Schanberg.

In his first acting role Dr Haing S. Ngor injects his own experiences in Cambodia into the role of Dith Pran, recreating awesomely the struggle for survival and the heroism that form the spine of this mighty film. Likewise Sam Waterston slips into the character of Sydney Schanberg with a rare sensitivity and depth of perception. A diverse international cast includes American John Malkovitch (*Places In The Heart*), Craig T. Nelson (*Silkwood, The Ostermann Weekend*) and English stage actor Julian Swain. Our own Graham Kennedy pops up as an Australian correspondent with the disconcerting habit of saying "cobber" a lot.

The *Killing Fields* marks the feature film debut of director Roland Joffe, previously an acclaimed TV director. His work in co-ordinating this massive production and drawing from the cast some unforgettable portrayals earns him a place amongst the best. This is surely the film of the year —*C.J. Mackay*

Priests are human too, you know. Remember that next time you're at confession. They have problems just like the rest of us.

Mark Dolan, the volatile trainee-of-the-cloth played by Zeljko Ivanek in **Mass Appeal**, is no exception. He has a problem: jogging. Eight miles a day. Sometimes 10. He says he runs to help his celibacy but somehow his celibacy seems to run him. Beset with a ruthless virtuosity, he lusts after priesthood with a vengeance — pounding out his frustrated martyrdom across the verdant lawns of upper-middle America.

It's a courageous move to make a film about priests and expect it to have a mass appeal. Especially *good* priests with lofty ideals and firm handshakes who are never far from tears. No pretty girls, no screeching of car tyres, no twists of plot in their pedestrian lives; the only drug deals are the surreptitious bottles of plonk after the satisfyingly inane sermons.

But *Mass Appeal* will be a religious experience for some, particularly those to whom Jack Lemmon is guru. Like an obedient congregation in our more populated shrines (the picture theatres), the audience will devoutly giggle at the all too fleeting one-liners and be touched by the mawkish philosophical and churchy confrontations, as Lemmon's Father Farley is revealed in all his transparent mediocrity by the young Deacon Dolan's brusque pontifications.

The film is adapted from the successful Broadway stage play by Bill C. Davis, and it shows; the barrage of dialogue is only broken when Lemmon familiarly chokes on his conscience or Ivanek goes bounding through another park. This film may leave you with the impression that you've just visited your first Californian analyst, who wouldn't let you get a word in edgeways.

However, *Mass Appeal's* athletic piety-in-the-sky will ensure that it goes somewhere near living up to its name. — *Graeme Sims*

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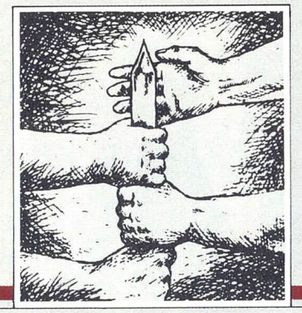

WINNING

NOW YOU'RE TALKING

Talking too much (or talking at the wrong time) brings down more careers in mid-flight than almost anything else.

It's partly a question of national style. Australians don't trust a man who talks too much, and never have.

Talk, in the Australian business tradition, is for salesmen, lawyers, and women. In fact, there is a great deal to be said for cultivating a reputation for silence if you want to get ahead. In the first place — particularly if you're under the age of 40 — there is a great deal more to be learned by listening than by talking. Secondly, the more you talk, the more you inevitably reveal of your plans, your opinions and yourself.

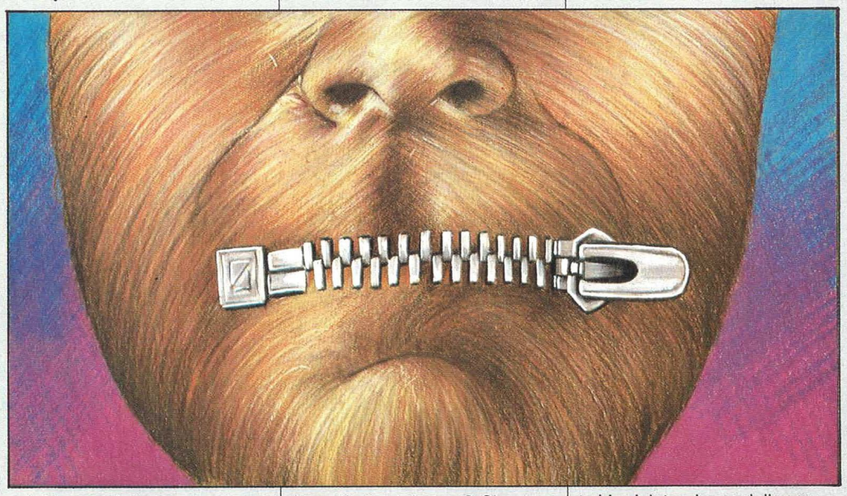

Illustration by Dexter Fry

It's possible, at a meeting, to suppose that a man who is silent is thinking profound thoughts, even if he's not. But a man who is speaking is judged by his words. The first law of business survival is to let somebody else speak first — several people, if possible. Find out what *other* people are thinking before you open your mouth.

Bear in mind that if you are in a relatively junior position, your elders and betters are seldom, if ever, likely to *want* your opinion. If it's asked for, you can be pretty sure it's a trick designed to show how little you know. Hence, when the boss suddenly turns to you and says, "What do *you* think, Harry?" the odds are that he doesn't give a damn *what* you think, since he's already made up his mind what *he* thinks. What he wants to see is whether you'll make a fool of yourself.

If you reply, "Sounds great to me," he will very likely say something like: "Great? What's so great about a seven-percent return on investment? What facts do you base that opinion on? Show me the numbers!"

Or, of course, if you had said the opposite ("Doesn't sound good to me, boss"), then he would say: "Oh it *doesn't*, does it? Well, a seven-percent return on investment sounds great to *me*, young fellow, but maybe you can show us how to get a higher number. I mean we'd all like to learn how *you'd* do it!"

The wisest course, therefore, is to cultivate the following magic phrase, or any variant thereof: "I'd like to think about that a little" — bearing in mind that your object must always be to remain silent until you know what your boss is thinking himself, or at least until your colleagues and rivals have made fools of themselves.

Besides, silence *is* golden, very often in the literal sense of the word. Years ago, when I was a young man, I was sent off on a publishing trip to England with the task of selling a "hot" book we had acquired. I was new to the whole business and deeply impressed when my host, a distinguished and rotund British publisher, took me to his club to wine and dine me — but not so new that I didn't take the wise precaution of sipping my drinks.

My host was flushed and talkative by the end of the meal, when we got down to business over brandy and cigars.

"I want that book," he said.

I nodded. There seemed nothing to say.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

This was a question that had kept me awake for a week. My elders had told me to ask about $100,000, but I naturally hoped to get more. My host had spent most of the meal telling me how bad business was in England, despite the fact that he was wearing a thousand-dollar Saville Row suit and custom-made Lobb shoes, and that we arrived at the club in his new Rolls.

I shrugged. "How much would you pay?"

He sighed heavily. "I'd go to a hundred thousand," he said at last. "Certainly not a penny more."

I looked at him. His expression was convincingly firm — at any rate, as firm as a man's expression can be after an evening of heavy drinking and good food.

I felt a sense of disappointment. I had hoped for more. Should I tell him I wanted more? He might withdraw his offer. Should I tell him I'd think about it? He might well change *his* mind while I was thinking. Should I see other publishers? But he was the logical customer.

I turned all this over in my mind and kept silent. One hundred thousand dollars, after all, I told myself, was a lot of money — in fact, it was exactly the figure my elders had asked me to get. I would not emerge as a hero in their eyes, but I would have done my job.

I was about to agree, when my host, perspiring freely now (nothing makes a man more nervous than silence after he has made an offer), leaned forward and said: "One hundred thousand *pounds*, dear boy! That's a lot of money."

It was indeed. In those days the pound was worth close to two dollars. By keeping my mouth shut, I had just doubled the price of the book and brought home a $200,000 deal! If I had said — as I surely would, had I spoken — "One hundred thousand dollars it is," my host would have shaken hands on a figure $100,000 *below* what he was prepared to pay. "You've got a deal," I said, as if it was the price I had been thinking about all the time.

Let the other person do the talking. The best way to make money is to use your ears. — *Michael Korda*

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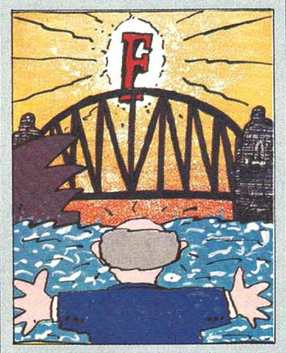
LIQUOR

BEST BARS

What's your favorite bar? The local watering hole or some exotic nightspot you happened upon during an excursion to foreign climes? The best bar can be an intellectual arena, a place where great minds meet, a red hot pick-up spot, a home away from home, or merely somewhere you're certain to get a good drink and a bit of conversation. *Penthouse* asked a variety of Australians where they liked to drink — and why.

Mike Gibson, sports commentator: "The Mosman Rowing Club is the best place in Sydney to drink and I have one there every day except on Sundays. You look out on a stretch of Sydney Harbor, and the ducks sort of quack. Sometimes the drinkers quack as well. Now they've got Fosters Draught, which has opened a whole new chapter in my life. When somebody asked me what had meant the most to me in my life I suppose I should have said it was going to the Olympics, but getting Fosters Draught at the Mosman Rowing Club has been like a religious awakening for me.

"I like the people who drink there because they're such a wide range; from millionaires to council workers. And nobody cares what you do for a living so nobody starts massaging egos. Some of them take a few digs instead. And now that they've got the aforementioned Fosters, and a new carpet (although some people are a bit unhappy with that), it beats everything for miles. It's a little slice of paradise."

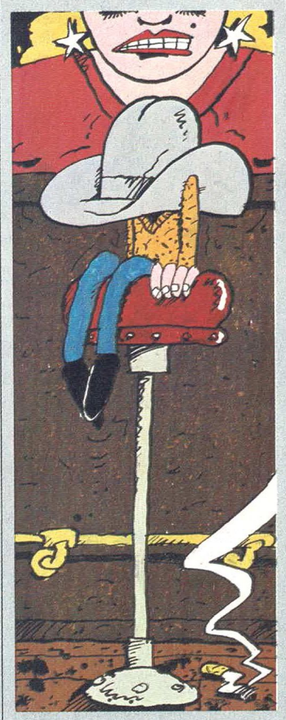


Jack Mundey, environmentalist, alderman: "I'm not one of those people who only go to one bar. I'm not a creature of habit. I could never be called sectarian for the pubs I drink in. Besides the fact that I'm gregarious, I've always liked Henry Lawson's famous quote: that alcohol makes you feel the way you should when you're sober. The pubs I drink in are those with a genuine mix of people, not stereotypes. I go to the Lord Nelson and the Mercantile in The Rocks (Sydney) because the whole area has so much color. The people in those pubs are very earthy and they suit my nature.

"I guess because of my political background I also occasionally enjoy a drink at the Criterion in the city because it's a gathering place for a wide range of lefties, as well as various Marxists and Trotskyists. But I think the industrial class in this country drinks too much. That's not a moral judgement. Most of the people I've worked with are in that category."

Andrew Dawson, public relations: "There's an incredible bar in a little hotel called the Araluen near Captain's Flat on the NSW south coast. There are two houses and the Araluen Hotel. It's my favorite of all the bars in Australia. The barman has a supply of the most outrageous tales I've ever heard, and people come from miles around to the Araluen to hear his yarns. In Melbourne I drink at the Windsor Hotel, and I also recently discovered the Breakfast Creek Hotel in Brisbane, which brings you back to civilisation. It serves bloody good red meat and bloody good red wine."

Nick Greiner, NSW State Opposition Leader: "My favorite bar is one at which I have yet to have a drink — it's the drink cabinet in the Premier's office."



Harry M. Miller, entrepreneur: "I'm not into the pub scene and I don't drink in bars. I find them boring. The only time I go near them is if I'm close to a restaurant and I'm waiting for a friend. Anyway, why do I need to go into bars when I've got cattle-yards on my own farm?"

John Meillon, actor: "I like to drink with a group of friends at the John Meillon OBE Bar at the Oaks Hotel in Neutral Bay (Sydney). Matt White and Jim Oram from the *Mirror* come over. I don't mind drinking with journalists at all. I don't mix with actors though. I did in the old days when actors got together but it's become so diversified these days. There's no real pub where all the actors meet anymore. The Salisbury in Martin Lane used to be a good one."

John Singleton, broadcaster: "The first bars you drank in depended on where you played rugby. After that, where the stripshows were. Some of the most memorable bars I have frequented include The Tradesmans Arms in Palmer Street, Sydney, The Maple Room in Belfield, The Dolphin Hotel in Surry Hills, at the back of the bottleshop in Castlecrag, the Fitzroy Crossing in West Australia and The Lion's Den up at Cooktown in North Queensland. They're all top pubs."

Rodney Rude, comedian: "The bars I drink in depend where I'm working. I used to drink a lot before I went on stage. I fell off the stage once in Bathurst and also in Canada. One night in Key West, Florida, I walked into Sloppy Joe's bar, which was Ernest Hemingway's old favorite. I sat on the only empty bar stool and every head in the place turned and stared. All these old characters just staring at me. One of them said, 'That was *his* stool.' He meant Hemingway's. Then this barlady with big tits came and snarled, 'Nobody's allowed to sit on Hemingway's stool.' I went to Sloppy Joe's for three months. I used to stand on the bar and sing. It was a great place.

"In Australia I kinda like the Cock and Bull at Bondi because it's friendly and there are a lot of funny characters there. I go to Australian pubs for different reasons. I go to the Stardust Hotel in Cabramatta (Sydney) because it's a good, loud rock and roll joint. I've had a drink in so many bars I can't remember all their names any more. There's a great one over the road from Noah's in Melbourne for instance. The last place I would ever go to would be a trendy bar. Mainly I like to drink at home with friends. Every now and then I get really drunk and get down and have a real cry, and I like doing that because afterwards I come up with some great comedy." — *Nikki Barrowclough*

Illustrations by Scott Kennedy

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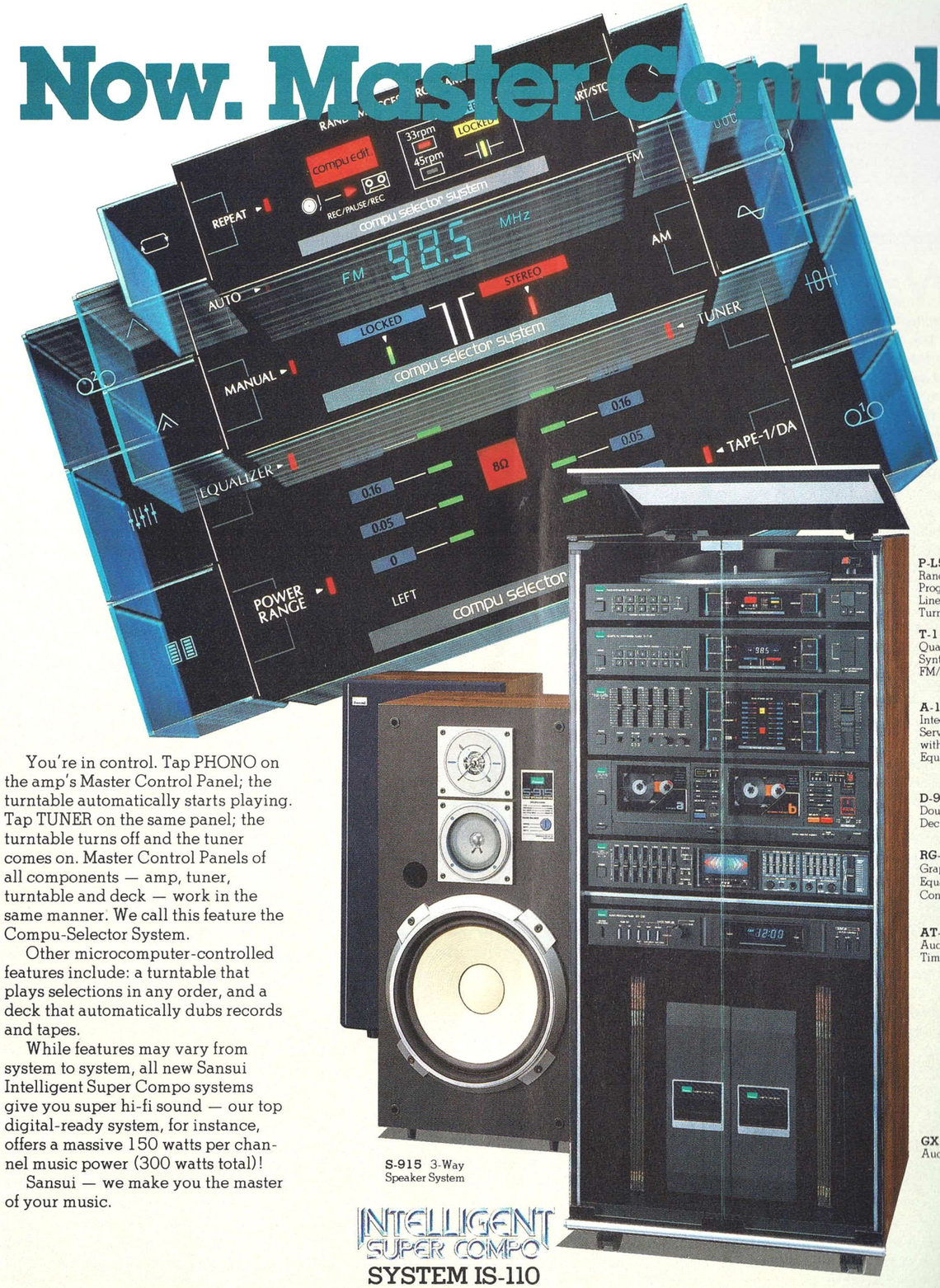

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SEX

OLD FIDDLES

We need sex just as much as we need food and drink. We need it for development of the whole person. If I'm not sexually satisfied, I can't operate as a complete person,'' said one woman at a recent Canberra seminar. Most of us will find it surprising that she was 77 years of age.

The seminar was called ''Sex: A Lifetime Experience'' and was largely concerned with a topic long considered taboo — the sexuality of those over 50. Principal speaker was Professor Derek Llewellyn-Jones, who lectures in human sexuality at the University of Sydney.

The tension at the start of the seminar quickly dissolved as the audience fell under the spell of the dynamic Llewellyn-Jones.He opened by referring to a couple of questions that he'd put to his university students. ''I asked my students if they thought their parents had sex,'' said Llewellyn-Jones, ''and 30 percent of these 20-year-olds put up their hands. Then I asked if they thought their parents enjoyed it — and one third of the hands came down.''

Those responses, while provoking some mirth on the part of the audience, cut to the heart of the issue. For it seems a well-established fact for those under 30 that sex stops at 40, or at 50 at the very latest.

Llewellyn-Jones' basic question was: ''How do we change that attitude?'' The attitude represents more than just an amusing misconception of youth in regard to their elders. It is actually the cause of a lot of misplaced guilt and embarrassment on the part of the older generation.

For some in later life, according to another speaker, Dr Valerie Hill, sex can become a big problem. ''They're in a dilemma. If they feel turned on they think they're abnormal — as though sex should only be for the young and blooming,'' said Dr Hill. ''It's true that older bods are not as attractive as taut, terrific ones and if sexuality was based solely on lust, then okay, the over-fifties may as well sign off.

''Luckily, there's more to it than that. Sexuality involves tenderness and caring; genital sex is only one aspect of it. If, for instance, a sensually aware person treats you with warmth and understanding, a few creases or grey hairs would hardly act as a deterrent to a relationship.''

Aside from the disapproval of society, there are a few other hurdles that older people have to overcome in their quest for sexual satisfaction. Ill-health can be a problem, especially when certain therapeutic drugs can inhibit sexual desire and affect performance. A problem for women can be vaginal dryness and the thinning of the vaginal walls. This can be checked, however, by HRT (Hormone Replacement Therapy), which increases desire as well as providing the necessary lubrication.

Perhaps the biggest sexual problem confronting older women is the lack of potential partners. There are many more available women over 50 than there are men, and this imbalance increases with age. One of the workshops at the seminar dealt with this aspect of female sexuality in later life. The basic message was: ''Pleasure yourself, and stop feeling guilty about it.'' One woman suggested older women consider relationships with other women as an alternative to becoming lonely and sexually frustrated.

Abstinence does seem to affect sexual function. One 65-year-old man said: ''Your body, like any other machine, tends to go rusty through lack of use. I have found that during periods of abstinence I have less and less desire, but, once that abstinence is broken, desire increases again almost in proportion to the amount it's assuaged. And I don't want to wear out through lack of use.''

One testament to the sexual capabilities of the older generation came from a woman, now in her seventies, who confessed to having her first orgasm at the age of 59. She'd been originally married in her twenties and had spent many years unfulfilled. ''Then I met this man and it was wonderful,'' she said. ''For the first time I found out what it was all about. I didn't worry about my body; I had no inhibitions at all.''

Sex then is not just for the young and beautiful, as the media would like us to believe. Professor Llewellyn-Jones was very critical of the role of advertising in shaping public attitudes towards sexuality. ''Most of it features teenagers — attractive girls and spunky fellas — and mums who sparkle with Sheen,'' he said. If older women do appear in ads it's usually as doting, feeble-minded grannies or as ''sensible''middle-aged women who go into ecstasy over detergent powders.

Two words that Llewellyn-Jones would like to see disappear are ''impotence'' and ''frigidity.'' Both have depressing connotations and lock people into feelings of helplessness. He would like to see them replaced with the term ''sexual dysfunction'', for they are both solvable problems.

But if you do have a problem, where do you go for help? According to Llewellyn-Jones, not to your local GP. He says you'd be hard-put to find a more inhibited group. If an older person needs help in this area, the last thing they need is the embarrassing platitudes handed out by many doctors. They'd be much better off going to a sex therapist.

The good professor had the last, optimistic words to say at the seminar. ''Stop comparing your present sexual performance with earlier performance,'' he said. ''Orgasm doesn't go away; it's yours for life.'' He wound up by quoting some figures from a US survey showing that sexual intercourse is enjoyed by 70 percent of men aged 65 to 75 and by 15 percent of the 80-plus age group. ''And,'' said the white-haired professor, referring to the active members of the 80-plus group, ''I'm going to be one of them.'' — *Marie Gordon*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

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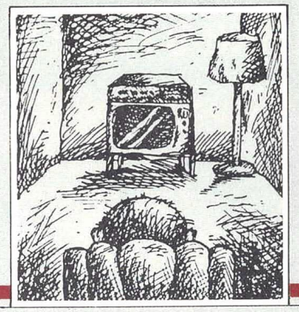


VIDEO

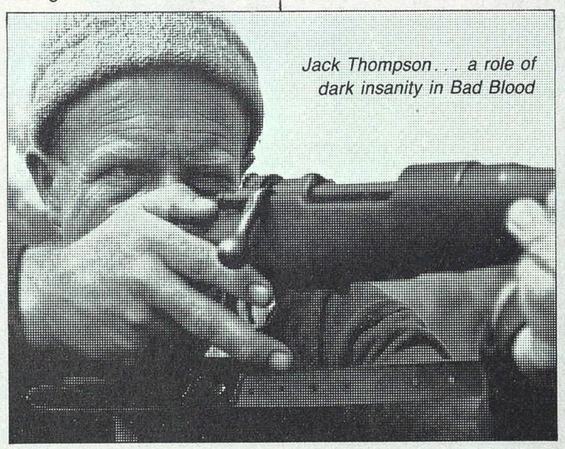
KUDOS TO THE KIWIS

There's no doubt about it — New Zealand has received the rough end of the pineapple where its film industry (styled on the resurgence of ours) and Australia is concerned. Forget the international acclaim the fledgling cinematographers have attracted; forget the step up that director Roger Donaldson (*Sleeping Dogs, Smash Palace*) made from the Pacific Islands to the $20 million epic *The Bounty*. It amounts to little when it comes to New Zealanders receiving equitable distribution for their product here. Few receive cinema release, less make it to television and were it not for video, New Zealand films would sidetrack Australia altogether.

Al Shaw and Keith Aberdein . . . scenes from Smash Palace

Roger Donaldson has been responsible for directing two of New Zealand's more interesting features. In **Sleeping Dogs** (Scope Video — possibly a rare item but well worth tracking down), New Zealand has fallen into the hands of a repressive government which then has to tackle a violent resistance movement to stay in power. Between these two volatile forces comes a man on the rack from a broken marriage, played by Sam Neill in his pre-*My Brilliant Career* days. Based on the novel by C.K. Stead, Donaldson's impressive feature debut (following successful work in documentaries and commercials) uses politics, action and personal trauma as a potent mix that belies the slim budget.

Smash Palace (Palace Video) also concerns a man caught up in a broken marriage but in this case Donaldson concentrates fully on both sides. Al Shaw (Bruno Lawrence), a former racing driver, runs a car repair yard — the *Smash Palace* of the title — and lives in a backwater with his daughter and wife Jacqui (Anna Jemison, Tangiers-born of European parents, Australian-based, and seen here in *Heatwave* and *Silver City*, among others). Life in a country town suits Al down to the ground as he fiddles with wreckage and puts together something of the remnants of his former fast-lane life. What he fails to see is his wife's dissatisfaction, until it is too late and she wants out. Al's emotions go to the wall as he intrudes on Jacqui's "new life" with their daughter. When the court orders him to keep clear and denies access to the offspring, he breaks down like one of the cars waiting on the lot.



Jack Thompson . . . a role of dark insanity in Bad Blood

Donaldson, an Australian who fled the country at 19 to escape the Vietnam war, has earned international kudos for his writing and directing on *Smash Palace*. Bravo to those with the taste and good sense to recognise a talent when they see it. He is able, with a minimum of fuss, to depict ordinary people in ordinary situations and create something special on the screen. A number of American reviewers held *Smash Palace* in high enough esteem to place it above *Kramer vs Kramer, An Unmarried Woman* and *Shoot The Moon* — films of family trauma where the stars often got between the characters they were playing and the audience. No such worry here. Lawrence, Jemison and Keith Aberdein (as Foley, Al's best friend, the local copper and Jacqui's new lover) are excellent — not forgetting the delightful Greer Robson as the daughter torn between the father who won't let go and the mother who uses every bit of determination she has to force the separation.

Two harrowing incidents in New Zealand's criminal annals make for equally harrowing feature film drama. **Bad Blood** (Columbia Video) features Jack Thompson as the estranged farmer Stanley Graham, who in 1941 went berserk with a shotgun in an isolated community, murdering three civilians and four policemen in a 12-day reign of terror. In one of his most dramatic roles, Thompson captures the intensity of the farmer-turned-gunman (opposite Carol Burns as his dominating wife Dorothy), etching a dark picture of the insanity that can explode from the most peaceful and apparently normal environment. *Bad Blood* gives a perspective on many of those bloody headlines concerning family and community slaughter that dominate the media.

Beyond Reasonable Doubt (Screen Video) also concerns itself with real life murder — but it at least offers something of a happy ending for the man accused of killing a young farming couple in the early Seventies. The film stars John Hargreaves as the man accused when the bodies have been found at the end of a four-month search. Protesting his innocence, he is sentenced to life imprisonment. Following six years of legal battles, including a new trial which also found him guilty, the accused is pardoned and released. The verdict is that evidence was falsified for the original trial. Granted $1 million in compensation by the New Zealand government, the man and the family who rallied behind him saw justice done. The killer or killers of the young farmers have not been found. Based on a book by David Yallop and directed by John Laing, *Beyond Reasonable Doubt* is a gripping whodunnit of sorts — the type of drama that many fiction writers delight in playing with. Again, truth comes over stranger (and stronger) than fiction. — *Denis Whitburn*

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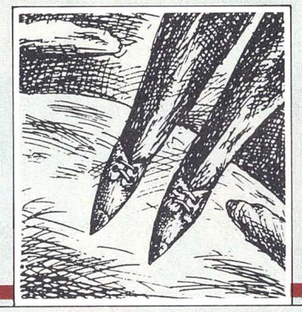
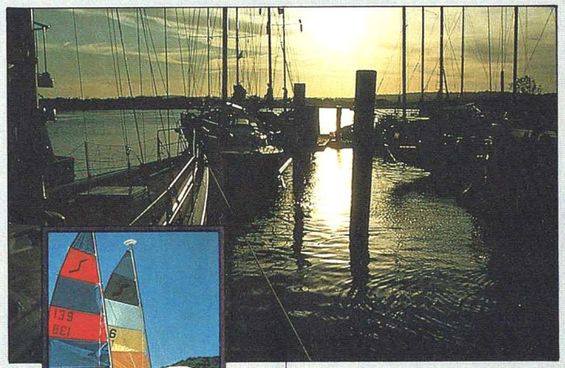
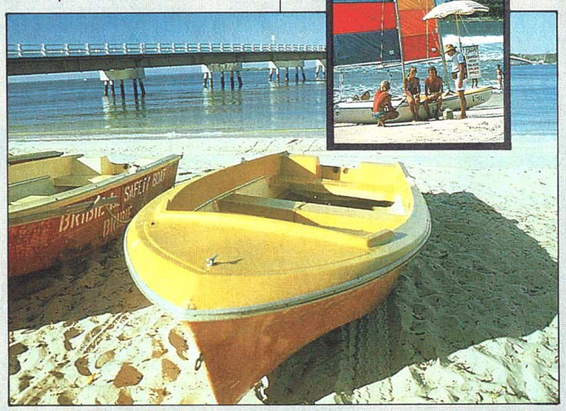


TRAVEL

SUNSHINE COASTING





The Sunshine Coast... more than tinsel

The Queensland holiday market is so dominated by the heavily-promoted Barrier Reef islands and Surfers Paradise that Noosa hasn't really been noticed.

In part this was because Maroochydore airport couldn't take anything bigger than a Fokker Friendship. Coolangatta, just south of Surfers, had been able to take jets for many years, as had Proserpine, off which the Whitsunday resorts have developed.

Now although this might sound like a transportation thesis, I'm letting you in on something special. Here's why.

Surfers grew into Glitter Gulch because our more rabid property developers knew that its role as a city playground could be supplemented by holiday hordes jetted in from the southern states. Noosa, north of Brisbane at the top of the Sunshine Coast, missed much of the millions of tons of concrete which now shuts out the sun after midday at Surfers; development was more restrained and the place was just a bit further than the car-borne tourist felt like driving.

It's more of a surfer's paradise than Surfers Paradise, according to Hayden Kenny, Australia's first Iron Man and father of current Iron Man Grant Kenny. "I first came to the Sunshine Coast 30 years ago to compete in a surf lifesaving carnival. I'll never forget that day — it was a knockout. After that, nowhere else stood a chance."

Kenny never left, although things have changed a bit since then. Surfboards are shorter for one thing, and there are now far better facilities for most holiday activities.

Beginning 35kms north of Brisbane, the Sunshine Coast's climate is truly subtropical; year-round temperatures don't fluctuate much at all (an average 20.6 in July to 28.4 in January). It endures the tropical wet with between 200 and 300mm of rain falling each month from December through March. That gives it a quite different seasonality. The best months are April to November, though the nights can be cool from June to August in the dry season. It's perfect for a winter holiday; when it's grim in the crowded south it's a near certainty that you'll find sun and surf up there.

Now I can only take so much sun and surf, and the idea of doing anything very energetic is foreign to me, which is why the Sunshine Coast is an ideal spot for a not-too-exciting sojourn. It's more than a strip of tinsel along high-water mark; the hinterland is easily accessible and there's plenty to see. It's true that some of it's a bit plastic, like the miniature English village, but you can leave that sort of thing to those who like it.

There are several important national parks, and for once they don't seem to be set up exclusively for the park ranger. At the top of the coast is Fraser Island. If you aren't the least bit taken by the beauty of this place then something is amiss.

The best way to get there is to hire a four-wheel-drive vehicle and head along Rainbow Beach, crossing to the island by barge. Remember to be careful what you do on the beach and in the bush; they're very environment-conscious on the Sunshine Coast.

Down south is Bribie Island, separated from the mainland by a narrow strait called The Passage which is great for stillwater swimming, sailing, water skiing and fishing with good surf beaches on the ocean side. Not far from there and Caloundra is a display of one of the more bizarre and obsessive hobbies, the World of Matchcraft — a kitsch-fest not to be missed.

There's accommodation of all kinds, from basic, well-run camping grounds and caravan parks right up to the Noosa International resort. It's first class but it won't bust your budget, and it has one of the coast's better restaurants.

Most people who visit the coast drive there. Last year more than 5.8 million people visited, and though that might sound like too many, the area is large enough for you to be able to find plenty of deserted spots.

Access by air is relatively easy, with the best connections through Sydney. Maroochydore airport has now been upgraded to medium jet standard and Air New South Wales and East-West provide regular services; Air New South Wales hopes to start a Melbourne-Maroochydore direct service.

If you're on a tight budget there are excellent coach services with bargain fares that seem here to stay. The combination of coach and caravan park is the cheapest comfortable option, and it stretches your holiday dollar.

For Sydneysiders, there's a Sunshine Coast information centre in the city at 8 Bent Street, where you can book surprisingly cheap package holidays. In other cities the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau has everything you need to know. Ask for the 96-page Sunshine Coast booklet, one of the better area guides around. It provides maps, transport and restaurant information, accommodation lists, details of tours and equipment hire. — *Fred Baker*

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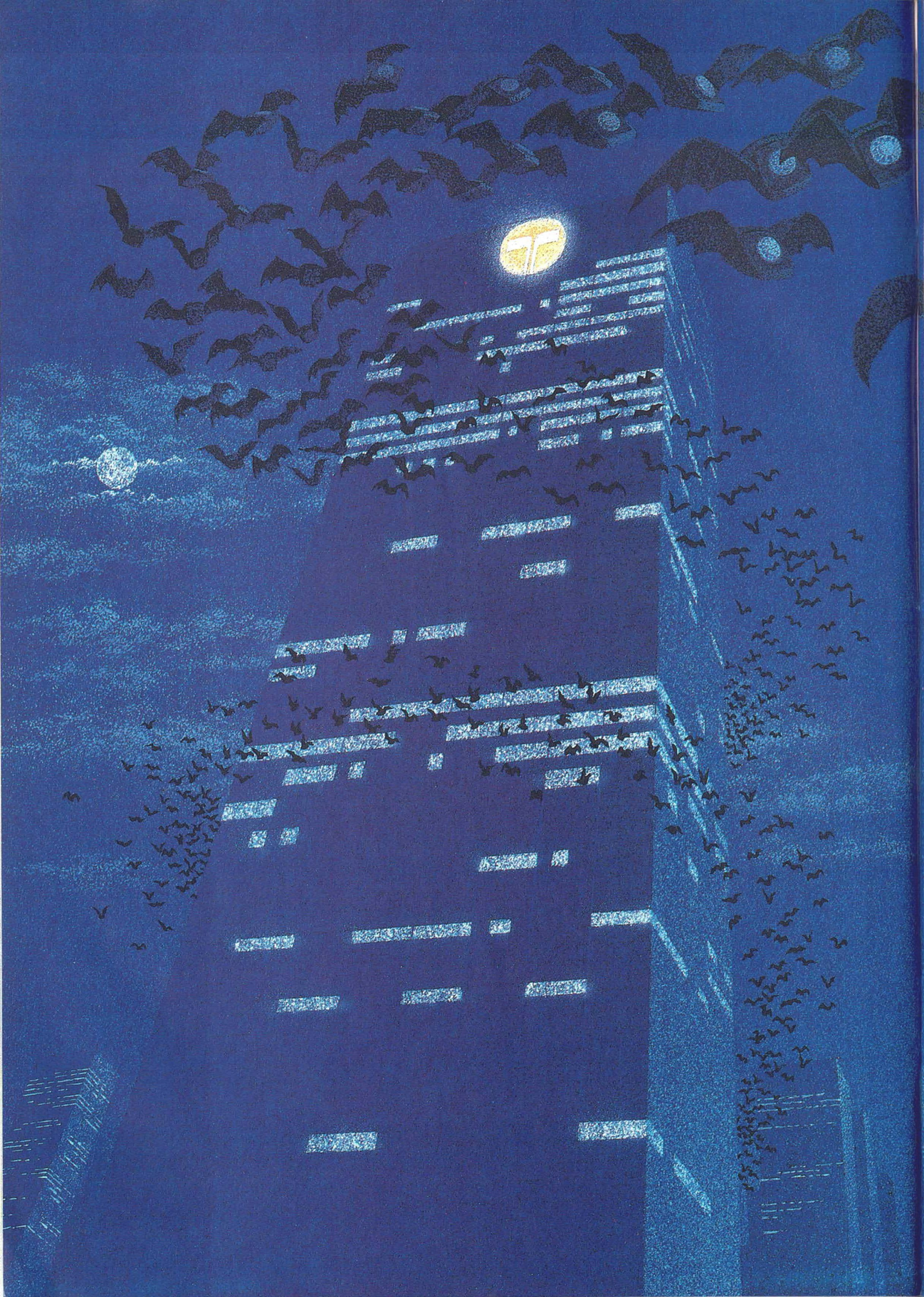


Telecom
provides the key to Australia's lucrative
illegal SP bookmaking business

BAD CONNECTIONS

BY DAVID HICKIE

A vast Australia-wide network of illegal SP bookmakers is generating an underground cash turnover of around $4000 million annually. This network cannot operate without the installation of advanced telephone equipment. Half a dozen official inquiries during the last three years have all pinpointed Telecom as the hub of Australia's mushrooming SP business. The conclusion: cut off the phones and SP will die immediately. Crime expert Bob Bottom

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF COOK

CONNECTIONS

summarised the findings of all these inquiries succinctly when he told a Senate Committee during 1984 that the Federal Government, through Telecom, was fostering "the greatest money-making racket in this country." He said Telecom could wipe out illegal SP bookmakers "overnight" if the word was given from the top. That opinion has been consistently echoed by every honest policeman who has worked in the area during the last decade.

In 1985 the implications of the Telecom-SP link are as significant as any of the major problems facing authorities hoping to effectively tackle the organised crime issue. SP provides an enormous cash flow within the criminal milieu and Telecom is the key to its operation. Yet no-one seems prepared to bite the bullet and demand that Telecom pull the plug on its SP clients.

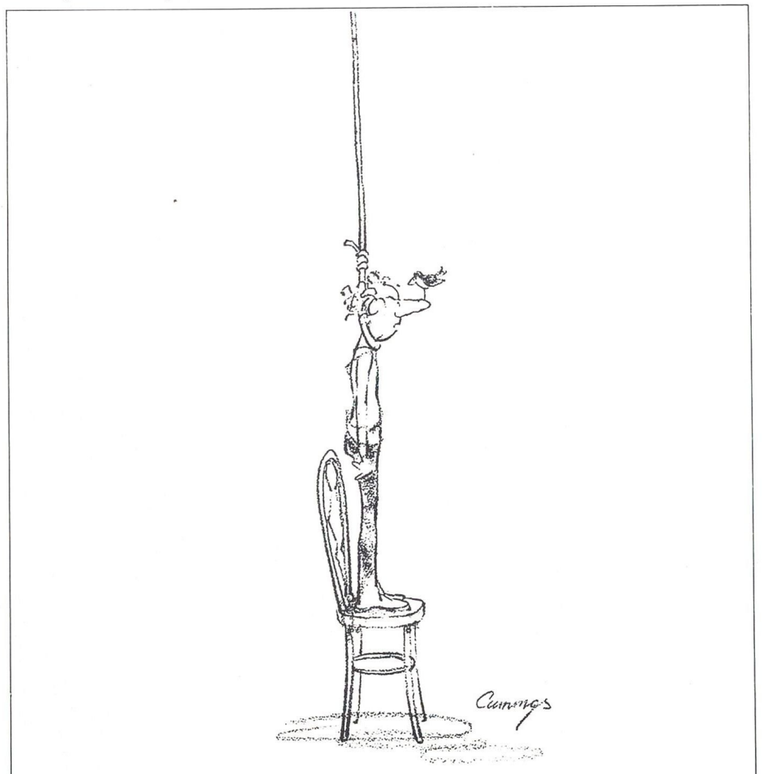
Inside Telecom an official blind eye is regularly turned toward evidence of large-scale SP links, in preference to rocking the boat. Despite occasional action, many Telecom technicians earn large tax-free incomes from regular connection and disconnection fees for the big SP syndicates. Technicians at most Telecom depots around the country can readily identify half a dozen of their workmates who are "on call" for the regular SP telephone jobs.

Many law-abiding technicians have complained about this situation. So have honest union officals. So have numerous senior officials within Telecom. And so have the police. But still the authorities dither.

As far back as three years ago, Bob Bottom revealed that SP had reached the stage where it was run virtually hand-in-hand with Telecom. "It is a national scandal that you have a Commonwealth authority providing phones for an illegal industry turning over, in NSW alone, over $1000 million a year," he said, adding that "as quick as police raid premises, new phones are installed by Telecom." In Bottom's view the link between SP bookmaking and Telecom was as serious "as the pay-offs in bribes to NSW police."

At that time Bottom said he understood that in Victoria, Telecom employees pared off phone lines from businesses on Friday afternoons for use by SP bookies over the weekend. Bottom told how the police had stopped a person at Sydney Airport and found a book containing the phone numbers of all SP operations in Sydney. "Before the police, in 24 hours, could move on those premises, Telecom had re-erected the phones in different premises all over the state. SP bookmaking cannot be stamped out while organised crime has its nips into Telecom," Bottom said.

Much of the problem lies in the traditional image of the Australian SP bookie — a public perception which is now outdated and blatantly false. Both police and investigators have had significant problems in explaining that the friendly old-fashioned local SP, who used to operate in the backroom of the corner barber shop and take your five shillings each way, has long gone. In his place is the SP bookmaker of the Eighties — running banks of rotary telephones behind a registered but largely inoperative company front. The few small bookies still operating in pubs and shops around the neighborhood are actually only agents collecting bets and settling, on a five percent tax-free commission, for today's larger syndicated bookies with their banks of telephones.



"Piss off!"

The modern telephone networks provide huge cash flows. The leading syndicates have invested in computers and the latest electronic equipment. Various police raids in recent years have uncovered a Tweed Heads operation with a $100 million annual turnover, a series of central Sydney headquarters each with 40 to 50 phones, and an SP computer centre in Ultimo (Sydney) with 10,000 phone accounts.

One SP bookie, as far back as the late Sixties, was known to have had up to 200 phones at his command. After the introduction of the TABs during the Sixties, modern large SP phone networks (as opposed to the old pub SPs) emerged, hidden behind sham corporate addresses. Today's telephone SP bookies operate from "offices" in diverse locations — such as behind a grocer store in Bondi Junction, a shop front in Carlton, office blocks on the Gold Coast and Tweed Heads, houses in Port Adelaide and Fremantle, and warehouses near Dixon Street in Sydney's Chinatown.

Inside, a rotary phone system links phones in tandem. If the first phone is engaged, the call is automatically transferred to the second phone, and so on. Clerks, usually older women, answer the phones; the bets, once recorded on slips of paper, are referred to the penciller sitting close by who makes up the book. In some of the more modern operations the slips are passed on to other clerks sitting at terminals who punch the details into the firm's computers.

About five minutes before each race the penciller decides how much money he wants to hold on each horse, and then "laying off" with other SPs begins with a frenzy of calls out from the premises. With STD, the SP bookie in Melbourne can instantly lay off as far away as Tweed Heads or Darwin, both thriving centres of SP businesses.

Many of the telephones are obtained using the disguise of a legitimate weekday business which ostensibly involves considerable use of the telephones. The phones are turned over to SP at the weekend. Business fronts have included customer advisory services, art unions, telephone sales services and real estate agencies. In other cases, SP men have used intercom systems in multi-tenant buildings to switch SP calls between flats

to thwart detection.

A man with long connections in the SP field told *Penthouse* it was always a hassle getting the necessary "rotaries" installed legitimately, because officials asked questions when more than two phones were requested in rotary through normal channels. He said the simplest tactic for the SP was to invent a business (for example, Acme Cleaning), officially register the business name, which only costs a few dollars, and try to bluff it out from there. Alternatively, the SP bookie would just "sling" the phone installation man to put in extra lines.

The most damning indictment of Telecom officialdom is the fact that the SP problem has never emerged overnight. At least as far back as the late Seventies they realised it was only a matter of time before crime analysts exposed the enormity of a scandal too big to keep the lid on. And for at least seven years police have tried to implement a new approach in the light of the obvious size and sophistication of the modern SP problem. During 1978 and 1979 police raids, in Sydney and Melbourne, on the Gold Coast and at Tweed Heads, began to uncover a seemingly unending supply of banks of telephones.

But the solution has not been nearly as simple as tracing the subscribers. For example, in September 1978 secret police action forced the closure of the "nerve centre" of one of Sydney's biggest SP networks. Police had uncovered all the telephone numbers and locations of SP offices controlled by one of Sydney's chief operators. The move caused a wave of panic through the giant SP ring and Telecom was asked to cut off all SP phones at a suburban headquarters. The first word of the police action reached SP operators on Wednesday September 13, when they were told by a female assistant to the SP boss that police had gained access to many confidential documents detailing the extent and location of betting offices. By Monday September 18, a new list of SP telephone numbers was circulated to big punters and SP operators during settling at two big Sydney clubs. The phone numbers had all been changed and business continued as usual.

During 1979 the word spread that one of Sydney's biggest SP operations during the last 40 years had, in recent times, tapped into the Telecom lines used by the TAB to get prices on interstate and country race meetings. It was during this period that observers began to ask questions about Telecom's apparent preferential treatment for SP bookies. In 1979 nearly 70,000 Australians — 28,500 of them in NSW — remained on the waiting list for telephones to be connected to their homes or business premises. It emerged that while most people had to wait up to six months for one phone to be installed in Sydney, and found it extremely difficult to get more than one line, the SP bookies had no trouble getting new phones by the truckload.

During the crackdown on the SP telephone networks in 1979, raiding police were surprised at how easily SP syndicates had been able to get telephones, and how promptly they were able to get new phones when suddenly changing locations.

Police found as many as 40 phones in single SP offices. A senior police officer said some Telecom linesmen openly boasted about making money from SP operators. Yet after Sydney police raided a Rushcutters Bay SP den and found 40 phones, and located another bank of 40 in a King Street office and another 10 phones at a smaller Glebe (Sydney) operation, no-one in Telecom seemed to know how the phones got there. "The lines could be connected up from a PABX system that has been legitimately installed," a Telecom spokesman said.

When police raided one SP headquarters they found the operation had already been alerted; they were told that a tip-off

> While most Sydney people wait up to six months for a phone to be installed, SP bookies had no trouble getting new phones by the truckload

had been received through someone inside Telecom after police had made inquiries about telephone numbers. By 1980 it was openly advertised in the illegal gambling fraternity that multiple phone connections could be arranged, without delay, at a cash rate of $400 per phone or a special rate of $1000 for three phones.

At this time many big Sydney SPs escaped the police blitz by moving their businesses to the bush, with the help of corrupt Telecom technicians. One large Sydney operator moved his entire set-up to the NSW south coast, where clients contacted him via STD. Another SP moved on to a NSW north coast property with guard dogs and sweeping views, to help spot approaching police cars. Both men had no trouble getting phones connected to their country businesses.

The 1979-80 moves in Sydney were the first major signs that the SP-Telecom connection was, on any reasonable assessment, out of official control.

By the early Eighties an entire new industry of telephone rigging and number changing had sprung up. The price of changing two telephone numbers (by former or present Telecom technicians) rose to $1000 in Sydney during the onslaught of Merv Beck and his "Beck's Raiders" because of the urgency and danger of the work. The SPs used $700 telephone call "diverters" (a device installed at the address where the phone numbers are officially listed as connected, which then diverts incoming calls to an unidentified alternative office) to switch betting calls to secret premises elsewhere.

Bob Bottom commented: "Victorian police have seized sophisticated Telecom-approved equipment that switches calls from one premises to another so that the lines cannot be traced. This means that when the police raid the place that they believe is the SP business, they merely find this equipment."

In November 1981 the Federal Opposition spokesman on Posts and Telecommunications, Ted Innes, said he "knew for certain" that criminal elements had a strong influence on some Telecom employees. Innes said the employees were being paid to install banks of telephones for SP bookmakers, and claimed SP operators were able to "jump the queue" ahead of about 20,000 people now waiting for phones.

In December of that year the Federal Minister for Communications, Ian Sinclair, instructed Telecom officials to confer with NSW police in an effort to crack down on abuses involving telephones in connection with SP betting. His directive followed the surprise expressed by NSW police at their discoveries, during Beck's SP blitzes, of the huge numbers of telephones used in SP networks, and the fact that the intricate phone system had obviously been installed by technically skilled people. One SP man told the *Sydney Morning Herald* in March 1982 that he'd had his phone number changed six times in three weeks. In May that year a conference of Australian Police Ministers strongly criticised Telecom for refusing to co-operate with police by identifying possible SP betting operations.

In the same month a former policeman revealed that SP syndicates in NSW had spies in Telecom who forewarned them of police inquiries about their telephone numbers. "SP operators have openly boasted to police who have raided them that they were forewarned by connections in Telecom," he said. "Before police carry out a raid they get the numbers of the phones that are being used checked through Telecom. It is the quickest way to get the addresses. As soon as police checked the numbers the SP operators knew what was going on. The bigger syndicates have their own technicians — usually former Telecom employees — to set up all their equipment. Some of those employees have their own regular SP clients."

In May 1982 it also emerged that Sydney SP bookies had been using NSW Department of Public Works telephones to run their illegal betting operations. The

phone lines were being redirected for long periods from government building sites, where work had been completed, to premises used by the bookies. The telephones, originally installed for the use of builders, tradesmen and laborers on the site, could remain on site for up to six months after work was completed.

The racket came to light only when the NSW Government's review unit ordered the Public Works Department to examine the usage of its thousands of telephones to see where wastage could be eliminated. Investigators found some telephones on building sites had not been used to make an outgoing call for up to six months, yet they were constantly busy on race days.

A network of informers existed both in the department and in Telecom to let SP bookies know when there was a "free phone." A public servant would tip off a Telecom technician that workmen would be leaving a building site in a certain area. As it was often many months before the actual handsets were removed, the technician would be able to redirect the line from that handset to another telephone in the same exchange area; it would then be free for the bookmaker to take incoming calls. Since there were no outgoing calls from the telephone (a record of this would have shown up in the Public Works Department accounts) there was no way the department could know the telephone was being illegally used. The bookie, therefore, was getting a free telephone because the Department of Public Works was paying the rental. The department, at that time, was responsible for installing, maintaining and paying accounts for about 7000 telephone services to all government departments, not just its own.

During the last decade police and crime analysts have all painted the same picture: the telephone is the lifeblood of illegal SP betting and the large operations could not survive without contacts inside Telecom.

According to Lin Hopkinson, NSW President of the Telecom Line Staff Council, a full presentation of the material to the public would make the Costigan Royal Commission into the Painters and Dockers Union "look like an afternoon tea party."

Retired NSW police Superintendent Merv Beck commented: "Control telephones and you just about control SP betting." He said police had complained to Telecom about the situation, but "it was always the same cry . . . don't involve me, we'll have union trouble. A code of silence applied and nothing was done."

The code has even been stretched to accommodate Telecom officals convicted of criminal activities. In Sydney in late 1982, a Telecom supervisor from an eastern suburbs exchange was arrested and charged with running an illegal betting outlet. He was convicted and fined, but allowed to return to the same exchange before retiring on health grounds. Another Telecom employee, also arrested and convicted of running an SP outlet, had his garage stacked with new telephone handsets still in their boxes.

Merv Beck told the *Financial Review* in June 1983 that the proliferation of SP was not only due to corruption within the police force; it could not have happened without massive corruption within Telecom as well. Beck recalled: "The inner part of Sydney around the Haymarket area was an absolute rabbit warren. I raided dozens of offices in that area, every one of which had at least half a dozen phones. Several of the offices had from 30 to 40 telephones and we were told that some of them were hitched up to a big computer storing information . . . Some of the SPs I arrested told me the going rate amongst Telecom technicians was $1000 to install three phones.

> "In his 1983 report, Xavier Connor QC found that Australia's SP bookmaking annual turnover exceeded $4000 million"

The biggest SP operator in Sydney doesn't even bother with them any more — he employs his own technicians. In one place that I busted in Newcastle, I found that they had bribed a Telecom employee to hook them up to the lines in a branch of Woolworths on Saturday afternoons after the store closed. They paid him $1000 every Saturday to do it."

The biggest activity is not confined to Sydney and Melbourne. By mid-1983 bets worth hundreds of millions of dollars were being placed with SP bookies who had 1000 secret phones in the NSW/Queensland border area. Senior police and a Queensland Minister confirmed the region had become the centre of massive SP racketeering.

A senior Queensland Government official disclosed that 1000 telephone services had been hooked up to various addresses in the border area. The official went on to explain that up to 30 telephones were being linked simultaneously to dozens of "front" premises; elaborate terminal boxes were being installed under buildings in which telephone numbers were being hooked to different addresses on both sides of the border; and the SP operations were controlling illegal betting not only in Queensland and NSW but in every Australian state, Papua New Guinea and South-East Asia. The official said the increase in calls to and from one border town on the main race days, Wednesday and Saturday, was "staggering". Over the last 18 months the evidence, and its implications, have become too overwhelming for authorities to ignore any longer.

In his 1983 report to the Victorian Government, Xavier Connor QC found that Australia's SP bookmaking annual turnover exceeded $4000 million. In NSW the figure was $1800 million and in Victoria $1000 million. He noted that the bookies, operating almost exclusively by telephone, had interstate connections and were connected with a "great deal" of organised crime in Victoria.

Connor's report said that in the 20 years since a Royal Commission on the Post Master-General's Department (Victorian Division), which found widespread malpractice and failure to co-operate with police authorities in the area of illegal gambling, nothing much had changed except the name of the department. Connor said the situation of "Telecom, vis-a-vis illegal bookmaking, is profoundly disturbing" and that the likely explanation for the installation and re-installation of SP phones in substantial numbers was that "substantial bribes are paid to Telecom employees up to a high rank to ensure that the activities of the technicians in the exchanges, who do the jobs, are overlooked."

In October 1983 Robert Redlich, Commonwealth Special Prosecutor appointed to deal with illegal activities identified by the Costigan Royal Commission, presented his annual report to the Federal Parliament. Redlich highlighted the role that Telecom, condemned 20 years earlier in a Royal Commission for failing to realise there was widespread abuse of its facilities for illegal gambling activities, had continued to play with its policy of turning a blind eye to SP betting. He quoted the finding of Justice Taylor in 1963: "That a department of the Commonwealth would consciously tolerate the use of its facilities for the commission of offences against the gaming laws of a State is unthinkable." In 1983, Redlich declared: "I have to report that, notwithstanding these comments by the Royal Commissioner, the 'unthinkable' is continuing to occur today."

According to statements collected by Redlich, Telecom policy is that SP detection is a police function. One statement had asserted that Telecom could not refuse a telephone service though there might have been reasonable grounds to believe it was to be used for illegal purposes. Redlich said Telecom's attitudes "warrant the strongest condemnation, particularly as they are maintained in apparent disregard to those 20-year-old findings."

Telecom effectively controls the nation's

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is our new managing director. And that's his lunch."

CONNECTIONS

telephone network and each year installs or removes about one million telephones across Australia. Among the charges against it in recent years have been:

- turning a "blind eye" to illegal activities;
- reluctance to co-operate with police;
- employment of people with criminal backgrounds;
- "going soft" on employees who have been fined or convicted in courts;
- failure to investigate the misconduct of some employees;
- dabbling by officials in "in house" investigations, bringing inquiries to a quick end;
- staff lying to police and to Telecom's internal investigations branch.

Indeed Telecom's curious attitude — given that its product is the vital tool of the illegal trade — was spelled out at a high-level meeting of senior police from four States, as well as the Australian Bureau of Criminal Intelligence and Telecom chiefs, at Melbourne's Russell Street police headquarters on July 7, 1982. According to the minutes of that meeting, a senior Telecom executive said it was not an offence under Telecom legislation to use a telephone for SP betting and that "Telecom is not empowered to inquire into the intended use of telephones. Its function is to provide telephone services . . . and it would not be possible to check out all applications received. Telecom's policy is that the detection of any illegal SP betting is the function of State police forces."

At the time police complained that Telecom rarely provided material to police which it had gathered through its own investigators. They said Telecom had a curious policy: when Federal Police discovered evidence against Telecom employees, it had to be handed to Telecom's investigators. These investigators would then decide whether to pursue the matter further, let alone whether Federal Police should be involved.

During 1984 the Melbourne *Age* newspaper reported that a court had been told that Telecom employed as a technician a man who recently spent several years in jail. This man had quite a flair for technical work — he connected an old confidential government telephone number to the line of an SP bookmaker. When the *Age* put a series of questions to Telecom about the growing allegations of its failure to adequately police the SP problem, Telecom refused to answer them. Some of those questions involved the employment of two people, one convicted on a charge relating to bribery and SP bookmaking and the other a man who had been placed on a good behavior bond; both were believed to be still employed by Telecom.

Following Redlich's comments that Telecom staff had seriously hindered investigations into SP bookmaking, the Federal Government set up an inquiry early in 1984 under Frank Vincent QC. Communications Minister Michael Duffy, referring to Telecom's apparent "blind eye" approach to SP bookmaking, declared: "The government wishes to emphasise that it is part of the responsibilities of all its agencies to take positive steps to ensure that their facilities are not used for illegal purposes and that they provide assistance to law enforcement. A narrow view of their responsibilities should not be taken by government agencies."

Duffy said Telecom's internal investigation unit would be strengthened and, where investigations appeared to reach the stage where there were "substantial grounds for suspicion", the material would be handed to State or Federal police. Significantly, he announced that the government would review the use of subscriber computer record printers (SCRAP) held by Telecom. These machines record the number called,

> Costigan noted police opinion that banks of phones and sophisticated electronic devices couldn't have been installed without major help from trained technicians

and the length and time of the call.

Telecom, armed with at least two legal opinions prepared by the Federal Government, had consistently refused requests by State police and the Police Ministers Councils (a group comprising State Police Ministers) to provide material gathered by SCRAP machines. This policy had irritated police. Authorities have little trouble collecting material gathered by similar machines used in hotels, motels and businesses, which has helped lead to successful prosecutions. In one particularly galling instance in August 1982, a secret Victorian police investigation code-named "Operation Zebra" was in full swing. A confidential police report said: "Members of this group [Zebra] have now identified and have under surveillance a group which apparently supplies betting odds by telephone to unlawful betting operators. It is believed that this operation is one of only one or two which operates in Melbourne, supplying betting odds to all Melbourne's telephone betting operators, and this group therefore has telephone numbers of many SP operators." The "Zebra" police did not want to raid the building under surveillance because they had established that the group was prepared for any raid — with "failsafe" devices, quick-acting memory erasers on automatic diallers, shredders, electric tape erasers and other gadgetry that would ensure such a raid would fail. Instead, the police proposed to approach Telecom to use the SCRAP machines. The plan fell on deaf ears.

At the end of 1984 the Final Report of the Costigan Royal Commission included a whole volume on SP bookmaking. It noted police opinion that the large banks of telephones and sophisticated electronic devices could not have been installed without major assistance from trained telephone technicians. And it told of police information that Telecom employees were warning SP bookmakers of impending police action.

Costigan detailed the activities of two Telecom employees who operated a business which supplied telephone attachments and automatic dialling equipment. Brisbane Telecom technician Kenneth Frank Harkins had been a Telecom employee for many years, said Costigan. Harkins denied any knowledge that the business number of his telephone equipment business, Amcomm Pty Ltd, in Stanley Street, Woolloogabba, had been used for SP bookmaking during 1983 by a man Costigan revealed as one of Australia's biggest SP operators, Harold Price. Harkins said that Price, whom he knew only by his christian name, had used his office and telephone while waiting to set up what he said was an office for his house-cladding business. Costigan said: "Harkins' evidence, in relation to his association with Harold Price, was most unconvincing" and that the story about Price's use of Harkins' office "stretched credibility." The Royal Commissioner revealed that when Harkins imported telephone diverters through his Brisbane company, they were forwarded to his agent in Melbourne, another Telecom employee, Brian Pratt.

Pratt, a Telecom technician of Vermont South, said he'd been in business with Harkins since 1978 selling the equipment. Pratt said a client, Raymond McCaughan, whom he later heard was an SP bookmaker (and who was revealed to be another of Australia's biggest), had bought telephone equipment valued at about $6000.

Bernard Bongiorno, legal counsel who assisted the Victorian Board of Inquiry into Poker Machines, provided a chilling overview of the SP problem in a paper he presented to the "Gambling In Australia" seminar at the Australian National University in July 1984. Bongiorno noted: "The apparent propensity of people to gamble and the willingness of others to provide the facilities for them to do so, even if the provision of such facilities involves breaking the law and running the risk of substantial fines or imprisonment, has led . . . to a proliferation in criminal activity which has been difficult and in some cases impossible to suppress."

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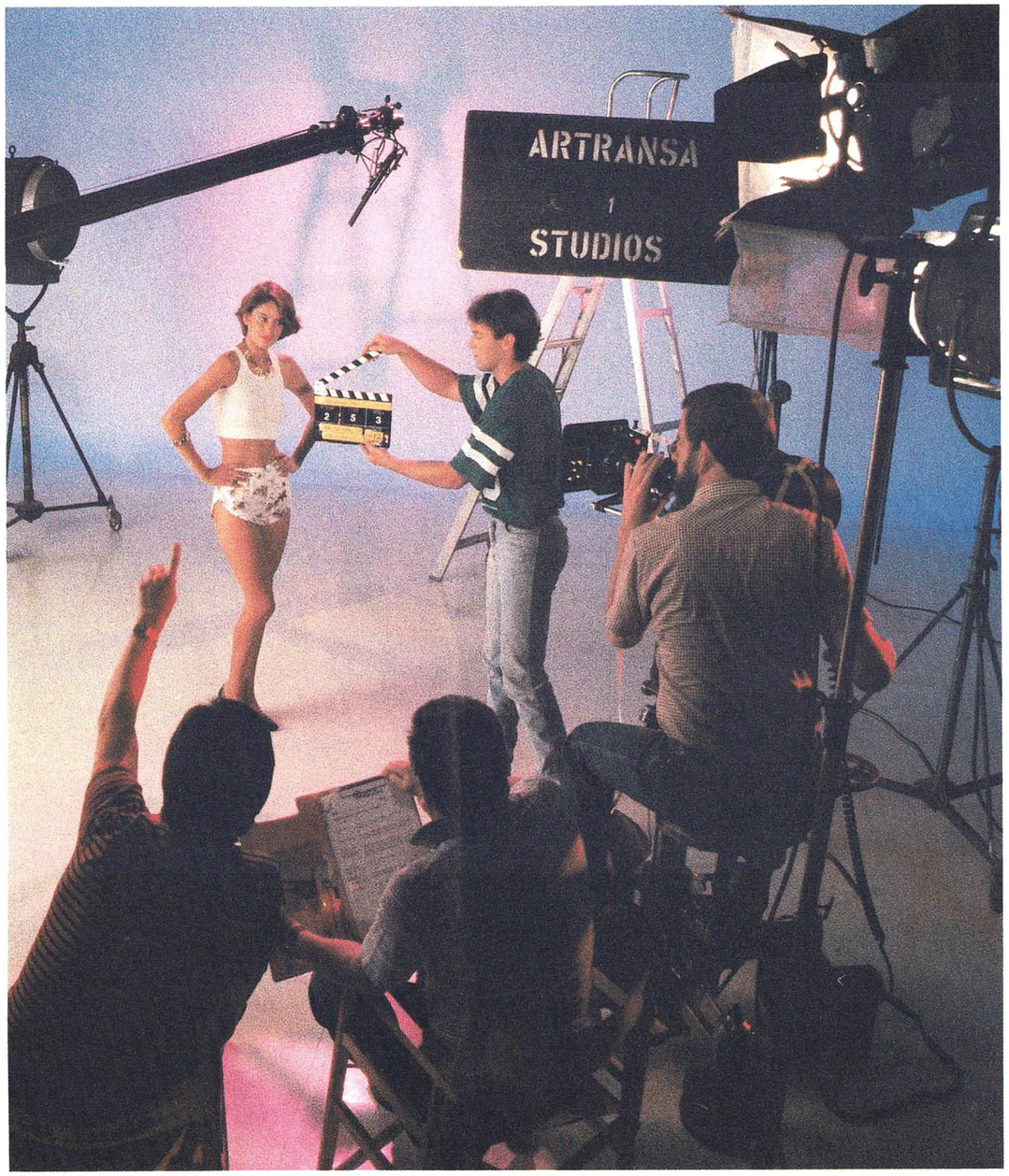
Pet of the Year

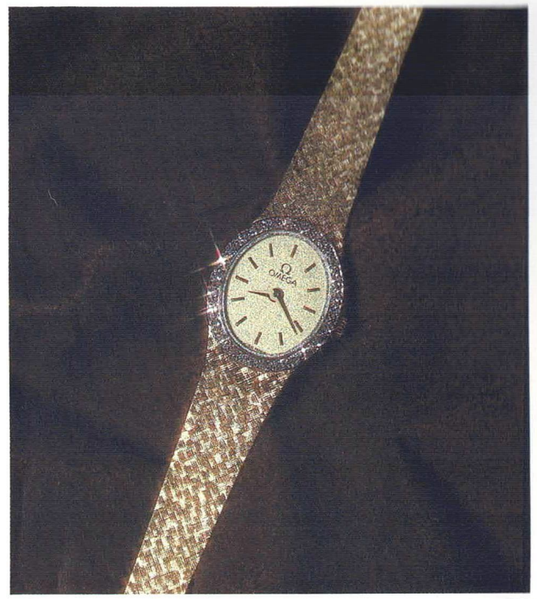
Bobbie Wallbank

Australia's first aboriginal centrefold is now the first aboriginal *Penthouse* Pet of the Year. Bobbie, whose appearance in the pages of *Penthouse* back in December sparked a flood of publicity and not a little controversy, won the richest glamor prize in the Southern Hemisphere with an avalanche of readers' votes. The 1985 Pet of the Year maintained a high profile in the media through late '84 after a tabloid paper revealed she was the niece of aboriginal spokesman Charles Perkins. Our long-legged beauty handled all the attention with serene poise; she's a lady who's justifiably proud of her indigenous heritage and prouder still of her decision to pose for *Penthouse*. For our charming Pet, 1985 will be a dream-time come true. As well as being the recipient of a magnificent array of prizes, Bobbie's status as the glamor girl of '85 will further her already solid prospects of becoming a full-time actress — an ambition she cherishes. For those who missed out last time, we present another look at the lithe, languid and lovely Bobbie Wallbank, a deserving winner of the prize booty detailed on the following pages.

Our 1985 Pet of the Year will travel in show-stopping style in this magnificent Renault Fuego coupe. Heads will turn when the elegant, sporty Renault hits the street with beautiful Bobbie at the wheel. Lavishly equipped to cater for the most demanding motoring hedonist, the Fuego comes with air-conditioning, AM/FM stereo, adjustable steering, crushed velour seats, power front windows and the world's first remote control door locking system. Our Pet won't get caught groping for the lock on rainy nights; instead she'll activate the system by pointing the tiny key-ring transmitter at the receiver mounted on the Fuego's headlining. Bingo! The two doors lock or unlock on command. Powered by a lusty overhead cam 2.0-litre engine, the Fuego has all the classic features of a European grand tourer: alloy wheels, Michelin TRX tyres, rack and pinion steering, ventilated front disc brakes. Safety fast. *Penthouse* has added extras to ensure the Pet of the Year's Fuego is more than a little different from the rest, hiking the value of Bobby's personalised Virgin White charger from the regular $17,195 retail to a lofty $24,250.They include a $1590 Skytop power moonroof from Trad Sunroofs, factory front and rear aerofoils, and side skirts from United Sports Cars. Lanock Motors handled the difficult job of matching the paintwork. The $2000 icing on the cake is Pioneer's benchmark Centrate Component Car Stereo. The pinnacle of sound systems, it includes two amplifiers, four huge speakers, quartz tuner, graphic equaliser and infra-red remote control for rear seat passengers. Precision Installations did the fitting. And to protect our Pet's privacy and cut down cabin heat, we've also fitted Sol-Ace tinted glass all round. Watching over the lot is a Red Light car alarm. The 1985 Pet of the Year's Renault Fuego is a chariot fit for a goddess — an exceptional example of French ingenuity for an exceptional Australian girl.

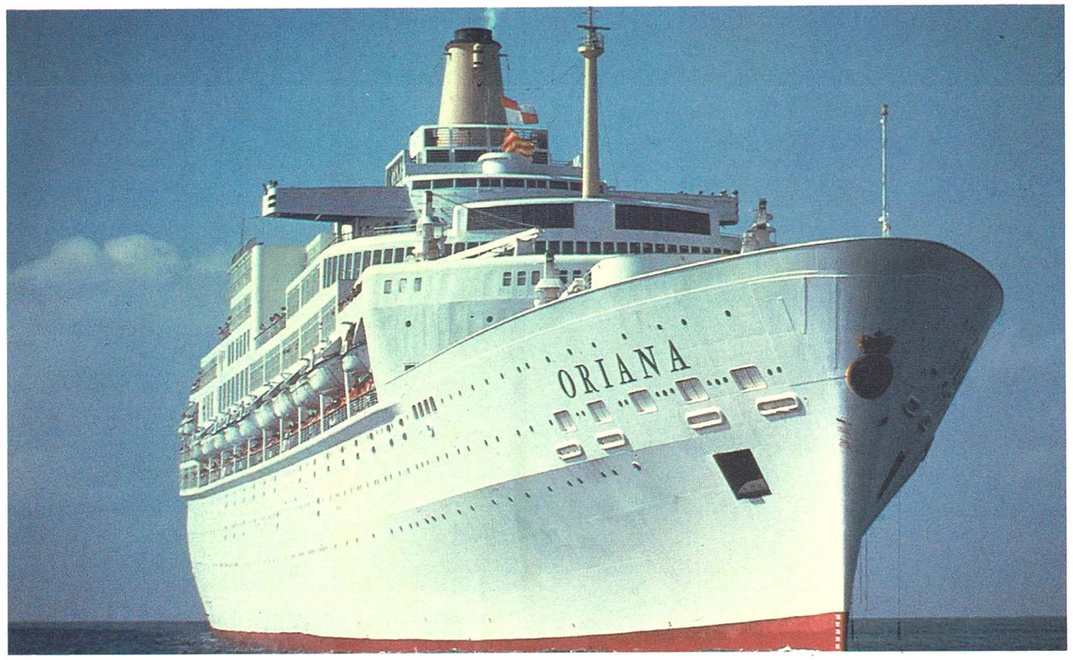


Every *Penthouse* Pet — well, almost every Pet — has a burning desire to become a star of the screen. And why not? Our 1985 Pet of the Year is no exception, and already she's been picked to appear in a feature film called *White Tiger* as well as a Channel 7 soapie. However, when Bobbie accepts this special prize from Artransa Productions she'll probably need a stick to beat off the hordes of film producers knocking at her door. Artransa will use its sophisticated facilities to produce, for the first time ever in Australia, a super-high quality video tape showing off the talents of our stunning Pet in the best possible fashion. Bobbie's efforts in Aboriginal dance workshops and theatre have won high praise; now she gets a unique chance to display her full range of capabilities. Artransa will ensure that the lighting, sound, make-up, props and production are absolutely first-rate. They'll make dozens of copies and send them to casting agencies, television companies and film producers around the country. Everybody in "the business" will know all about Bobbie Wallbank before the year is out. What more could an aspiring actress ask for? It's hard to put a value on the Artransa prize; it could turn out to be a sumptuous meal ticket for life. The cost of the video production itself is estimated at around $20,000. Artransa Productions, established 28 years ago as a branch of Channel 7, is one of the busiest production houses in Sydney and certainly the best-equipped. The company has established a second-to-none reputation for quality in the production of documentaries and commercials through the use of the most advanced equipment available. For our 1983 Pet of the Year, the Artransa prize could be the flame that will light up the sky with her name.

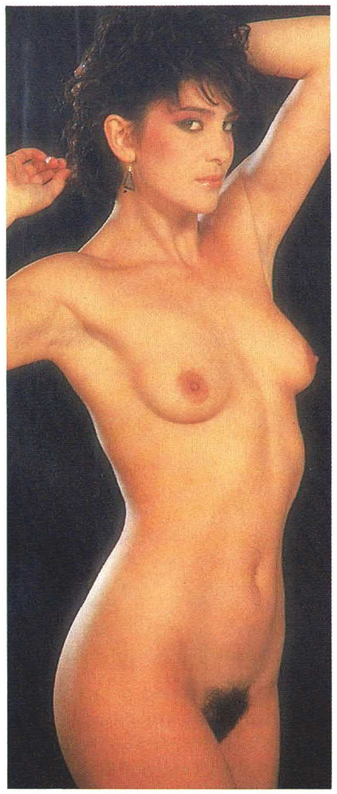


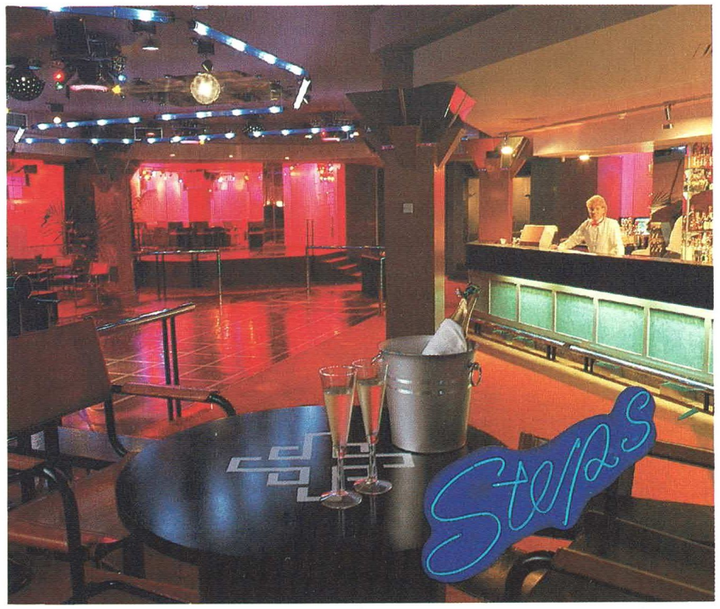
There are watches, and then there are elegantly styled precision instruments which double as jewellery. For the 1985 Pet of the Year, nothing but the best: an Omega Jewellery watch fashioned from 18-carat yellow gold, bezel set with 26 diamonds. The watchface is made of scratchproof sapphire glass and the fine mesh bracelet with Florentine finish complements the timepiece perfectly. Valued at $4500, the Omega Jewellery watch will place Bobbie in a status bracket of her own.

An instant cellar of fine Mildara vintage wines will keep our Pet of the Year smiling through '85 and beyond. In fact, there's enough liquid refreshment here to sink the *Titanic* — 50 dozen bottles comprising 10 Mildara varieties including Chardonnay, Traminer and Rhine Riesling, Cabernet Sauvignon, Benjamin Port and Fume Blanc. Produced in the famed wine-growing districts of Coonawarra and Eden Valley, Mildara wines are among the most sought-after in the country. This superb collection of award-winning vintages is valued at around $4000. Bottoms up, Bobbie . . .



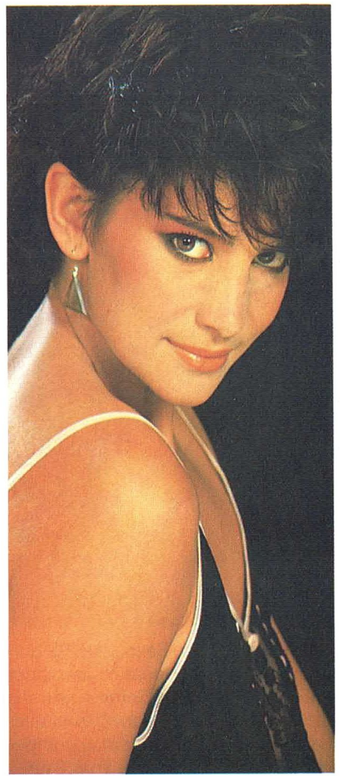
P&O's magnificent cruise ship *Oriana* will carry our Pet of the Year (and a fortunate friend) through 14 nights of gay abandon on the Pacific, leaving Sydney on August 9 and calling in at Lautoka, Suva, Pago Pago, Vava'u and Auckland. Between ports Bobbie will soak up the sunshine and indulge in an endless range of *Oriana* diversions: movies, blackjack, deck games, gym classes, discos and lots more. She and her mate will enjoy the luxury of a twin-berth court cabin, revel in P&O's legendary British service and explore the exotic delights of some of the world's most beautiful tropical islands. The P&O cruise prize is valued at around $4000.



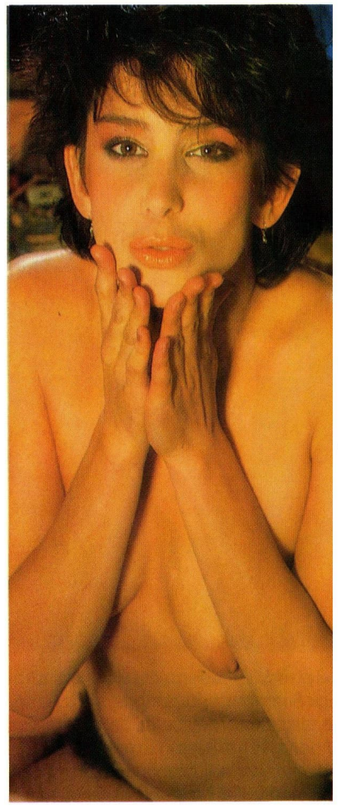


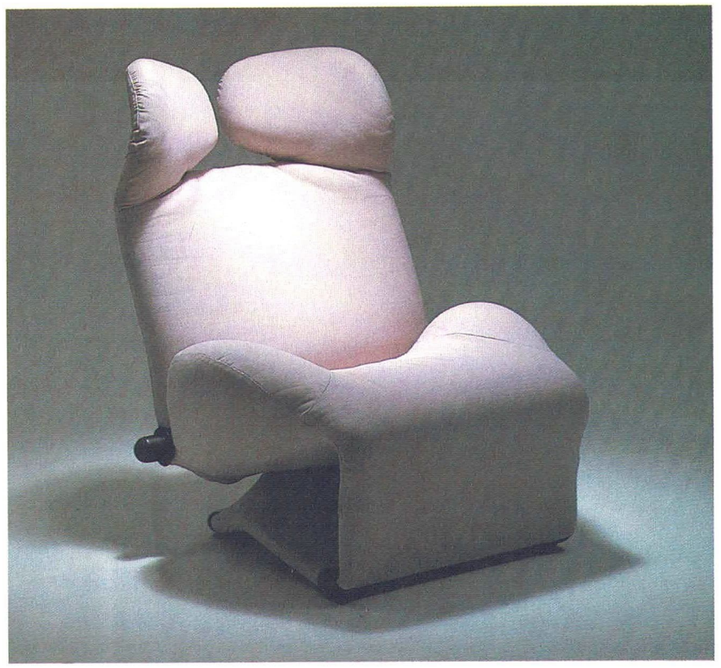
When Bobbie wants to let her hair down she can leave her wallet at home. Steps, Sydney's brand new nightclub in Cremorne, will provide our Pet of the Year with free membership for life and, during her reign as Pet '85, a free bottle of champers every time she walks into the joint. Yearly membership at Steps is worth up to $400, so if Bobbie's still raging by the time she's 70, she'll have saved a cool $20,000. Steps will soon become the premier nightspot on Sydney's North Shore, offering a choice between the quiet camaraderie of the Piano Bar, a dazzling computerised video and light show and high-quality live entertainment every night.

Bobbie's pampered existence as the 1985 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year will not, fortunately, result in her graceful curves turning into bulges. She'll stay in top shape with this home gymnasium gear supplied by Mick Simmons sports stores. The Olympic Pro Inverta Gym is top-of-the-line equipment featuring a padded bed, multi-positional locking device (allowing our Pet to adjust the angle of the dangle) and chromed frame. It also converts to an abdominal board. The Tunturi Ergometer (exercise bike) is a famous Finnish design, fully imported and featuring a speedo, minute timer and adjustable tension wheel. Bobbie also gets a range of stylish gymwear from Mick Simmons — leotards, gym tights and a Ca Va tracksuit. Total value of the Mick Simmons prize is $745.



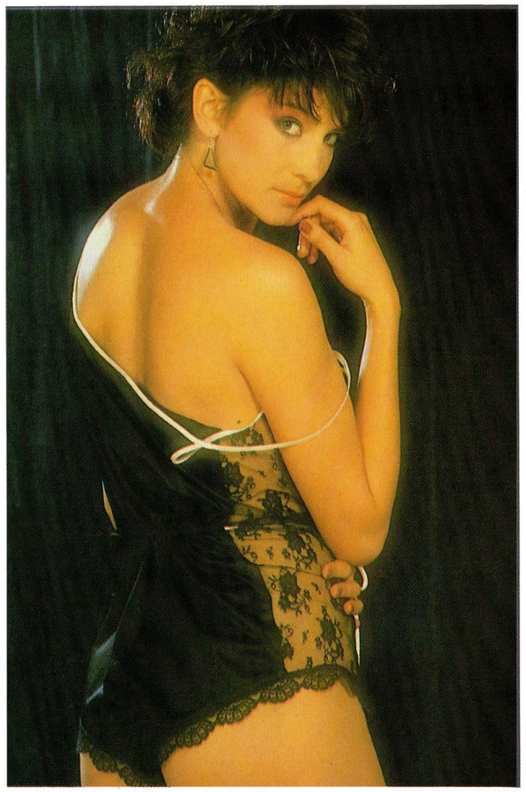
For our Pet of the Year, a dazzling memento of her reign as the glamor girl of '85. This solid gold *Penthouse* key, personally designed for Bobbie by Robert Manzo of Park Lane Diamonds in Sydney, is fashioned from solid 18-carat gold. A brilliant half-carat diamond is set in the key and the chain is also of 18-carat gold. Valued at $4000, the *Penthouse* key is an original creation from one of Australia's leading jewellery designers. Park Lane Diamonds will also present each of the 12 runners-up in the 1985 Pet of the Year Poll with an 18-carat solid gold Penthouse key and gold chain.

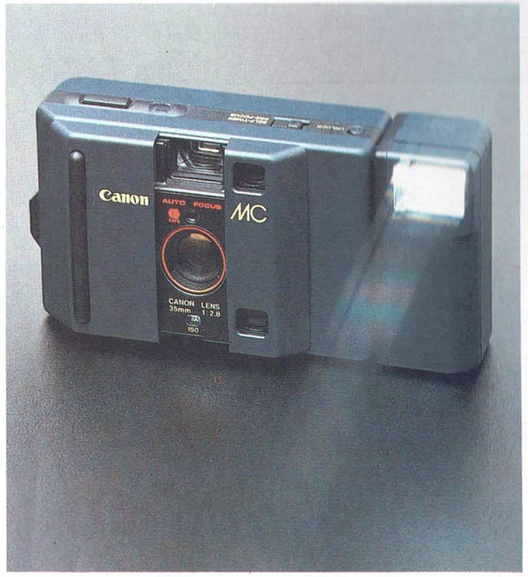




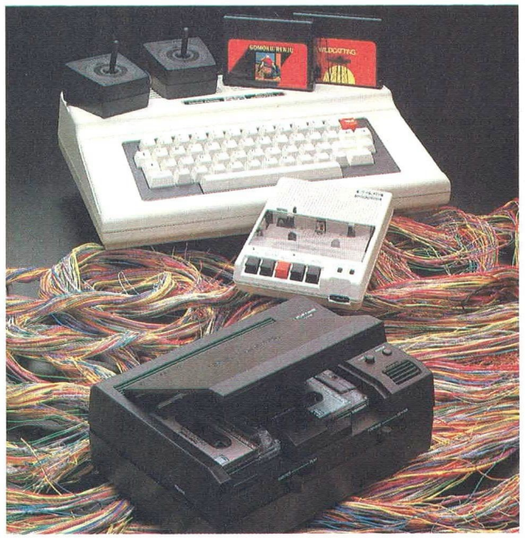
This is no ordinary lounge chair. It's the famous "WINK" chair created by award-winning Japanese designer Toshiyuki Kita and manufactured by Cassina of Italy. The WINK is fully adjustable and reclinable; it can assume just about any shape you can think of. Imported from Italy by Arredorama of Sydney, Melbourne and the Gold Coast, the Rolls Royce of lounge chairs retails at $1542. Comfort-plus for our Pet of the Year.

Sophistication and power combine formidably in this Sansui "Intelligent Super Compo" hi-fi system. The Sansui A910S amplifier pumps 70 Watts per channel into a 10-inch three-way speaker system with maximum 120 Watt peak power input — enough audio muscle to turn a social gathering into an outrage. Valued at $2900, the Intelligent Super Compo includes an AM/FM tuner with preset memory, digital readout and auto-search; a fully automatic direct drive linear tracking turntable; an auto-reverse cassette player with full logic; a seven-band graphic equaliser and an audio timer which turns any component on or off automatically. Top-quality Sansui sound to keep Bobbie rocking through 1985.

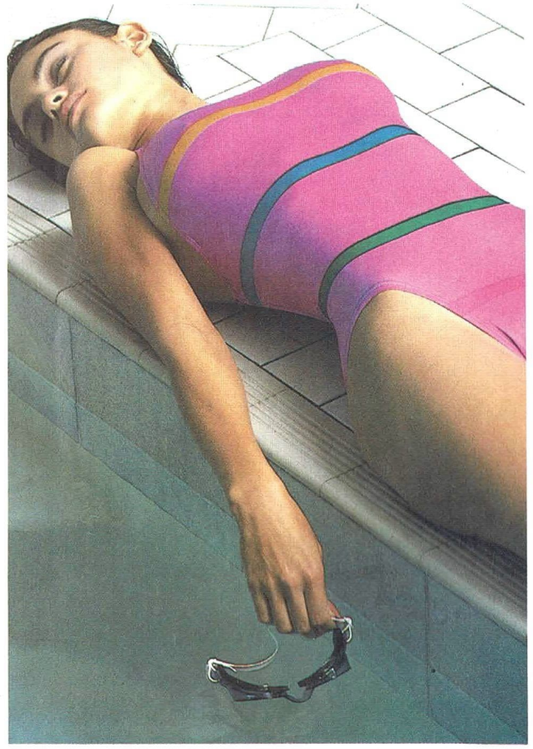




When it comes to capturing the magic moments of her reign as Pet of the Year, Bobbie won't be caught with her pants down. This Canon MC (Micro-Compact) 35mm autofocus camera is so sophisticated and "user-friendly" our Pet will be able to take brilliant snapshots using literally one hand. *Everything* on this camera — load, focus, exposure, wind, rewind and flash — is fully automatic, thanks to some of the most advanced camera technology available. $325 buys the state of the art in 35mm photography from Canon.



This 16K Extended Color Computer 2 from Tandy Electronics will keep Bobbie abreast of the personal computer revolution. It includes all the features of a standard PC plus advanced programming capabilities to make spectacular color graphics. Special features include, would you believe, PEEK and POKE — and if that's not enough fun, Bobbie's prize includes a joystick and instant-loading computer games as well as a cassette recorder for storing programs and data. Also from Tandy Electronics, our Pet of the Year gets a telephone answering system to keep her lifestyle in full swing. Total value of the Tandy Electronics prize is around $670.



A $100 swimsuit from Speedo completes the magnificent collection of prizes for the 1985 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year.

Our 1985 Pet of the Year Runner-up, Queensland dancer Debbie Davies, is already well known as the hottest thing on two legs in her home city of Cairns. Now the 18-year-old blonde beauty is likely to become known as the fastest thing on four wheels, thanks to all those who cast their votes for her in our Pet of the Year Poll. In every respect this all-new 1985 Subaru Leone GL Super Sedan won't let Debbie down. Propelled by a more powerful overhead cam version of the reliable 1.8 Boxer engine, the five-geared Leone flies over the standing 400 metres in 17.5 seconds en route to a top speed of 175 km/h — quick enough to get delightful Debbie arrested in all states. Life in the fast lane has never been more economical. The stylish new slippery shape and the use of high-tech lightweight materials help the Leone achieve startling fuel efficiency. There's no compromise on comfort either; the GL model is lounge-room luxurious with full instrumentation, AM/FM radio with quad speakers, interior boot/fuel lid release, tilt adjustable steering and cloth-covered front seats that adjust for height, tilt and support. All-independent coil-sprung suspension, ventilated front discs and sensibly-geared steering make the Subaru a car for enthusiastic drivers who don't take their motoring lying down. And the Leone breaks new ground with the Hill Holder, a device which makes starting on inclines a breeze. When the clutch is depressed the Hill Holder takes control and prevents the car from rolling back down the street (if only you'd had one of them when you went for your licence). A cavernous luggage area and cabin room for five make the Subaru Leone, retailing at around $10,500, a practical motor car. Like the lady who'll be driving it, it's more than a pretty face.

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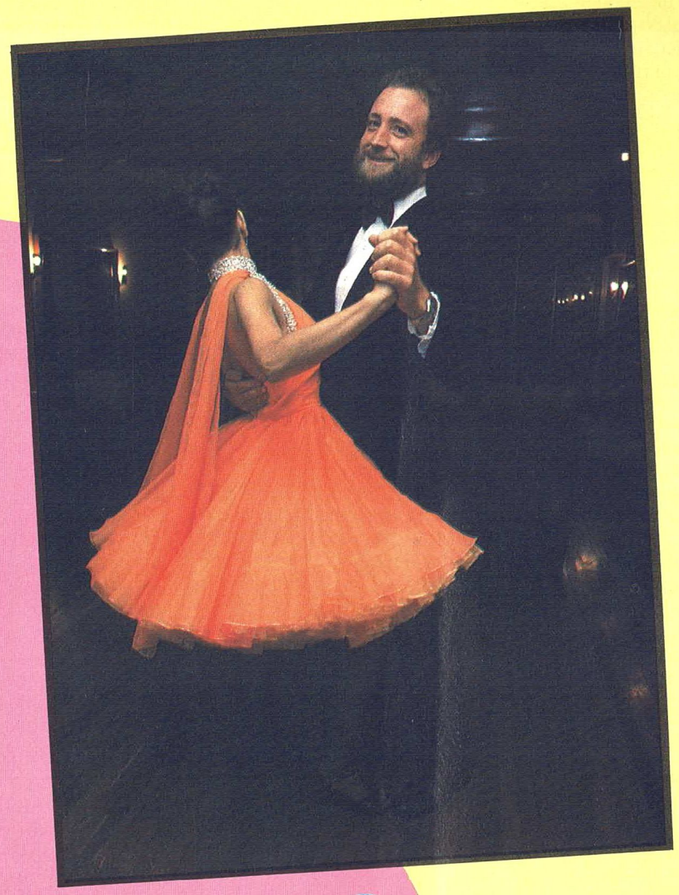

FEAR OF DANCING

BY FRANK ROBSON

A tale of trauma and triumph in the Arthur Murray studios

Late at night on a resort island I watched people on the dance floor. As usual I could discern no connection between the music and what the dancers were doing with their feet and arms and bodies. They moved chaotically by means of hops, slithers, jumps and lurches. They abandoned good progress in one direction in

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MAY

FEAR OF DANCING

favor of another, then — quite unaccountably — gave up the new direction to spin pointlessly on the spot, or to jerk up their knees as though something unpleasant had attached itself to their shoes.

What they were doing out there seemed to me a mystery at least as complex as the origins of life. I could see by their faces that dancing gave them pleasure. But *why*? Was it the body contact? And if so, why did they not just rub together somewhere private?

Some couples appeared to be doing just that on the dance floor. But every few seconds, as if the process had induced some form of electric shock, they would leap and twist apart, attempt to kick one another, crouch, paw the floor, slice the air with elbows and scurry sideways like fat people negotiating a narrow passageway.

Then a woman asked me to dance.

I told her I didn't know how.

She said: "I'm pretty lousy myself, but let's give it a go."

After just a few moments on the floor she stopped moving and stared at me with a familiar expression . . . *amazement*. "You really *can't* dance!" she said.

"That's right," I told her. "I don't understand dancing. I am a dancing dyslexic."

A patronising smile appeared on her lips.

"Just move with the music," she said, a horrible sentence for which, despite the stranger's physical charms, I felt compelled to hate her. And yet I tried to do as she asked.

Blotting out the past humiliations, I attempted to move with the music. We crashed several times around the room, an ordeal that quickly cured my partner of her tendency towards social work. When the band paused between numbers, she limped desperately from my grasp and vanished.

Not long after that my wife organised a night out with a friend she hadn't seen since their school days. We met the woman and her husband at a seafood restaurant where, halfway through dinner, a jazz band began to play.

I thought for a while that my wife might not notice, but her friend's husband began to eat at a furious pace, glancing across the dance floor and cramming Red Emperor into his face as though he hadn't been fed for days.

"Dancing!" he cried, between mouthfuls. His eyes gleamed salaciously and his spivish leather-soled pumps clattered about under the table. I clung to a hope that a bone might lodge somewhere deep in his intestines, but no such luck. Within minutes he had cleared the table and dragged his wife on to the floor.

"Wow," said my wife, watching them. "He can really dance!"

What followed was depressingly predictable. Soon exhausting his first partner, the gluttonous Valentino — loudly surprised by my decision not to dance — hurled himself upon the woman I married and by that baffling Terpsichorean process I had come to despise, put a gleam in her eye also.

The gleam extinguished when, driven by unreasoning jealousy, I cut in on them and promptly stomped her corn. She kicked my shin. I swore. People laughed.

That should have been enough to make me take lessons, right? At 33, I would hardly be rushing into it. But no, such was my resistance to the idea that it took one more public humiliation — a *big* one — to drive me into the arms of an Arthur Murray instructor.

Groomsman at a wedding, I agonised so long over the speech I was to deliver that I overlooked the threat such occasions pose to non-dancers. There were 200 people at the reception, including — because of family connections — Deputy Prime Minister Lionel Bowen and Tourism Minister J.J. Brown.

As the time neared for the three of us and our partners at the table of honor to lead the first waltz, I learned that neither my friend (the groom) nor his brother (best man) could dance either, despite their father having worked as a dancing instructor.

Bathed in sweat we went out on the floor in our hired suits like men facing a firing squad, but no-one offered blindfolds. Even without them, and with all that floor to ourselves, we managed to bump into each other in a passable imitation of the Three Stooges attempting simultaneously to pass through the same doorway.

It was ghastly.

No-one laughed out loud, but I could hear them gnawing their lips. And then the urbane J.J. Brown and his svelte partner came to our rescue, diverting attention from the slapstick with a flawless circuit; moving so splendidly together that elderly ladies in the front row bit on little hankies in a kind of romantic delirium.

As an alcoholic plumbs the depths and vows to reform, I determined right then and there to come to grips with my *secret fear*. Its cause, I knew, was that singular decade during my youth when the development of social skills was abandoned in favor of hallucinogenic experiments and a shared philosophy of fuzzy notions.

The Sixties may have taught us to love our brothers and sisters (especially the sisters) but it sure as hell didn't teach us to dance with them. A quick survey of friends about my own age supported the theory; most of them described ordeals of social embarrassment caused by a simple inability to take a woman in their arms and move inconspicuously to music.

A woman friend supplied the clinching argument: "It simply amazes me," she said, "that you have grown up without realising that dancing is the fastest way to get between a woman's legs."

I searched the *Yellow Pages* for a dancing teacher and settled on the Arthur Murray franchised studio in Brisbane's Fortitude Valley.

Why Arthur Murray? I liked the company motto — Your Feet Couldn't Be In Better Hands! — and had once read an official history of Murray that began, "He grew up on New York's Lower East Side, poor, shy and scared stiff of dancing."

In a similar condition I descended the stairs to the dance school — a basement studio wedged between Chinese restaurants and pawn shops — and made the acquaintance of a tall and lissom brunette, Ann Laing, who undertook the awesome task of my dancing education.

I enrolled for the five-hour basic course; five one-hour private lessons supplemented by group sessions (where students practise together) and weekly "parties" (appropriately described as "battle-training"), the sum total of which, the experts agreed, would satisfy my expressed goal of remaining inconspicuous on the dance floors of resorts, reception venues and fish restaurants around the globe.

Though aware I planned to write about the experience for *Australian Penthouse*, the Arthur Murray people agreed to treat me as they would any other student, which meant I would address my teacher as Miss Laing and respect the rule — sternly reinforced by a sign in the studio — prohibiting student-teacher "fraternisation."

What follows is a record of my progress from the oaf so far described to the nimble-footed lady killer in the photograph, taken on the occasion of my "coming out" — hardly a Gene Kelly (or even a J.J. Brown), but able to say, with confidence born of suffering, that I can dance.

FIRST LESSON

We practise basic steps for the waltz, foxtrot and rumba. But though my brain understands the directions, they are sabotaged en route to my feet. I stare at my feet with contempt.

"Keep your head up," says Miss Laing.

"Sorry."

I glare murderously past her shoulder. We hold each other at arm's length, the learner's position. I feel sweat rolling down my brow and splashing off the tip of my nose.

"Try to look a little happier," I am told, and so assume a ghastly leer which frightens even me when I notice it in the studio's long wall mirrors.

> With all that floor, we still managed to bump into each other like the Three Stooges attempting simultaneously to pass through the same doorway

We are doing the basic waltz box step — forward (left foot), side (right foot), together (left foot).

"Forward, side together," I chant, hating this, despising my clumsiness, vowing *never* to return. "Forward, side, together. Forward, side — sorry!" (Miss Laing's dainty foot beneath mine, pain in her eyes.)

Then, a minor revelation: the basic rumba step is the same as the waltz, but because of its Latin American origins the rumba has more emphasis on hip movement while the waltz requires longer, more flowing steps.

The teacher attempts to show me turns, but forward, side, together is all I can handle; the intricacies of changing direction threaten to send us sprawling on the polished floor. Every so often I notice that my left hand is wilfully mangling the teacher's fingers. Incredibly, she doesn't complain.

We attempt a foxtrot — forward, forward, side, together; but with the ape-like length of my strides and inability to turn we soon reach the EXIT sign and are in danger of spilling outside into a Chinese entrepreneur's carpark.

After that first interminable hour, we sit by the tape deck while Miss Laing assesses my "progress" and I smoke a cigarette to halfway down the filter. My sense of rhythm, she says, is fair enough. My balance is shaky because I don't know where I'm going. Posture . . . I must learn to keep my head up, shoulders back.

"And now animation," she says, scribbling on a chart. "This means your dancing personality and, well — there's not a lot of style there at this stage. We want you to be *fun* to dance with; to be able to talk. And to smile! Otherwise, Mr Robson, no-one will want a return dance."

She starts in on my confidence, including queries about whether I am confident in my work. This startles me. "Of course!" I almost shout, realising the implication: perhaps my fear of dancing is a pointer to some deeper psychological flaw.

"We have some very shy people who become excellent dancers. Then their whole personality changes," she says.

She thinks I'm a social cripple. I feel outraged, defensive, but somehow unable to explain that socialising generally has never bothered me. Perhaps because here, in her world, I *am* inadequate — and feel it. Here my achievements and self-image have no relevance. Unable to pose behind such facades, I am just one more clumsy ninny who can't dance.

The facts are that most people come here because they're lonely, and I have asked to be treated as a normal student. We gather for my first group practice session. There are a few elderly women, a man of 80 whose pants are too short, a female tarot card reader and a thin pale scientist who wears his shyness like an open wound. Some of them come here every night just for company. They call one another Miss and Mister. They stand around drinking coffee and discussing the slender thread that binds them — dancing. Some have their hearts set on becoming bronze, silver or gold medal-standard performers.

Reaching gold medal standard can take 500 hours! In an equivalent period someone else, starting from scratch, might become a nuclear physicist or a brain surgeon.

We line up in a row and practise steps. I see them watching me with interest in the mirrors. All these lonely people think I am one of them.

SECOND LESSON

It's taken two weeks to gather the courage to return, and then I arrive only after stopping at a pub for eight quick rums. But tonight I take the floor feeling boisterously confident. The dancing seems easier; even turning manoeuvres appear within my grasp.

This time when we sit to discuss my progress I crack jokes — I suppose in an

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attempt to show the teacher I am not a social cripple.

"Normally I'm not at all inhibited," I say. "It's just here I feel out of my element."

She nods. "Good, if you feel that way, it puts me in the driver's seat." This seems an odd response. Then I realise Miss Laing, having seen me in action, is probably nervous about her undertaking to make me a dancer in five lessons.

Following the procedure for new students, she asks me why I want to dance. Is it to impress the boss's wife? No. To meet more people? No. To be the life of the party? No.

In the end I select two options: to gain a sense of achievement and to develop self-confidence on the social front. Neither of which, I realise, are strictly true. *In vino veritas*; my cargo of rum asserts itelf.

"To be honest, Miss Laing, it's because I want to prevent strangers in expensive shoes from pressing their groins against my wife in fish restaurants."

My teacher raises an eyebrow. "And what do you feel is wrong with your dancing?"

An inability to make connections between music and steps, I say.

"And is that improving?"

"Tonight, yes. Perhaps it's the rum."

But in her opinion the rum isn't helping my dancing. "Lay off it," she advises.

Later we go up town to the weekly party, this time at Arthur Murray's other Brisbane studio. Dozens of students, from learners to flashy movers, are out on the floor. Male and female dancing teachers dash about exuding joviality. The mood is reminiscent of that join-in-the-fun hysteria aboard package-tour cruise liners. Charades are played. Awful jokes are publicly aired. Cordial is dispensed and bowls of cheese Twisties passed around.

I dance with several students, more advanced than me and full of helpful advice. I talk with a diminutive dancing teacher who makes Valentino seem withdrawn. He compares himself favorably to John Travolta, strikes poses and declares he was "born to dance." He tells me how the tango was banned in Britain early in the century because of its groin-to-groin emphasis.

"Oh such a pity!" he cries, clutching his brow. Just as there are authors' authors, the tango is the dancers' dance. I learn that most dancing teachers go dancing when they finish work; almost without exception their preferred dance is the tango.

THIRD LESSON

We practise the foxtrot, rumba, waltz and a little swing and cha cha. A breakthrough! My feet obey instructions. We move to the music. We turn without upsets; I talk to Miss Laing as we dance. *I'm doing it!*

"Very good," says my teacher. I tell her that for the first time in my life I am aware of dancing *to* the music, rather than in spite of it.

"It's fun!" I cry, beaming at my image in the mirrors. I apply pressure to her back with my fingers to signal a turn. I am leading her!

"Very, very good!" she says. "Why do you think it's working so well tonight, Mr Robson?"

I tell the truth. "It's because you're dressed as a witch, Miss Laing. That seems to be helping enormously."

She nods uncertainly. (The party later tonight is to have a Halloween theme; Miss Laing is wearing eyelashes as long as my fingers, a peaked black hat and a flowing black cape. A male teacher has painted lurid monsters on the mirrors. Somehow all of this has given me confidence. Perhaps it reminds me of the Sixties.)

Tonight I don't even mind the teacher's habit, when leaving the floor to change the tape, of keeping hold of my arm so that I am forced to stumble along behind like something on a string. (At earlier lessons, puzzling over the reasons for this, I concluded that a typically shy and lonely student, left alone for even a few moments, might float off into the ether like a lost balloon.)

> Why do I want to dance? I want to prevent strangers in expensive shoes from pressing their groins against my wife in fish restaurants

Despite my good spirits and encouraging progress, I don't stay for the party. I mean, authentic research is one thing, but — superficial though it may be — I don't want to be identified with the Lonely Ones. I don't need to be "brought out of myself" by performing charades and drinking cordial with sweet old widows and broken-hearted lovers. Even if tonight they are disguised as Frankenstein monsters and vampires.

Instead I go home, pile the furniture in a corner and dance with my wife. Her eyes don't exactly gleam, but I detect the beginnings of a glint.

FOURTH LESSON

The instant my feet become visible on the first step leading down to the studio, Miss Laing greets me by name from the little office below. At this point she cannot see my face. Uncanny! The woman must have dozens of students and be able to recognise them, all over town, by their shoes.

By now the basic steps to the three dances we have been practising come automatically. We work on improving the turns. By my teacher's standards, I am still very much a beginner. But even at this point I feel I have achieved my goal: the ability to slide around a dance floor, enjoying it, and the banishment of that irrational fear — more deeply ingrained than I knew — comparable to more commonly held inhibitions such as fear of heights, crowds or aeroplanes.

As we dance without interruption I experience a strange euphoria. More than the glow of achievement, it seems an inexplicable by-product of synchronised movement — an effervescence in the blood, a reckless happiness which, unlike those chemically-induced euphorias of the Sixties, is *physical* as much as mental.

I ask my teacher if there is a pattern of men my age learning to dance. She says most students attend for specific reasons. A doctor hates dancing but takes lessons because he feels it will help him "move up in the world" (which is about what you'd expect of doctors). A young soldier is learning in the hope it will help him win back his former sweetheart. Married couples learn in a bid to rekindle jaded affections. The teacher says she has seen comely young women snuggling up to lecherous octogenarians rather than sit out the slow numbers with non-dancers.

Miss Laing herself regularly dances the night away with a man whose personality leaves her cold, but who is dynamite on the floor.

"All women love to dance," she says. Her favorite dance, of course, is the tango. A confessed exhibitionist who lives near the studio with two cats and a dead fish (I *must* take it out of the tank!"), Ann Laing hopes one day to open her own dance school. With her patience, humor and expertise she can't fail.

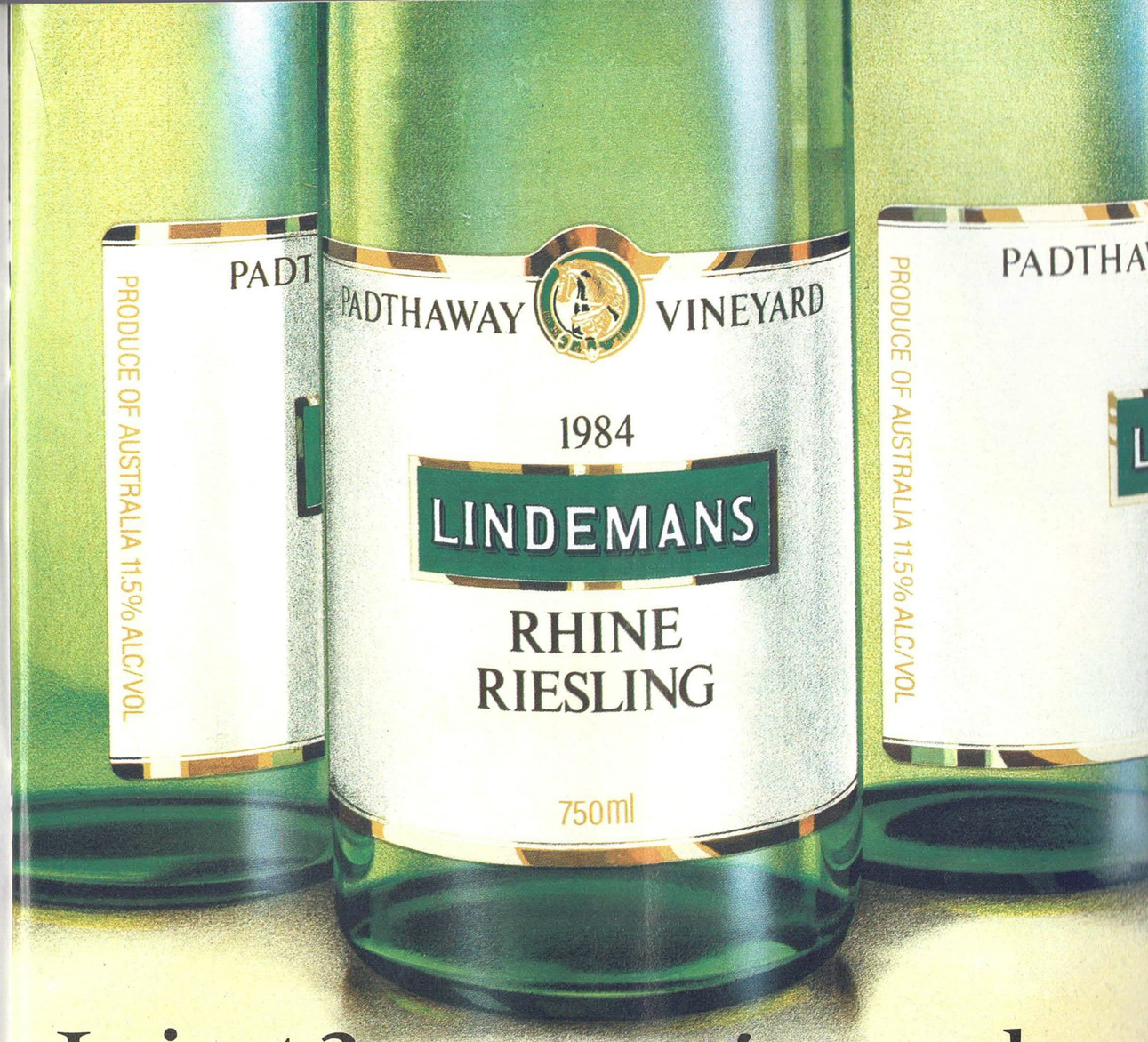
FIFTH LESSON

More euphoria. Typical slow learner, I feel now like making up for lost time. And I find it hard to believe that something so enjoyable can be legal. Especially in Queensland. (From my notebook: "If dancing becomes addictive, it would be a tricky habit to conceal from the authorities.")

My sense of illicit pleasure is increased by the knowledge that all slow dances were once banned in most parts of Europe. The illegal dances were those defined as "close position." Ah, to have lived back then. The heady risk of being jailed for waltzing, or hung until dead for committing tango in Paris.

Still, mustn't dwell in the past. Forward is the direction. Head up, shoulders back, fearless into the fray.

I CAN DANCE!



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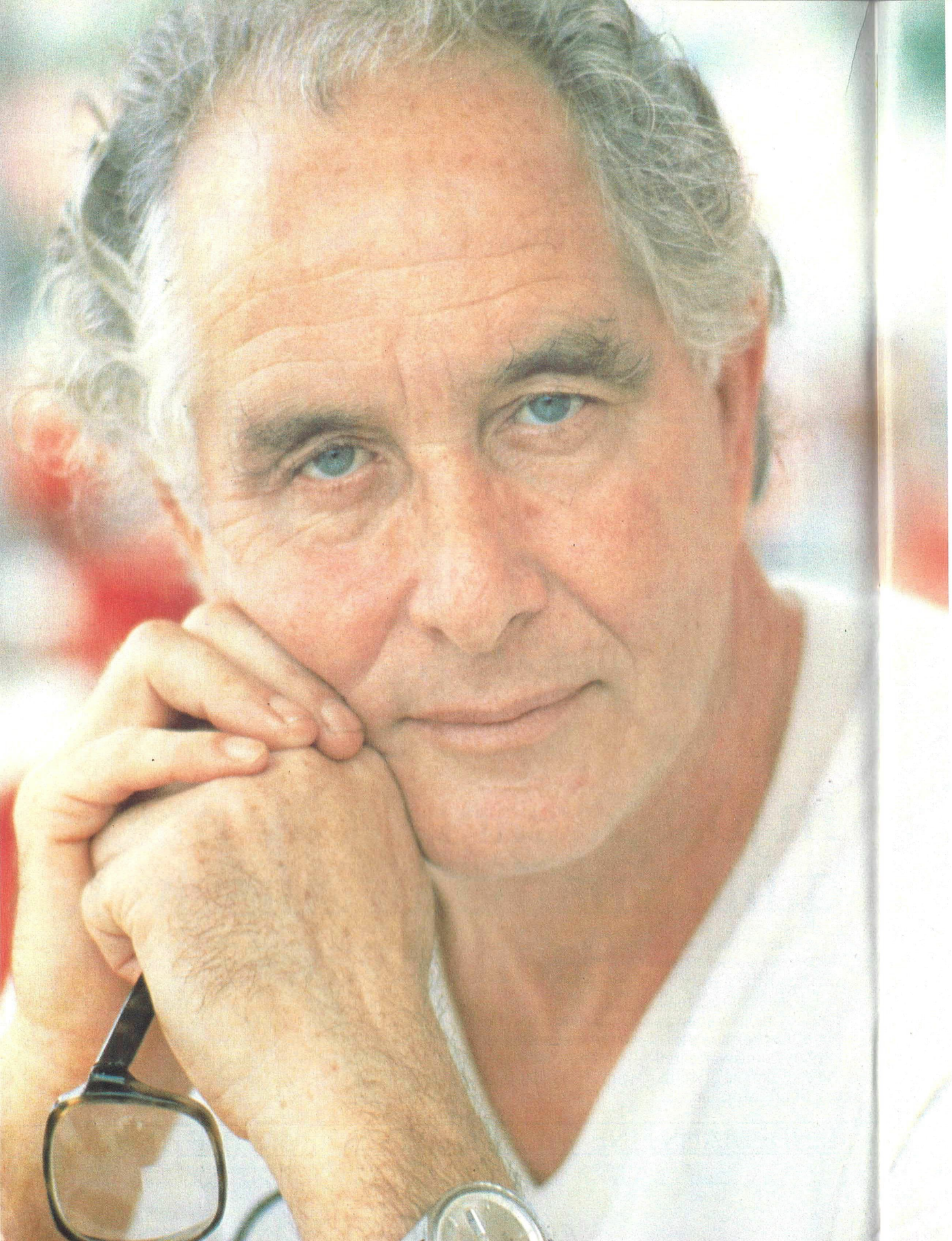

The world's most notorious fugitive is now as much a British institution as the Royal family

BIGGS' BUSINESS

BY CATHY GALVIN

"Act smart," hissed Mr Butler, "while you've got the bleeding chance,
A prison cell's awaiting you, not the south of fucking France,
Turn against your mates, lad, and I will get you off with ten,
Just write down their names for me — here's my fountain pen."
"You know what you can do," I said, shiftless, grey but grim,
"You can go and write your favorite fag," and pushed it back to him.
"All right — I'm going to charge you with conspiracy to rob,
I know the phrase sounds fancy — but then, so was the job,
You are going to get thirty years" — his voice rose to a shout,
"You won't be worth bugger all by the time they let you out."
Well, charged I was and printed, my soul suffused with pain,
I had gone from rags to riches, and back to rags again.

The Ballad Of Wandsworth Prison
by Ronald Biggs

The poet sways languidly in his rocking chair and savors the ironic truth — crime *does* pay. Particularly if you can get yourself a royal pardon. Twenty years after his escape from Wandsworth Prison, former petty crook and fugitive Ronnie Biggs contemplates the richness of his Brazilian environment. Sipping cool beer on a shimmering hot afternoon, the infamous Great Train Robber is well aware that without crime, his life would have none of the adventure, glamor and excitement that has turned him into an international celebrity. And without crime, he would not be carving out for himself a new and exotic future at the age of 55.

Biggsie is a charming bear of a man with sleepy eyes and an easy-going cockney/Australian drawl. He is an eager talker and a humorous one — a talent honed by his dependency on journalists to maintain his public image and keep him in the news. He is now as much a British institution as the Royal Family — and, like the

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Royals, the price of his popularity is the need to be always in the public eye.

His prison is Brazil — and what a prison! How many people, including the members of the train gang who "did their bird", would love to swap their freedom for a taste of Biggs' restricted lifestyle? The setting against which he acts out his role as the charming rogue in exile is idyllic. The Brixton-born carpenter lives with his precocious, talented pop star son Michael in an apartment in downtown Rio de Janeiro. Flanked by the headquarters of international banks and finance houses, the ebullient Biggs minds his 12-year-old child and employs maids to look after his flat.

To pass the time, Biggs takes care of the money from his son's flourishing career (the boy has earned more than $US50,000 in two years) and supervises work on a magnificent new apartment in Santa Teresa. It was there, as Biggs talked to his workmen and discussed the possibility of installing a $20,000 swimming pool on the terrace, that he proved his son was not the only performer in the family. One minute he was the gentleman crook with a conscience; the next he was the philosophical victim of fate. It was sheer entertainment.

In addition to the luxurious new apartment, Biggs is also looking forward to opening a new disco in Rio in partnership with some English friends — using Michael's money. The only evidence of his imprisoned state in this beautiful country is that he cannot work, is not allowed to marry and must still report to the police twice a week.

And despite his protestations — "I have never in my life allowed myself to get into a position where I have been dependent on anybody" — there is no escaping the reality that Biggs' cosy future is entirely dependent on the success of his son. The two share an exceptional love for each other — and Biggs knows that he must always be the stolid and virtuous father if he is to secure his own future.

Ronnie Biggs, great escapist and sometime folk hero, has huge ambitions. In 1985 the gentleman villain plans to celebrate his 20 years on the run and launch his most ambitious publicity stunt to date. Ronnie Biggs is determined to earn himself a Royal pardon. He told *Penthouse*: "I escaped from Wandsworth Prison on July 9, 1965 — and on July 10, 1985 I will hold the most fantastic party in my new apartment in Rio to celebrate my 20 years of liberty. Everybody will be there. Top of the list will be Michael Haynes, the man who helped me escape to Brazil and provided me with a passport and travel. And with him, I want to invite Ronnie Leslie and Paul Seaburne — the men who busted me from prison.

"Boogergram."

"No-one will be left out. I want the train gang to be there — even Jack Slipper [the policeman who tried and failed to bring Biggs back to England to serve his sentence] and the men who kidnapped me and took me to Barbados will be there. It doesn't really bother me what they did to me in the past — every villain gets his just deserts in the end. I know. I've had mine."

Once inspired by an idea, Biggs' enthusiasm is contagious. His imagination runs wild and he sees himself surrounded by the children and wife he lost while on the run — reunited in one large, happy family with all the people who have "starred" in the Ronnie Biggs story, friends and enemies alike. "It has always been my ambition to celebrate my 20 years on the run — and then sit back and let Mike take over the limelight. I've just about had enough of all the attention. The party will be the time when I orchestrate my campaign to get off the hook. I feel I've served my time and kept my nose clean. For 20 years I have lived without any real freedom. All this time I've kept well out of trouble. People have offered me money to do jobs but I've never taken it seriously. And the only time I ever slipped was when I was in Australia. The first time, I got drunk and stole a crate of Coca-cola. That was crazy. And another time I took some marble from the place I was working.

"But in Brazil, you could say I've been blameless. Now I desperately want to get off the hook. I don't know who I'll approach about this; I may need a Royal pardon. However, I am determined to be free. I have reached the stage where I no longer want to be a fugitive. I want to be allowed to live a normal life in this country."

Biggs has a case. The 30-year sentence imposed on him for his very minor part in the 2.5 million pound Great Train Robbery seems, in retrospect, unduly harsh. Biggs was an amateur among professional thieves, his function merely to provide a driver for the train on the night of the robbery and to watch over him.

For 20 years he has steered clear of crime and even come to the point of giving himself up and serving his time. Yet many would argue that he has never taken responsibility for the robbery and has selfishly made use of family and friends to keep his freedom. An air of mystery persists about the man, one which suggest he is not altogether what he seems. Does he know something about the robbery which ensures friends will always protect his freedom? Was he a bigger villain than he likes to make out?

Biggsie the poet is able to make use of the uncertainty about his role in the train robbery. He quotes one of his verses:

I've been called the teaboy,
I've been called the brain,
I've been called the man who shot
The man who drove the train.

When asked about his feelings of guilt towards his own family — his wife Charmian and the sons he left behind while on the run in Australia — Biggs can wax almost lyrical. The knowledge that he still owes them something lies heavy within him. Biggs had three sons — one, Nick, died while his dad was in Brazil and the family were in Australia. Now the remaining sons, Farley and Chris, have carved out new lives for themselves. "I am acutely aware of the fact that our father-son relationships have completely broken down," says Biggs. "I don't write to them and I owe them letters. But now I have kind of reached the stalemate situation where to sit down and actually begin to write a letter — well, the conscience lies so heavy that I always start by making a facetious remark."

But as to accepting responsibility for his crimes, Biggs likes to imagine that he had no choice but to adopt a life outside the law — that his poor background in London, followed by an unhappy evacuation to Cornwall during the war, dictated that he become a criminal. Part of what he describes as his "working class mentality" was the belief that the only way he could earn enough to improve himself was to steal.

Biggs' pursuit of money has isolated him completely from his remaining older brother and sister, Vic and Iris. He last had contact with Vic in 1947. Another brother, his hero Jack, died on the eve of the Great Train Robbery — and Biggs could not be found to attend the funeral. Even today, he has at least one niece who has no idea that the infamous Ronald Biggs is her uncle.

He adds: "I don't feel guilty about my crimes because I think that, as one of the sheep of the community, I was obliged to do what I did. I was gullible — and how. I don't worry about things too much because I believe we all pay for the things we do wrong on this earth.

"I also believe I have a certain degree of happiness in front of me because I'm not a bad guy. Spiritually, I have got a reasonable outlook on life. I don't believe in violence, I don't like hurting people. And I think generally I have a good and kindly attitude towards life. And with that attitude in mind, I think my life should be and will be fairly comfortable. It is only the people who are bitter and ugly and vindictive who suffer to a great extent."

Ronald Biggs became involved in illegal self-enrichment at an early age: "I was always one of those kids who stole from his mother's purse. When I was evacuated to Cornwall during the war, I remember getting into a field with this kid and there was an orchard there. One tree had one solitary apple on it — and it was very big and it was very red and it was the prize piece of fruit in that orchard. It was incredibly good-looking and I really had to pick it. Whenever I have committed an act of theft on a bigger scale I have always had a very big pricking of my conscience; I have always had a surge of feeling that what I was doing was not right. On this particular occasion, when I grabbed this apple it was as if it was offering me a certain resistance. It was as if it didn't want me to pull it off. But I tussled with it and it really was a prize."

For our hero, the biggest prize of all time was the Great Train Robbery. On the evening of Thursday 8, 1963, as Ronnie Biggs the petty thief counted his share of the 2.5 million pounds in cash taken from the Glasgow to London night train, he knew his life had changed. Asked by gang leader Bruce Reynolds how it felt to have hit "the big time", Biggs replied: "It feels all right, Brucie." Fifteen men were involved in what was called "the crime of the century" — and though Biggs was only brought into the firm as an afterthought because he had provided the men with a train driver, his subsequent escape from Wandsworth Prison, flight to Australia and final escape to Brazil captured the world's imagination. He claims that his share of the money is now

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all gone — spent on financing his escape, false passports and plastic surgery in France. There is no reason to think this is not the case.

Twenty-two years later, numerous raids and robberies have far eclipsed the skill and daring of the train robbers, and yet nothing since has inspired such popular interest. Part of the fascination with the train robbers is their personal charm — and the feeling that, although they belted the train driver Jack Mills over the head when he resisted them during the robbery, they were "gentlemen" thieves who only used violence when there was no alternative. From the impish Buster Edwards, now selling flowers outside Waterloo Station, to the glamorous Biggsie in Rio, the men have come to symbolise a period of criminality in which the villain had his own code and stuck by it. The image of the bandit robber rebelling against a system which forces the working man to slave away his life for a paltry wage is one Biggs is keen to perpetuate. And above all, he wants to be seen as decent.

As for Jack Mills, the train driver hit over the head when the men seized the train at Sears Crossing near Tring, Biggs is adamant that he did not suffer as a result of the blow. "The publicity and shit did Mills. Mills died of leukemia six years after the train robbery. And there was a coroner's report which indicated that in no way did the blow received by Mr Mills during the train robbery have any part in his death.

"When Mills first appeared on TV, I saw him say: 'They treated me like gentlemen.' Can you imagine the top brass at Scotland Yard hearing this poor old bugger say a thing like that? They moved in on him and said there is no way you can call these guys gentlemen. They are thugs, they are wicked sons of bitches and they beat the shit out of this poor old bugger."

Part of the mythology surrounding Biggs links him with "Slipper of the Yard" — the "top brass" who, tipped off by the *Daily Express*, flew to Rio to arrest Biggs and bring him back to England. Slipper failed — because Biggs' girlfriend Raimunda de Castro announced that the runaway was the father of her unborn child. As the father of a Brazilian baby, Biggs couldn't be extradited.

Then in 1981, five British adventurers succeeded in snatching Biggs, zipping him into a bag, flying him to Belem in the north of Brazil and setting sail with him as their captive in the *Nowcani II* for the West Indies. In Barbados, the kidnappers failed in their bid to have Biggs extradited to Britain — thanks mainly to the passionate plea for his release made by Michael Biggs and his mother. It was typical of Biggs' luck that the child's television appearance attracted the attention of the head of CBS and Mike Biggs' career as a pop star was launched.

Biggs is convinced that the kidnappers had been quietly sanctioned by the British Government in their attempt to take him to a country which would be sympathetic to his extradition. Indeed he wouldn't be surprised if Jack Slipper had known about the plot. "I don't really see Slipper as any personal adversary — just another policeman. I know that his personal feelings were much stronger toward me than mine were toward him. He said to me in our last interview that it was falsely reported that he had a soft spot for me. If the truth were known, he would still want to see me behind bars."

Today, Biggs has to work at maintaining his image as the man on the run in order to keep people interested in him. He sees his present existence as "a victory disguised as a defeat" — knowing he has come out well despite the efforts of police, kidnappers and double-dealing newspapers to either seize him or make money by using him. But he's had his low spots too. The worst was when he was missing his wife Charmian; a love affair with a Brazilian woman called Edith had fallen through and he decided he would go back to England and serve his time. He agreed to sell his story to the *Daily Express*, give the money to his wife and return to En-

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gland. At this very vulnerable point, the *Express* double-crossed him. The paper paid him nothing for his story and contacted Scotland Yard to disclose that they had traced Biggs to Rio de Janeiro.

"There was a very unhappy period in my life over here when I realised it was a nowhere affair and I didn't have anything. Everything seemed so futile. I knew Charmian was unhappy and I thought, well, I had better give myself up and get the whole thing over. I figured I might be able to get myself in a favorable position with a parole board.

"When I got double-crossed by the *Daily Express* and realised I wasn't going to get any money out of them, I decided I was going to dig my heels in and do everything possible not to go back to England. I had razor blades ready and everything and I was going to do the whole crazy deal. I was all set to do the diabolical deed.

"Ironically, if the *Daily Express* had gone along with the gentleman's agreement we made, I would have gone back to England, I would have done my bird and nobody would be mentioning my name today."

The calculated effect of Biggs' assurances that he is just a regular guy and that he leads a reasonably sober, domestic life is the impression that he has mellowed and settled down. Goodbye sun, samba and sex — hello kids, kindness and cuteness. However, while Biggs may not be the rampant womaniser he has been portrayed as, there is life in the old dog yet. As one of Rio's biggest tourist drawcards, he has made pin-money by entertaining English-speaking businessmen in the city.

Apart from Ronnie, one of the biggest tourist attractions is free and plentiful sex. "You have got to be very careful while you are here though, and sometimes people just don't listen to me. Like the transvestites have to be seen to be believed. They can be incredibly beautiful and it is almost impossible to tell them from a girl. One of the train gang, a big guy called Gordon Goody, ended up with a transvestite one night. He had taken out what he thought was a beautiful girl for the evening and after wining and dining her, invited her back to his place. In the taxi on the way back, the 'girl' admitted that she was a man — and Goody gave him such a thump he went sailing out of the taxi and into the street.

"Another time, I was showing round a group of South African businessmen — they really go for the black girls out here. I knew we had had a pretty raunchy night and I woke up the next day with a terrible hangover, not remembering a thing that had happened the night before. Anyway, I rang a friend of mine who had been with me and asked him what happened. He said, 'You don't remember? You were with us in a nightclub where there was a live sex show and you went out to the toilets. On the way back, you went on to the stage and kissed a girl on the bum who was in a lesbian act. Then the rest of the South Africans tore off their clothes and joined in!'" Biggs laughs, "And I didn't remember a thing."

The aura of sexual satisfaction still lingers around Biggs and even in slightly portly middle-age, he is still an attractive man. His sensational unfaithfulness to his only wife Charmian, his passionate affair with Edith and his hot and cold relationship with sultry striptease artist Raimunda suggest that he is a lusty and slightly debauched man. Yet he has inspired loyalty in all the women in his life — and owes a great debt to both Charmian and Raimunda, who fought to secure his relative freedom. And of course they have all fought between themselves. (Raimunda argued with Edith; Raimunda called Charmian "your English whore" and Charmian called Raimunda "your Indian whore.")

> I've always said I wouldn't mind going back to prison at 80. It's cosy life after all — and they've got a decent library

For the past few years, life has been relatively tranquil. Biggs claims he is totally faithful to his stunning 46-year-old girlfriend, Ulla Sopher. The two have been together for 10 years and seem well matched. Ulla, a very determined, Argentinian-born English teacher, lives her own life away from Ronnie but the two obviously cherish their relationship.

Biggs still has an eye for the ladies: "I do like Brazilian women because they are so obviously attractive. They are sumptuous." But he denies he is a lecher — and slams any suggestion that when he was kidnapped and taken to Barbados his captors provided him with call-girls and sex parties.

He is adamant that he wants to settle down with Ulla and Mike: "Are you putting me to the test? I get drunk once a year — that's the full extent of my wildness. I've never been wild. I've always been quite calculating. I was impetuous to throw my lot in with the train gang when I was hard up.

"I have never been a womaniser. I've had my fair share but I've never been a womaniser. I'm faithful to Ulla now. We've discussed all the things that couples do, like what is the meaning of faithfulness and all that kind of rubbish. But if you have the kind of mate who can provide all your requirements, then other women are really superfluous. I don't have even a minimal desire to have an affair with another woman. We have a love affair and we have an understanding. She knows she can't get better loving from another guy and I can't get better loving from another woman. So why the hell fool around? Women do still try and pick me up. They come along and it's obvious what they're trying to do. But I don't take them up on it. When I have screwed around in the past it has not been satisfactory to me as a person. I suffer from the old guilt complex.

"Ulla and I have very similar natures. We were both at a party the other night and ended up sitting together. We aren't party goers — and it was a lousy party. We decided we already have what all these people are looking for — so we said let's get the hell out of here, let's get home and let's get down to some decent loving."

The "wild streak" that Biggs denies has also linked him to the criminal underworld. There is growing speculation that many of the London gang leaders now hiding out in Marbella, Spain will soon be looking for a new hide-out. Spain intends to start extradition talks with Britain — so will Ronnie Biggs welcome some of his former comrades with open arms to Brazil?

"Not likely," he jokes. "I think Brazil should be kept clean! I am going to tell them here and now that if they come to Brazil it is going to be very, very difficult for them. If they can't come up with a reason to live here they will find it very hard. I have got a Brazilian child and that makes it very different. You can only arrive here and stay for three months and then you've got to get your arse out somewhere else."

And he adds mysteriously: "I can't say too much about them anyway. There's a criminal code which I cannot break which stops me talking about the men in Marbella. But there is a link between us — I can say no more."

Biggs' future is tied up inextricably with the infamy of his past — and his reputation as a "character" continues to win him friends and bring him money. But of course, his lifeline is his son Michael. The boy's third album with the Magic Balloon Gang has already sold more than 600,000 copies and Mike spends his time jetting around Brazil making TV appearances, recording and starring in live concerts. It hurts Biggs' pride to acknowledge that his 12-year-old son will make more money as a pop star than he ever did as a robber. And Michael owns the apartment and a share in the disco in Copacabana which his father "manages" for him.

While Biggs continues to attract attention,

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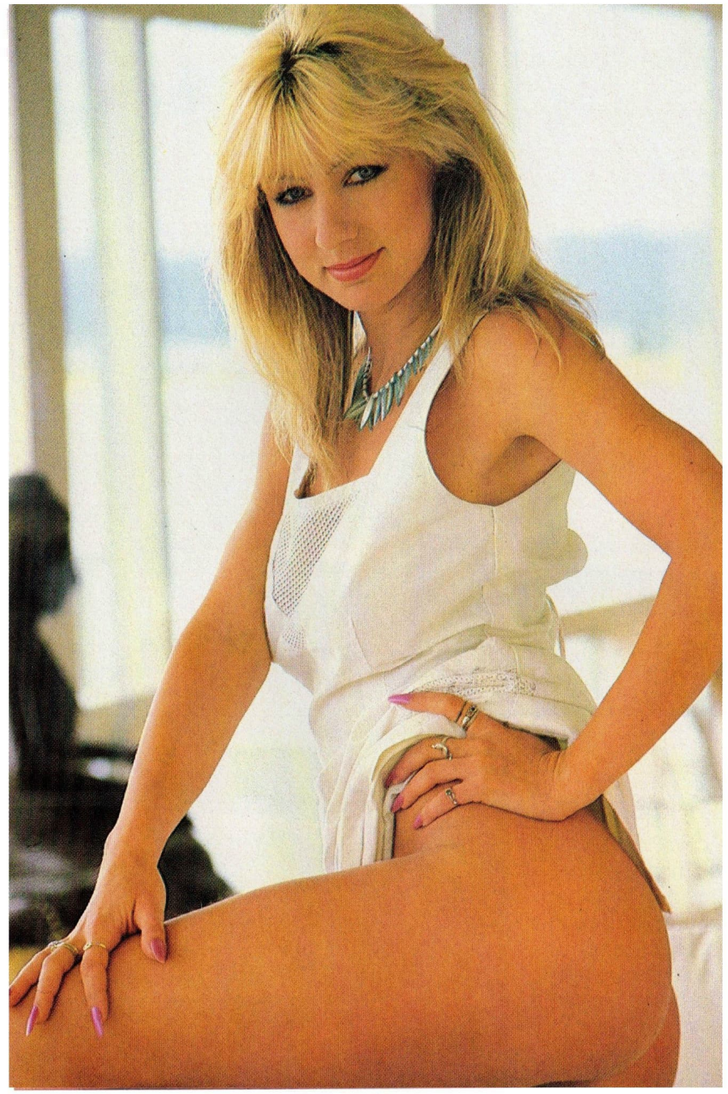


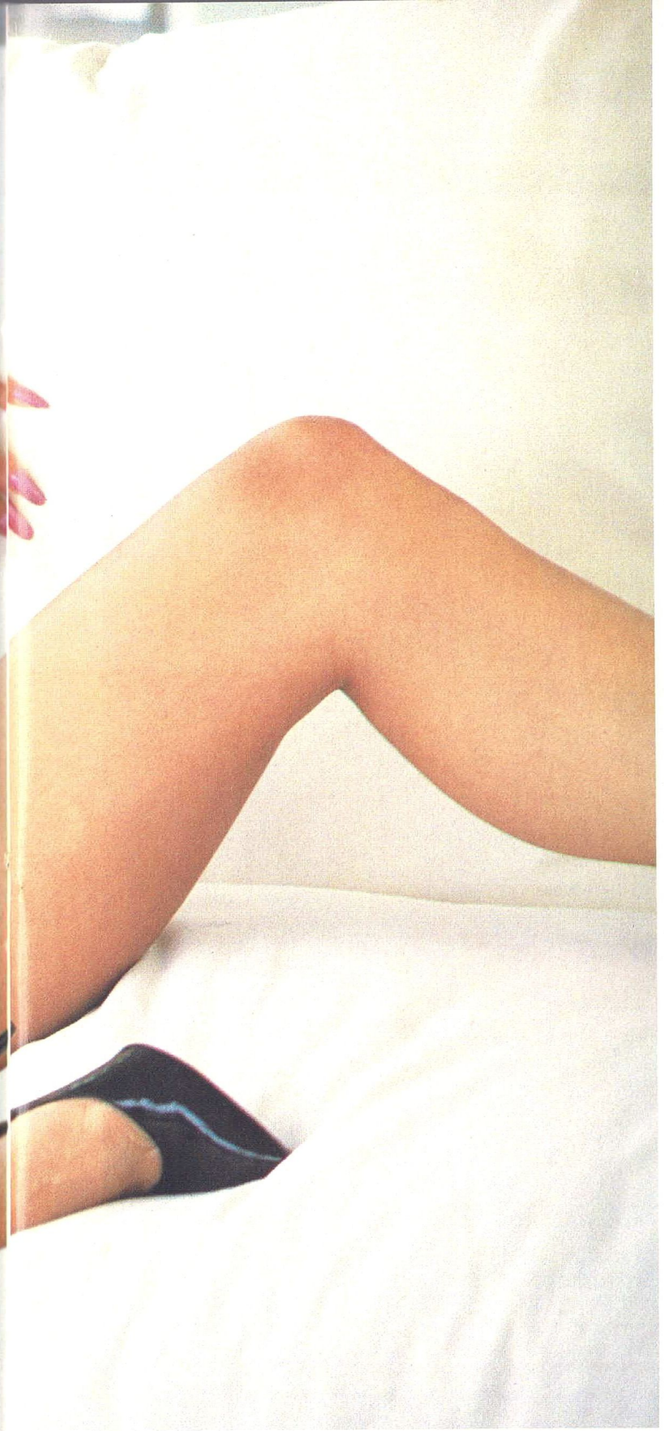
CAROL

Centrefold styled by Fiona Joseph; Hair and make-up styled by Martene of Cameron's; Shoes and lingerie courtesy of Raymond Castles, branches in Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland.

ANYTHING GOES

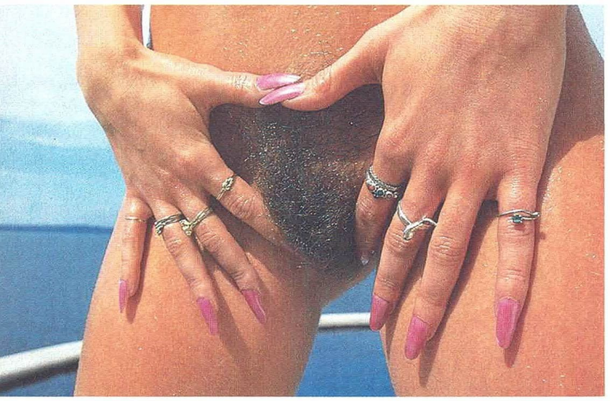
What's pink and lives in a cave?" asks 24-year-old Carol Thompson of Adelaide. The mind boggles as the eyes travel up and down her five foot six inches of blonde perfection searching for a clue. "Give up?" she giggles and sidles closer to whisper, before poking her tongue in an unsuspecting ear. It's what you might call a very wet joke, but when Carol delivers it, it packs a knee-trembler of a punch.

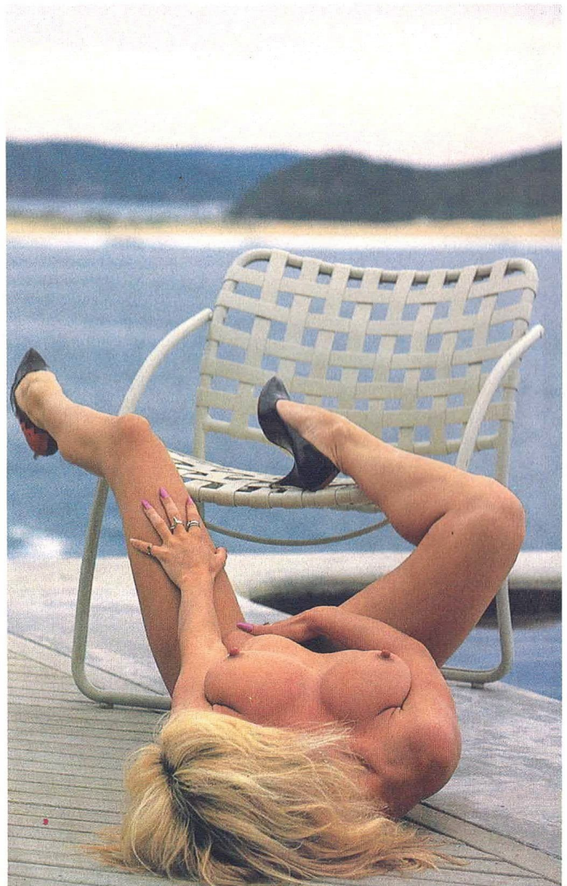
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO



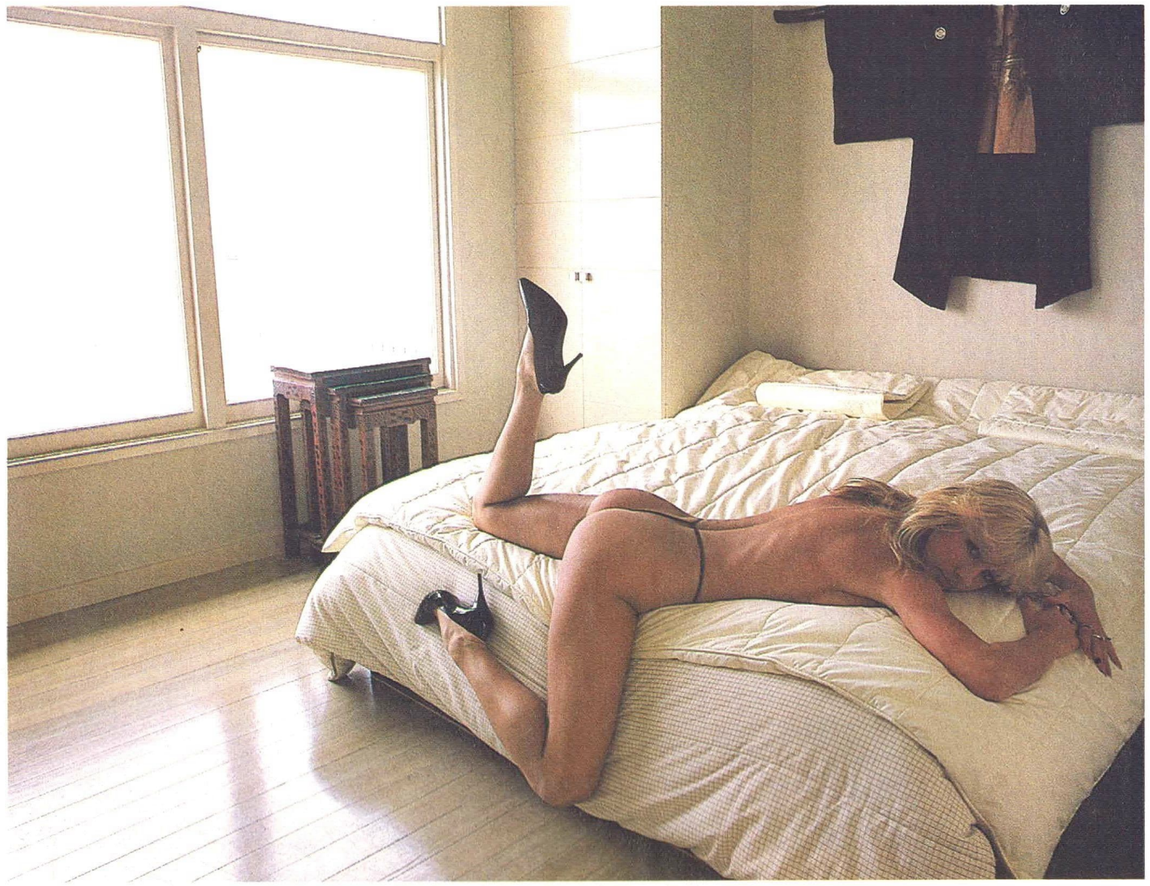
That tongue gets a lot of exercise. One of her favorite hobbies is conversation. She says she can talk a glass eye to sleep, and when she's chewing the fat ears prick up and listen.

Carol was born in England and moved to Adelaide with her parents 12 years ago. She's done some catwalk and photographic modelling but she's currently working as a waitress at Check-Mates restaurant. " We serve the best lunches in Adelaide," she says.





This blonde Pet's taste in entertainment is horrible, hot and heavy. She's a fan of ghost stories, horror movies and grungy heavy metal music. "All things that get my blood pumping and my eyes popping," she explains. In other words, she likes getting her own back.



Carol's fantasies are similarly, as she puts it, "bendo." She tells us she'd like to be tied to a bed and have David Lee Roth of Van Halen, er, tickle her fancy. It's enough to get anyone in knots — but not tongue-tied. Given enough rope it could be fun to ask Carol what's pink and lives in a cave.

MISS CAROL THOMPSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

On the evening of June 24, 1947, American Kenneth Arnold was flying his private plane near the Cascade Mountains in Washington when he saw a sight he was never to forget.

As he recounted later, he spotted nine very bright objects flying in what appeared to be a chain formation. Each about the size of a DC-3 transport plane, the objects passed within several kilometres of Arnold's plane at a very high speed. Arnold had never seen anything like it and later, in trying to describe how the objects flew, he used the simile "like saucers skipping across water."

That interesting turn of phrase somehow became "flying saucers" in newspaperese (although Arnold himself never used the term), and thus was born an expression that later passed into the language. More importantly, Arnold's sighting, the first such incident in a long list of similar sightings that went on for years, set off the "flying saucer" craze — the belief, still held by many, that aliens regularly visit this planet.

But only a handful of people knew exactly what Arnold had seen. They knew that he had inadvertently spotted America's most secret intelligence operation.

How all this came to be is a story of some

SPY-TECH SECRETS

American intelligence gathering techniques have become so complex that the US has become caught in its own international espionage web

PAINTING BY ADOLF SCHALLER

SECRETS

complexity. It is fundamentally a story of human ingenuity, for the private pilot's accidental peek into the murky world of espionage afforded only a tiny view of the most important part of that world, technical intelligence. And it is technical intelligence, still in its infancy that day back in 1947, that has come to dominate all modern espionage.

The effect has been revolutionary. The US has constructed an elaborate technical spying system, that country's chief eyes and ears — undreamed of in the long history of espionage.

Kenneth Arnold knew nothing of this when he accidentally stumbled across part of the secret 38 years ago. Nor did he know that he had seen, at least in part, the collective genius of a Japanese balloonist, an irascible American aircraft designer, and an eccentric inventor who was determined to prove the experts wrong.

Together, they helped to develop an unrivalled system that has not only come to assume virtually all the functions of American intelligence; it has caused the traditional cloak-and-dagger human spy to all but disappear. That quaint practitioner of espionage has been supplanted by a huge web of electronic and other technical systems that promise fulfilment of the ancient dream of all espionage — specific, unequivocal and detailed intelligence, safely beyond the reach of anyone trying to intercept it.

So much for the dream. The reality is quite something else, for however wondrous and encompassing modern intelligence technology might be, it has proven unable to answer intelligence questions with certitude. And ironically enough, the more detailed, accurate, and sweeping these technical systems, the more arguments they seem to incite about just what they are seeing (and whether they have seen *everything* worth seeing).

What has happened is what no-one could have anticipated, including the creation of the "flying saucer" craze.

Modern technical intelligence was born in the great British aerial reconnaissance and photo interpretation operation during World War II. By comparison, US technical intelligence at the beginning of the war was somewhere in the Dark Ages. A crash program put the US in the forefront of aerial reconnaissance almost overnight. The key to that achievement lay in the American bases ringing Germany and German-occupied territory. From those bases, the Americans could fly missions and return. That advantage disappeared with the advent of the Cold War; even the newest model planes had no hope of carrying out unescorted strategic reconnaissance missions (journeys several thousand kilometres long) over Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The Red Air Force was large and alert; backed by ground-based radar, it was capable of checkmating any reconnaissance overflight.

Yet the need for such reconnaissance was growing more acute. The answer, obviously, was some sort of airborne platform that could overfly the vast distances of the Soviet Union out of range of fighter planes, take pictures, and return safely to base. The most advanced US reconnaissance aircraft of the post-war period, the RB-47 (essentially a souped-up reconnaissance version of the B-47 jet bomber), carried seven precision cameras which, operating automatically, could photograph over one million square kilometres of territory during a three-hour flight, recording a strip 800 kilometres wide and 4000 kilometres long.

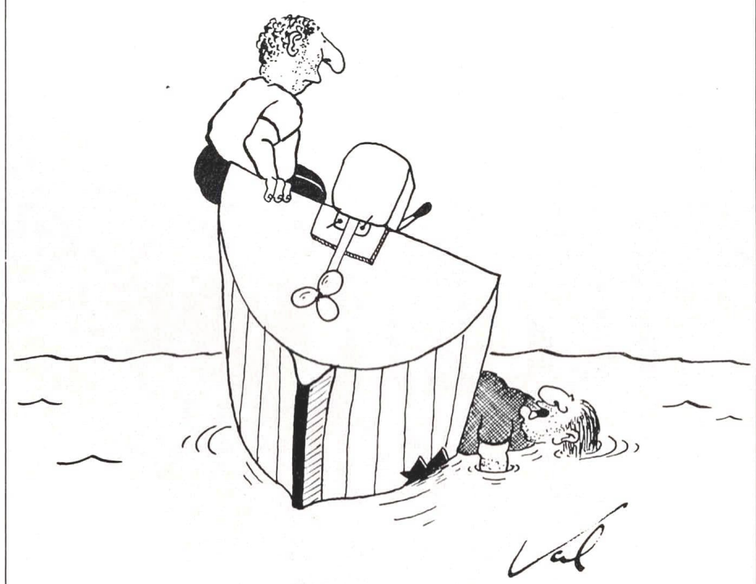
But the Soviet Union's most important strategic facilities — their largest military airfields, nuclear testing sites, major industries — lay thousands of miles inland; however impressive the RB-47's capabilities, it could not possibly get pictures of those sites without overflying the Soviet interior. And that, given the formidable Soviet defences, was not feasible. How could it be done?

In 1933, Reikichi Rada was named head of the Japanese military's Scientific Laboratory, which (among other assignments) was trying to solve the problem of how to bomb enemy targets at intercontinental ranges. No foreseeable development in airplane technology seemed capable of producing such an aircraft, so Rada hit upon an innovative idea. Balloons would be armed with bombs and then sent to drift into enemy territory, where the bombs would be automatically released.

After Pearl Harbor, Rada was eager to demonstrate that this idea would work. With prevailing winds unique to Japan, he discovered that a balloon launched from Japan's east coast would drift 10,000 kilometres to the US west coast. Next, Rada developed an ingenious automatic system that dropped ballast to keep the balloon at a constant altitude during the flight, then loosed an incendiary or other type of bomb as the balloon settled to earth somewhere in America.

The Rada-designed balloons were launched eastward in the fall of 1944. Operation Fu-Go, as the Japanese called it, was on.

As the world's first intercontinental military attack Fu-Go was not a glittering success — although it did cause some panic in American intelligence, which clamped down a tight lid of secrecy in order to prevent the Japanese from learning whether their balloon attacks were successful. The first balloons began floating over the US in November, 1944, and by April of the following year, when the Japanese gave up Fu-Go, a total of 285 balloons had been spotted. Most were intercepted over the ocean or malfunctioned, although one woman and her five children were killed in Oregon when a Fu-Go bomb exploded. The Japanese had launched nearly 4000 of the balloons towards the US mainland and, given the fact that only a small percentage of them ever reached their target, Fu-Go was a failure.



"Do you know anything about torpedoes?"

The failure, however, was only in military terms. From an intelligence stand-point, Fu-Go was a success, at least to the Americans, for it provided them with the germ of an idea on how to get intelligence on the Soviet Union.

The idea was born in the series of intelligence reports prepared by the Army and Navy on the Fu-Go flights. One glaring fact stood out in those reports — the Japanese had managed to fly by remote control a very stable airborne platform at distances of over 10,000 kilometres. Instead of bombs, what if such balloons were armed with cameras? Could similar types of balloons be launched into prevailing winds sweeping over the Soviet Union?

By coincidence, the US Air Force was running an extensive meteorological research program at the time called Moby Dick. Operated in conjunction with the Office of Naval Research, Moby Dick aimed to uncover some of the mysteries of the upper atmosphere, where future aircraft (and missiles) were to operate. The program used the latest in high-altitude weather-research balloons, a large gas bag called Skyhook. The first models were about 10 cubic metres in size and capable of rising to over 36,000 metres. The high altitude was made possible by use of an innovative, partially transparent plastic material, which reflected the sun in a diffused rainbow of colors. More significantly, in the context of the curious role Skyhook was to play later on, the balloon also changed shape as it rode into less dense air and its helium gas filled out. The balloon would change from an ice-cream-cone shape to a near-circle; then, as it moved violently in the winds of the upper atmosphere, it would become almost saucer-shaped.

The tendency of Skyhook to change shape, especially into the form of what appeared to be a saucer, caused a major and unanticipated headache in the Moby Dick program. One of the initial test flights of Skyhook in 1947 was spotted by Kenneth Arnold, and the "flying saucer" scare was on. As the people running Moby Dick were aware, the sightings almost perfectly described what happened to the Skyhook balloon as it encountered the strong winds of the upper atmosphere. The balloon flattened out in the shape of a saucer and was yanked around violently, while reflecting sunlight in shades of blue, red and green. In other words, a classic "flying saucer" (or later, UFO) report.

The "flying saucer" scare became serious; in 1948, a USAF pilot was killed while chasing a mysterious UFO (actually a Skyhook test flight), and there was no end to reported UFO sightings. The difficulty was that no-one who knew anything about Moby Dick could discuss the program publicly, for by that time it had become a classified intelligence operation. Operating from secret launching sites in Europe (where they precipitated another UFO scare), Skyhook balloons were launched into the prevailing winds sweeping west to east over the Soviet Union. They were hooked up with cameras and radio gear; when they reached Japan after a flight across the Soviet heartland, a radio signal sent from the ground would tell Skyhook to detach its instrument package. (Later, USAF pilots developed a special trapeze-like hook, attached to cargo planes, which caught the balloon's shroud lines and recaptured the entire Skyhook, ready to be flown another day.)

Ultimately, Moby Dick was a failure. Many of the balloons crashed in the Soviet Union and those few which made the entire flight produced spotty results. Improvements in Soviet air-defence radar — balloons, because of their large surface area, make perfect radar targets — eventually spelled the end of Moby Dick. The last balloon flight over the Soviet Union took place in 1958.

> "However wondrous and encompassing modern intelligence technology may be, it has proven unable to answer intelligence questions with certitude"

Despite its failure, a number of valuable lessons were learned from Moby Dick. Most importantly, it proved that overflights of the Soviet Union were possible and that reconnaissance pictures could be taken from high altitudes. The central problem remained, however. A stable, safe platform was needed, something that not only would be impervious to the Soviet air-defence system, but also would not risk the lives of valuable pilots. Soviet defences were beginning to exact a high price for intelligence-gathering flights. By 1948, 40 American planes had been shot down while flying along or across the Iron Curtain, forcing reconnaissance missions to become increasingly cautious. The trend was obvious — as Soviet radars and MIG fighters improved, the American spy planes would become increasingly endangered.

The possibility of a complete cut off of American reconnaissance of the Soviet Union presented an especially stark problem. If there were no reconnaissance, how would it be known that Russian intercontinental bombers or missiles had been launched against the US?

It was the fear of a Soviet surprise attack — and the realisation that American intelligence had no real capability of detecting it — that led President Eisenhower in 1954 to appoint a special panel of experts to come up with a solution to the problem.

The panel had a number of subcommittees examining the problem of detecting a surprise attack, the most important of which was the group studying US intelligence capabilities. The sub-committee included a remarkable character named Edwin H. Land, the inventor, founder, and president of Polaroid.

Land was very much in the "can do" spirit of American inventiveness and to him the problem of getting intelligence on the Soviet Union was soluble, provided that the customary bureaucratic inertia was overcome, along with the reluctance of experts — who decreed that taking clear pictures from heights above 20,000 metres was impossible. Land's insistence was no small factor in the panel's final conclusion that the solution to the problem of American intelligence was strategic reconnaissance, using a stable platform that could overfly targets above 20,000 metres and take detailed photographs.

Land had vowed the photographic problem could be solved, but what about the platform? That seemed to be a more knotty problem, but the panel noted that a number of high-performance test aircraft might possibly be converted into such platforms — assuming that considerable technological problems were solved.

At that point, the panel had the good fortune to encounter Clarence "Kelly" Johnson, of Lockheed — a man who was already a legend in the aeroplane design business. He had made his mark with a number of aeronautical miracles, among them the design of the first American jet fighter, the F-80 Shooting Star, in 1945, which took an unheard-of total of 141 days from design to production.

Johnson did not suffer fools gladly, and his independent style, hands-on philosophy, and disregard for bureaucratic convention were nervously tolerated by Lockheed executives, a number of whom Johnson did not hesitate to upbraid when he thought they were interfering in his projects. (Once, when asked the secret of his success, Johnson snapped, "I get a few good men and drown the rest.")

Lockheed had the sense to leave its brilliant, if somewhat foul-tempered, designer alone. Johnson spent most of his time in what was officially known as Air Force Plant No 42 on the edge of the desert at Lockheed's Palmdale, California plant, working out designs that were literally made by hand to his specifications.

SECRETS

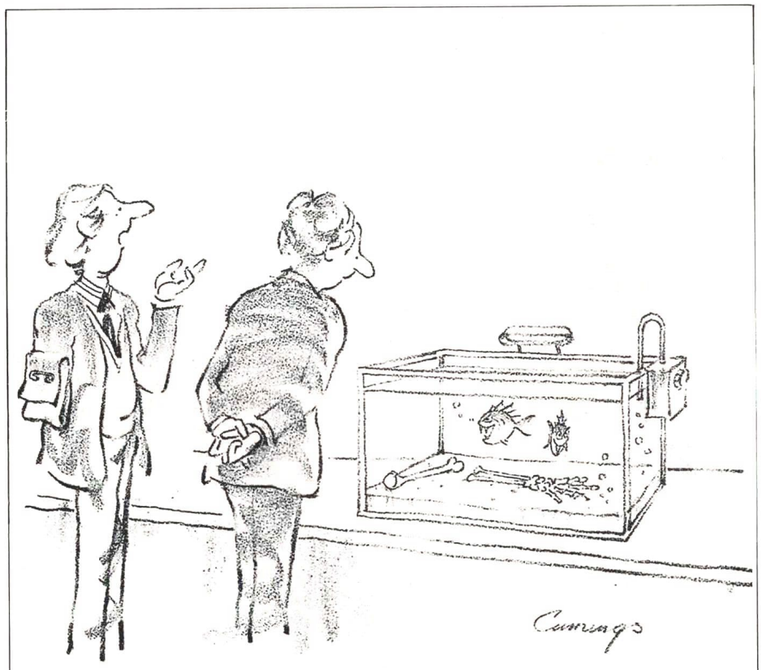
Among the designs Johnson was working on in 1954 was a test plane known innocuously as Utility-2, used to test engines and other systems at high altitudes, where the next generation of jet fighters were expected to operate. One of Johnson's more innovative designs, Utility-2 was difficult to describe: something of a glider-sail plane with turbojets, long, light wings, and a needle-like shape. Although it had a phenomenal 7000-kilometre range, it looked unlike any other plane ever to take the air.

But no matter how odd it looked, the panel realised that Utility-2 — soon most often referred to by its nickname, U-2 — was that perfect reconnaissance platform they had been seeking. Johnson promised he could make the U-2 into a spy plane. And hooked up with a new Land invention — special long-focus cameras that could scan continuously through seven apertures — Johnson's U-2 was the most astounding technical development up to that point in the history of espionage. Here at last was the perfect spy. It could fly at the then astonishing altitude of 27,000 metres and snap detailed reconnaissance pictures, safely out of the reach of any known jet fighter, missile, or other hazard.

But only a few people connected with the U-2 knew that for all of its marvellous qualities, the plane had an Achilles' heel — a tendency to flameout at high altitudes. Flameout — the stalling of jet engines in thin air because of the lack of oxygen — was of special concern to the U-2 pilots, for it meant they had to glide down to a lower altitude, then restart the engine. But the U-2's fuel, a specially refined kerosene, was difficult to ignite. The pilots often would have to drop even lower, to approximately 8000 metres, in order to get sufficient oxygen for restarting the engines. And 8000 metres was where jet fighters and surface-to-air missiles could operate.

That is precisely what happened to pilot Francis Gary Powers on the afternoon of May 5, 1960. When he suddenly reported a flameout that afternoon, CIA officials knew he was in serious difficulty. Powers at that point was overflying the Soviet industrial city of Sverdlovsk, ringed with the most advanced surface-to-air missiles. If he had to drop to a lower altitude to restart his engine, he would come into missile range. Powers dropped to that altitude, and the U-2 was struck by a Russian missile.

The Powers incident did not completely end the U-2 program — the plane is still used for flights over poorly defended areas — but it did shatter the American confidence in the U-2 as the answer to the problem of obtaining strategic intelligence on the Soviet Union. However, a more amazing substitute was being readied.



"Actually, I've only fed them once."

Just before dawn on April 1, 1960, a Thor-Able rocket lifted off from Cape Canaveral, Florida, with a 130-kilogram satellite in its nose. Called TIROS (television and infrared observation satellite), the satellite was basically designed to photograph cloud formations from above — fulfilling a long-standing dream of meteorologists, who had claimed for years that high-altitude observation was required in order to make accurate forecasts. Additionally, the scientists hoped that observation of weather patterns on Earth would afford early warning of major weather disasters, including hurricanes and typhoons.

But TIROS was also a bold experiment in espionage, designed to test whether a high-orbiting satellite — far from radar, missiles and fighters — could carry out photographic reconnaissance. There was some question whether such reconnaissance, hundreds of kilometres up in space, could duplicate the U-2's capabilities; some experts argued that because so much of the Earth's surface was socked in by weather systems at heights of 160 kilometres and above, it was very doubtful that a satellite could ever see ground targets.

TIROS carried the latest marvels of American technology; in particular, two television cameras powered by nickel cadmium batteries recharged by 9000 solar cells. Each camera — actually a sophisticated television tube combined with a focal plane shutter — could store the pictures it snapped on a tube screen. An electron beam converted the stored image into electronic signals, which were then transmitted directly to ground receivers or recorded on magnetic tape. When the satellite came within range of a ground station, it could be ordered by radio signal to "play" its tape for the station to pick up.

Two hours after its maiden flight began, TIROS's first pictures shocked the meteorologists and the more expectant CIA and USAF experts who were awaiting the results — *everything* could be seen clearly. To the surprise of all the experts, TIROS showed that, in clear weather, satellite cameras saw in detail everything within sight of their lenses. The pictures from the first pass over the Soviet Union and China were so clear that the smallest details of airbase runways, planes, missiles, sites and miltary bases could be picked out easily, even by the untrained eye.

The stunning success of TIROS revolutionised intelligence collection almost overnight. It proved that a satellite was not only capable of obtaining sharp reconnaissance pictures, but there was the added advantage of eliminating the need for a pilot. As an extra bonus, the satellite was invulnerable to any projected possible threat, since it operated high in space.

The US took a quantum jump in spy satellite capability in 1971, when the first of the Big Bird satellites was launched. They were equipped with high resolution television cameras, which can scan wide swaths of land on every pass, supplemented by highly sophisticated cameras that take detailed pictures. Even more amazing were the KH (for "keyhole") satellites launched three years later. KH has special sensitive cameras that can measure images in terms of heat (thus detecting even subtle changes), along with multispectral scanning devices that register wavelengths, picking up images that even the most sensitive films could not possibly detect.

The key to the success of the American spy satellites has been US technology's ability to dramatically improve ground resolution — the size of the smallest possible object distinguishable in a satellite camera's picture. A good deal of that capability has been revealed by the US space program, which routinely publishes amazingly detailed pictures taken by its non-military spacecraft and satellites, but even those pictures represent child's play for spy-satellite cameras, which can achieve ground resolution of about 10 centimetres from 180 kilometres away.

Technology has also made a number of dramatic improvements in how much data can be received from a spy satellite. In the beginning, the USAF borrowed an old idea from the Moby Dick program and began retrieving photo capsules parachuted from satellites, using the trapeze-hook method that once snared Skyhook balloons. The method is still used for photos produced by "quick-look" spy satellites that sweep in relatively low (about 180 kilometres up) over a particular target to take pictures. Most satellite imagery, however, is returned by electronic signal, produced by a system aboard the satellite that takes the pictures, instantly develops them, then stores the images on a television scanner that transmits the data to Earth, where they're fed into large computers for processing.

The technological revolution that created the spy satellites has also been packing ever more sophisticated capabilities into them. The reason is microcircuit chips, which can now be made five or seven microns wide (each micron is one-millionth of a metre), much thinner than a human hair. American intelligence, however, is in the forefront of an effort to develop one-micron-wide VHSICs (very high speed integrated chips) that can store prodigious amounts of data. How much data? A map of the US printed on a sheet of paper only 50 centimetres wide would show every single street in the entire country represented by lines only a half-micron wide.

Combined with other advances in various sensing devices, that would give spy satellites a truly awesome capability. The newest generation of satellites now operating include such advances as imaging radar (which can "see" and map ground targets even through heavy clouds), infrared radiometer and thermal infrared scanners (which can detect underground construction), mosaic infrared detectors (which can spot heat sources at night, especially missile and aircraft exhausts), and multispectral scanners (which use separate lenses to take several pictures at the same time in different regions of the visible light spectrum and infrared bands). New computers also allow analysts to manipulate this data to bring out subtle details.

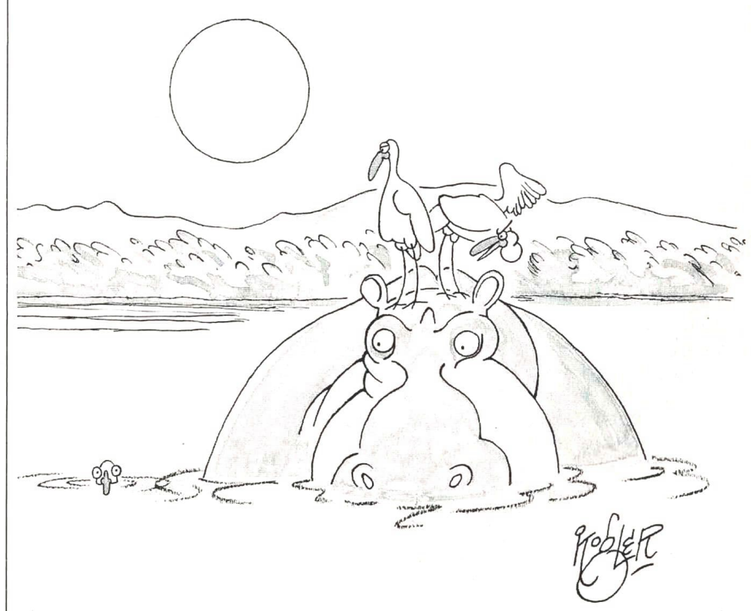
Much less is known, however, about a second type of spy satellite — the ones that collect ELINT and COMMINT (electronics and communications intelligence). These remain the US government's deepest intelligence secrets, and its chief concern.

The reason for the American concern is technology. Radar, phone scramblers, radio communication networks, and electronic warning complexes have become an important part of a nation's arsenal — and therefore a prime target for intelligence. In the case of the Soviet Union, getting at those electronic webs has presented a problem, for most of them are deep in the Soviet heartland, out of the range of eavesdropping devices. The initial solution was to attack the web at its outer fringes.

Beginning in 1946, US "ferrets", most of them cargo planes jammed with electronic listening gear, flew missions along the Iron Curtain borders. Inside the planes, military and National Security Agency electronics experts moved the receiver dials slowly, hoping to pick up any interesting transmissions from the other side of the border, ranging from tactical orders to high-level communications with Moscow.

Some of the ferrets, however, played a much more dangerous game. They would make a headlong dash across the Iron Curtain into the airspace of an Eastern European country (or, in other areas, across the Soviet border itself), deliberately setting off air-defence alarms. Those transmissions, invaluable for showing the strength, response time and pulse levels of radars, were recorded as the ferret suddenly turned tail and headed back at top speed for home. Some didn't make it. Almost half of the several dozen American spy planes shot down by the Russians while flying the "fringe route" from 1946 to 1960 were electronic ferrets.

The ferret missions were supplemented with a wide range of sometimes ingenious operations to tap into Soviet communication nets. Among them was one of the more bizarre operations designed to gather communications intelligence on the Soviet Union. Monitoring stations were set up on several small ice islands near the North Pole, where they were ideally situated to pick up Soviet military transmissions from Russian territory on the other side of the Pole (and provide warning of Soviet strategic attack). But a freak early-Spring thaw in 1954 suddenly caused one of the islands to begin floating into Soviet territory — while the USAF detachment on it wondered what would happen to them and all their monitor-



"For heavens sake Beryl, stop trying to be something you're not."

ing equipment when they fell into Russian hands. The USAF sent a plane to pick up the men and their equipment, but it crashed on landing and was unable to take off.

Meanwhile, Russian planes began buzzing the island, and the leader of the detachment, fearing imminent Soviet attack, ordered his men to dig in — and discovered that it was impossible to dig into the thick pack ice. To compound things, the monitoring equipment detected what was thought to be a flight of Soviet bombers headed for the North American continent. An alarm was radioed, and the entire American air-defence system went on alert — only to find that they had been alerted for a flight of migrating Siberian fish ducks.

An emergency helicopter finally lifted the men and their equipment off the ice island before the Russians could grab them, but the incident again demonstrated the dangers of operating communications intelligence, even on the fringes of the Soviet Union. (This episode served as the basis for the popular book and movie, *Ice Station Zebra*.)

With the advent of satellite technology, a considerable amount of ELINT and COMMINT was put aboard special ferret satellites that were piggy-backed on to photo-reconnaissance satellites. The first ferret satellite was launched in 1962 and, with advances in sensor technology, they are now able to record a vast amount of electronic transmissions while orbiting about 500 kilometres high. At that altitude, the satellites are invulnerable to attack — although there are recurring attempts to jam them electronically — but there has been much more danger associated with some of the supplements to the ferret satellites. One was an operation that converted old World War II Liberty merchant ships into floating electronics-interception platforms; packed with radars and radio receivers, the ships, including the ill-fated *Liberty* and *Pueblo*, slowly sailed in waters just off the borders of assorted hot spots, recording every electronic transmission they could reach. Even more dangerous was the De Soto program, composed of patrols of US Navy destroyers packaged with electronic interception gear that, during the early Sixties, deliberately provoked coastal defence radars in North Vietnam — a program that finally led to the fateful attack in 1964 on two De Soto destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf.

Why would these dangerous operations continue, even after COMMINT and ELINT functions were put aboard satellites? Because unlike photo reconnaissance, collecting electronic transmissions involves much more (and much heavier) equipment. The EC-121 American ELINT plane shot down by North Korea in 1969, for example, had a crew of 31 and 6000 kilograms of eavesdropping equipment aboard; it will be quite some time before that massive amount of equipment can be miniaturised for use aboard satellites.

American intelligence has now surrounded its perceived enemies, notably the Soviet Union, with a vast electronic eavesdropping web whose size, complexity, and thoroughness remain unmatched in the history of espionage. Besides the satellites, there are 2000 listening posts all around the world to listen in on military communications, a half-dozen huge radar complexes to monitor missile tests, and a sprawling communications-interception operation in Cheltenham, England — run in conjunction with Canada and Great Britain — that picks up virtually all military communications in Eastern Europe. Additionally, the Americans are now deploying the very latest in COMMINT; robot electronic snoops planted at various sites inside the Soviet Union. About the size of a small handbag, the robots are unbelievably sophisticated electronic eavesdropping devices, capable of automatically gathering transmissions from superhigh frequencies being broadcast kilometres away, then encoding and transmitting them up to 500 kilometres to a passing plane or satellite. (Although the robots are still highly secret in the US, the Russians found out about them when one of the robots, carefully concealed inside an artificial tree stump, was sited in a forest near Moscow. The CIA agents who did the job made a serious mistake. They put the robot inside a fake pine-tree stump, which they placed in a grove of aspen trees. A pine tree in an aspen grove is very rare in Russia, and the attention the stump got soon revealed the robot inside.)

> One factory in Czechoslavakia produces rubber MIGs, phoney submarines and other decoys designed to hoodwink US spy planes and satellites

All of this seems almost breathtaking, a huge clockwork of such ingenuity, and so airtight that nothing could escape. And yet that is not what happened; the supreme irony of modern American intelligence is the discovery by many of its practitioners that the more sophisticated the collection system, the more ambiguity in the resulting intelligence judgements there seems to be. Consider what happened in late 1970, when US photo reconnaissance satellites detected the building of what appeared to be 80 new Soviet ICBM silos. That triggered an intelligence alarm, but three years passed while various components of the American intelligence community argued over its significance. Not until 1973 were the Russians asked formally about the silos — they responded that they were command and control silos, not missile emplacements — and it took until 1977 for the debate to finally be cleared up. (The Russians were telling the truth.)

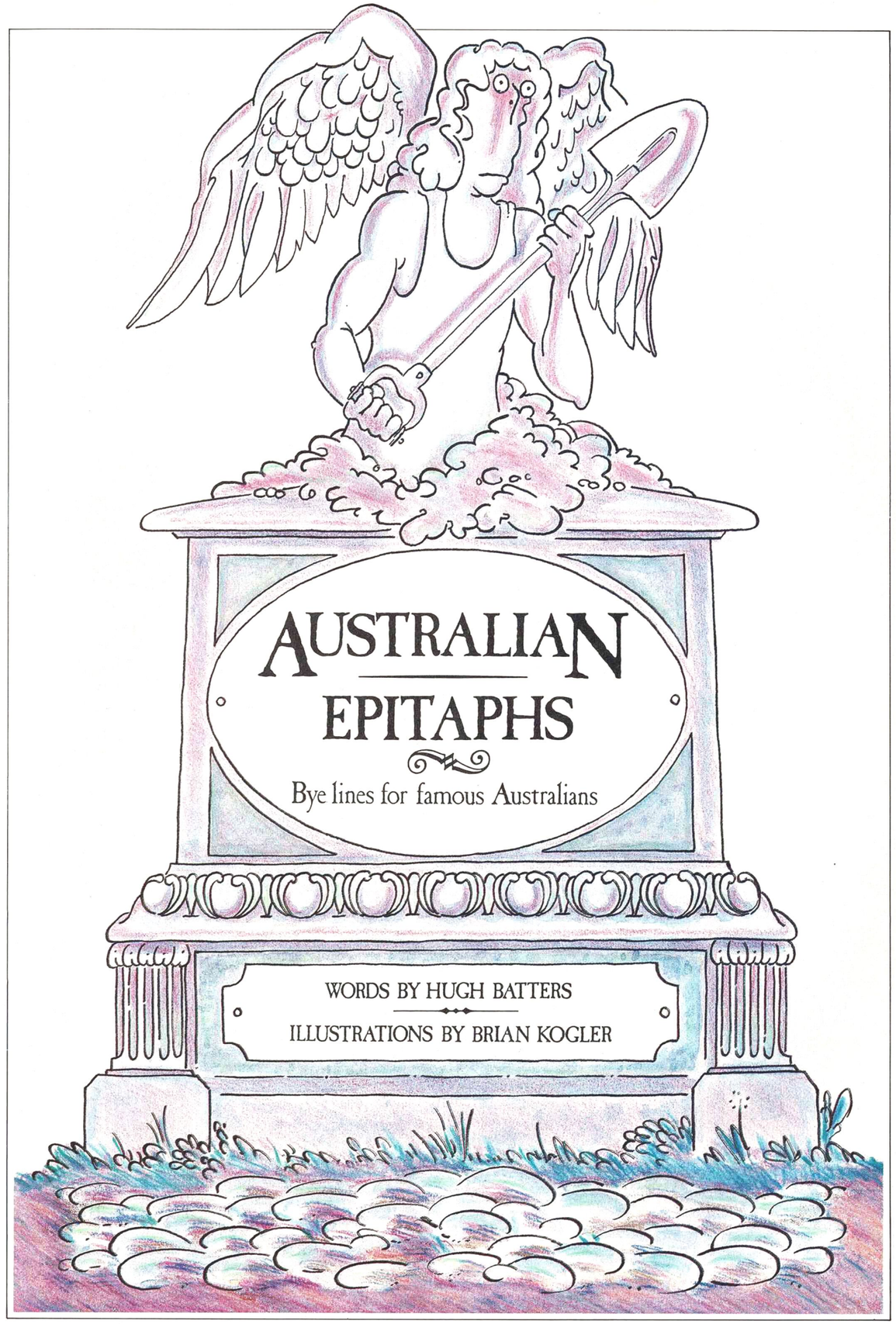
Another shortcoming discovered in technical collection systems is their vulnerability to deception. The Soviets have been developing the art of concealment to a fine edge, and one entire factory in Czechoslavakia produces nothing but rubber MIGs, phoney submarines and other decoys, all designed to hoodwink American satellites and spy planes. The very precision of spy satellites — their tracks can be predicted exactly, allowing analysts to pinpoint what the sensors detect — is also a major disadvantage; the Russians know when the satellites are overhead and when they're on the other side of the world, allowing for a wide range of concealment activities when the satellites aren't around.

Even when the satellites are looking, there is some question whether they're detecting what they're supposed to detect. On September 22, 1979, for example, an American VELA satellite, scanning the southern Atlantic for any sign of a nuclear explosion, registered two intense bursts of light, the characteristic double pulse of an atomic detonation. The VELA sighting caused a sensation in the American intelligence community, but however conclusive intelligence analysts regarded the evidence — they were convinced that either Israel or South Africa had carried out a test of a nuclear-warhead missile — it was insufficient for the White House. As President Carter noted, with some justification, the US was not about to make the sensational charge that Israel, a close American ally, or South Africa had set off an atomic weapon.

Not, that is, without more conclusive evidence. Where was the fallout from the blast? Was there any confirmation from other intelligence sources? Could the intelligence agencies certify that no natural phenomenon — such as a meteor — was responsible for the flash the VELA detected? They could not.

And in that admission lay the crux of the problem, a problem that continues to bedevil American intelligence. At root, its great web of electronic and photographic snoops amounts to a collection of dumb machines, able to record, but not to think.

As we have learned the hard way, overreliance on such technology leads to confusion — much more of it than we ever dreamed. ○



PROFESSO BLAINEY

Voluntary Euthan Asia

DAVID COMBE

The Dirt Above Me Is Political

BOB HAWKE

V.I.P.

MICK YOUNG

At Least I Didn't Have To Go Through Customs

GRANT KENNY

—IRON MAN—

Rust In Peace

NORM •GALLAGHER•

Completion • Of • This • Site Delayed • Due • To Industrial • Dispute

TIM & DEBBIE

R.I.P.P.E.D.

JANA WENT

Death Be In It.

The MORAL MINORITY

Fred Annihilated

Rupert Hamer

I'VE KNOWN WORSE LAND DEALS

ITA BUTTROSE

My Lisps Are Sealed

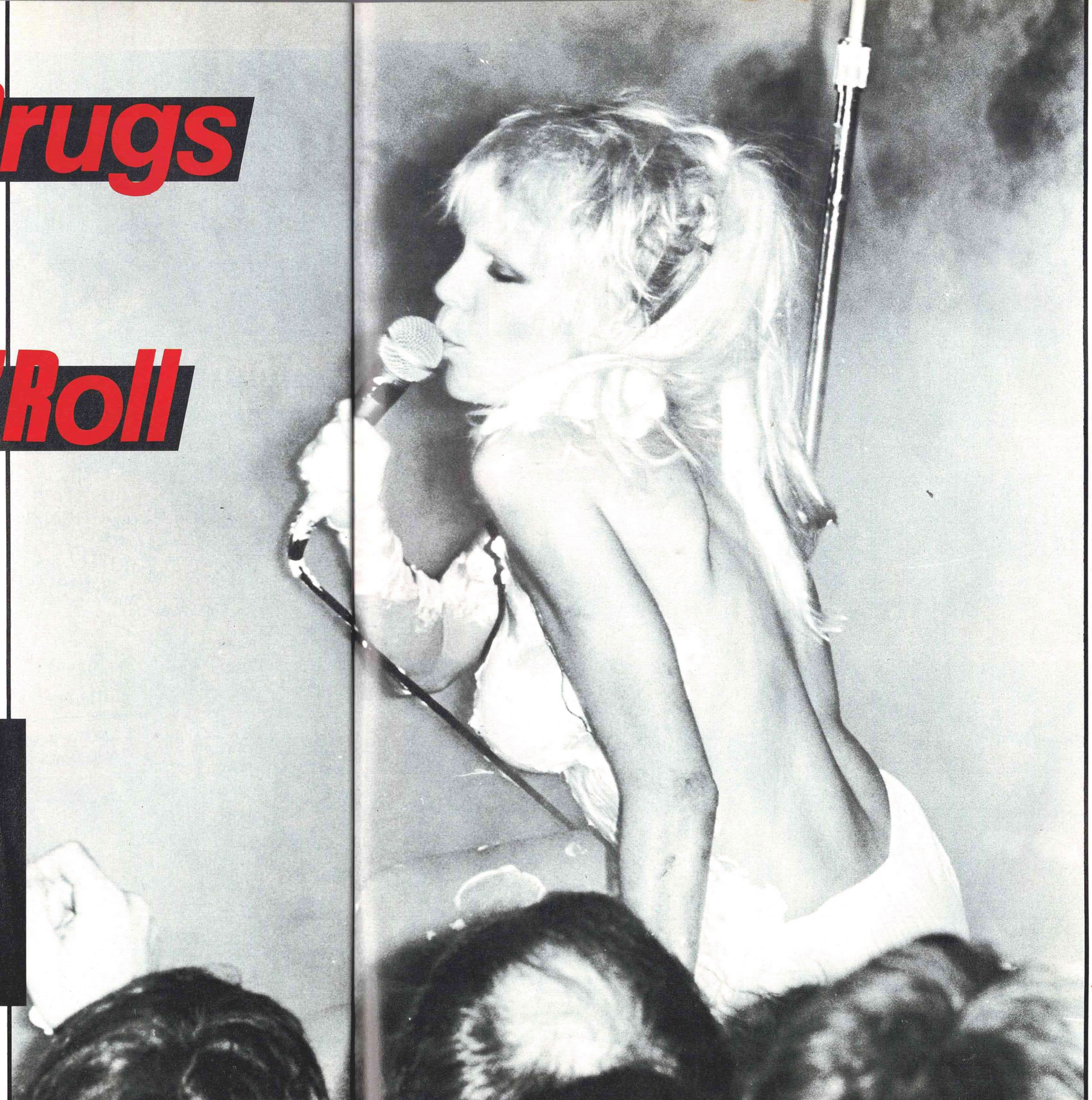
Sex & Drugs & Rock'n'Roll

"Sex and drugs and rock and roll is very good indeed..."

Ian Dury

Rock music has provided the soundtrack for most of modern man's good times. It has always been a highly intoxicating medium: a rebellion against authority, an expression of sexual liberty and an artform free from conservative restraints. These photos show some of the hilarious results of big business' confrontations with rock and roll anarchy.

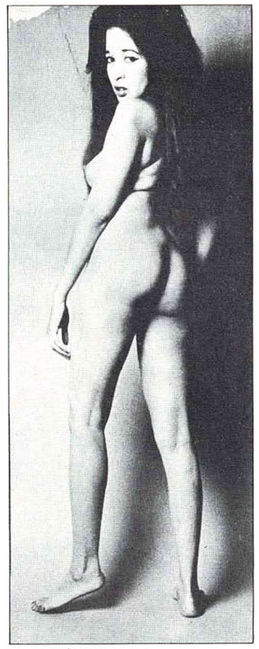
All photos from Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll, published by Omnibus Press. To be released in Australia in April 1985 at $12.95.



Plasmatics.

Millie promoting "My Boy Lollipop."

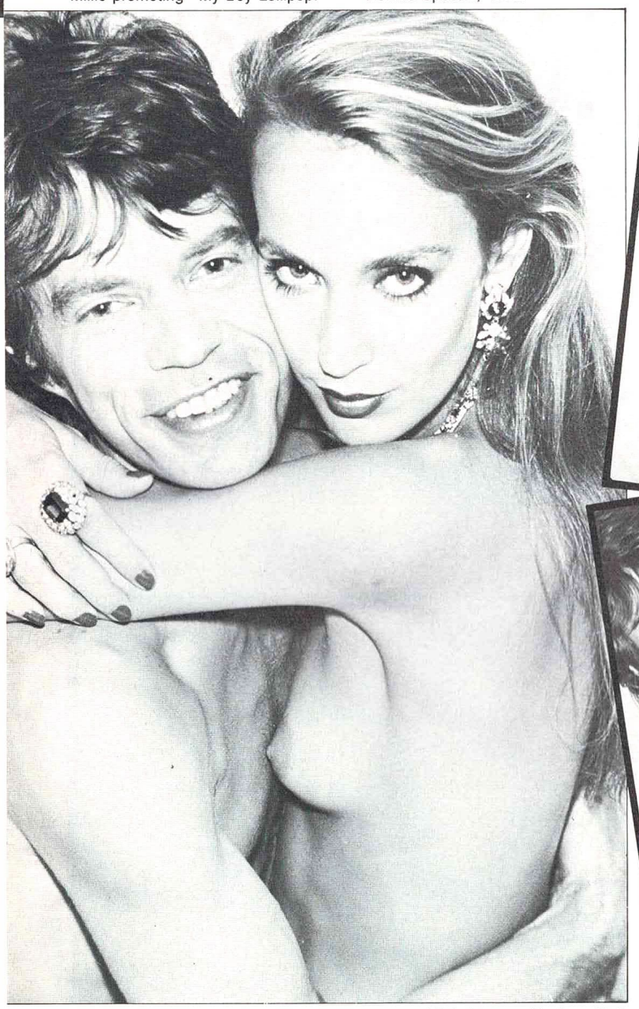
Ronnie Spector, 1982.

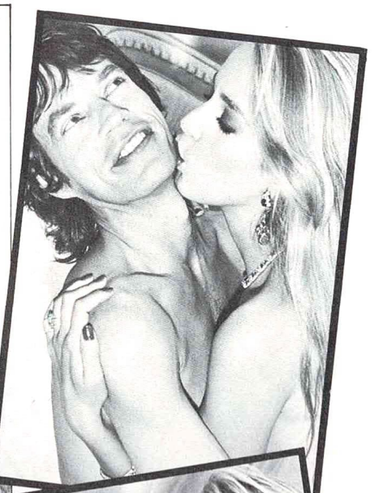


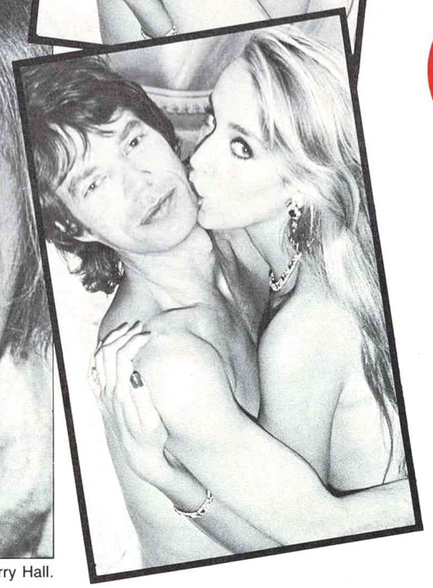
Ronnie Spector, 1976.

▲ Ronnie Spector at the Bottom Line, New York City, 1982.

Sex & Rock

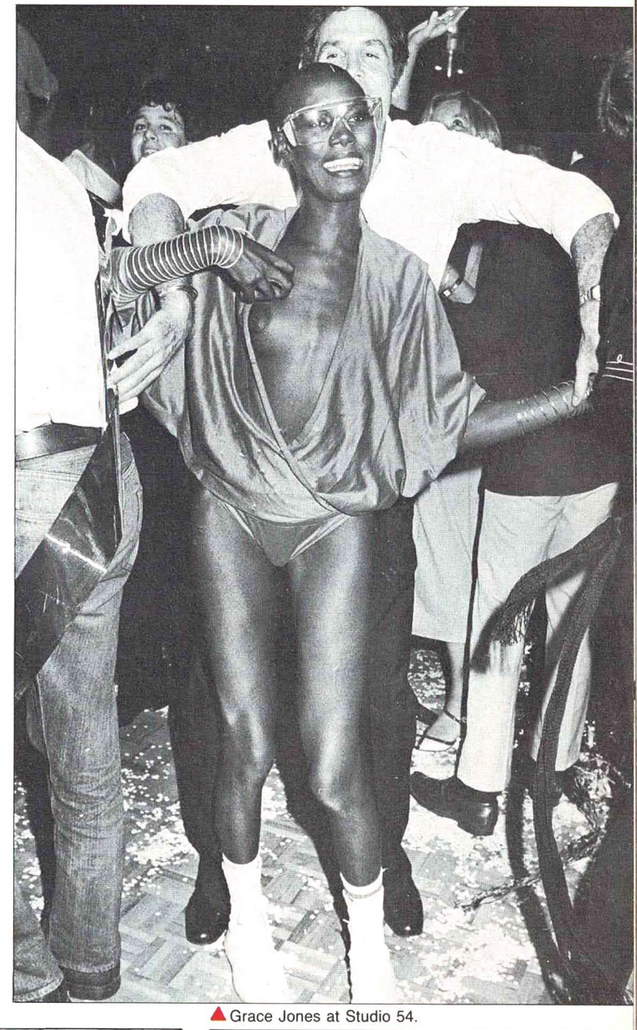






Mick Jagger with Jerry Hall.

Cosy Fanny Tutti of Throbbing Gristle.

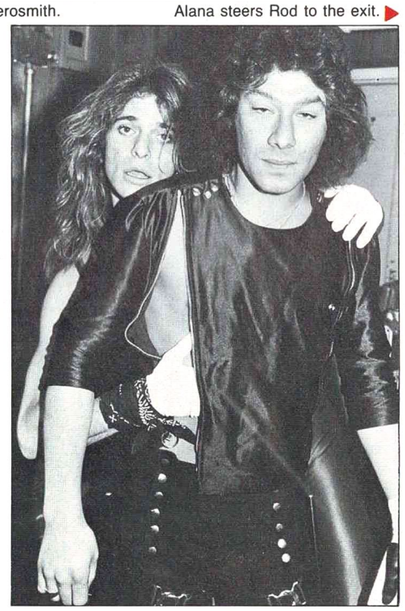


▲ Grace Jones at Studio 54.

▲ Lou Reed, Mick Jagger and David Bowie get together for a kiss and a cuddle.

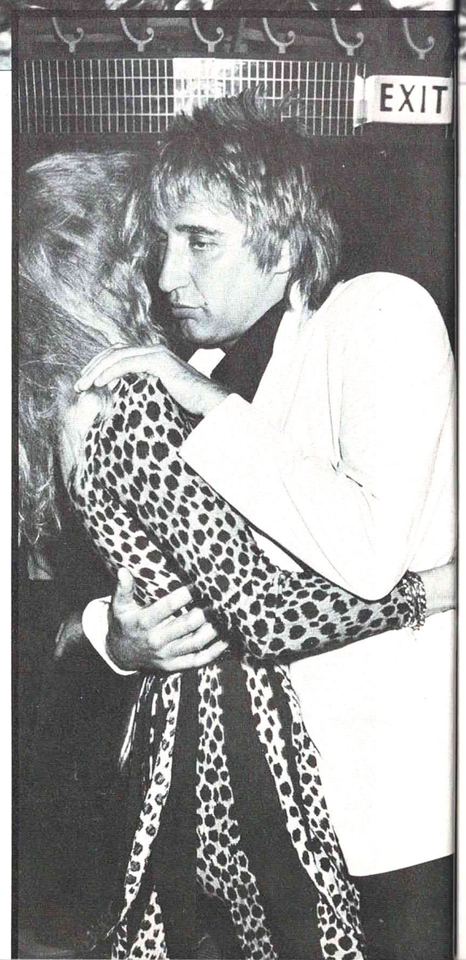
▲ Marianne Faithfull, August 1978.

▲ Roger Taylor of Queen with Steve Tyler of Aerosmith.



Van Halen prepare to go on stage.

Alana steers Rod to the exit. ▶



Amanda Lear at the Espace Cardin, Paris 1979: I.

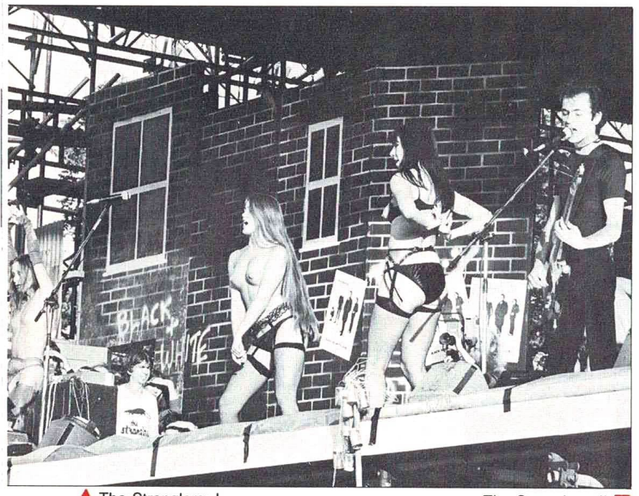
Amanda Lear at the Espace Cardin, Paris 1979: II.

Amanda Lear at the Espace Cardin, Paris 1979: III.

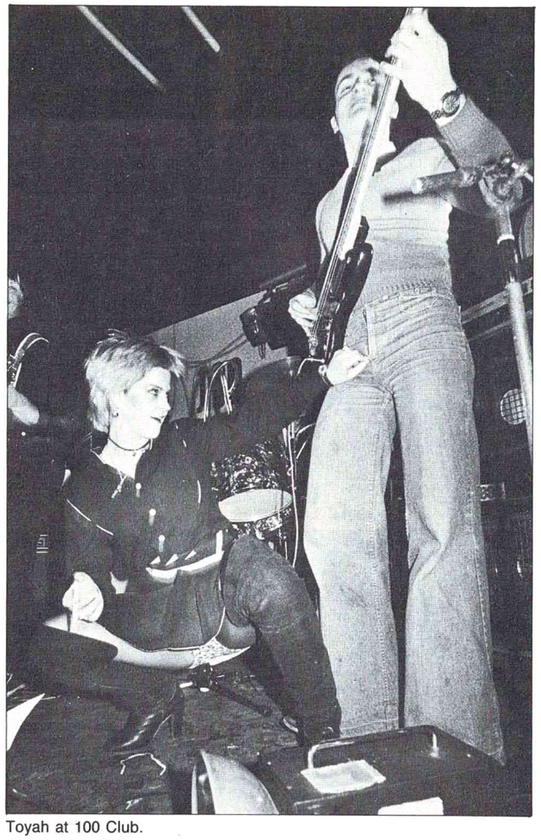
David Bowie.

& Drugs

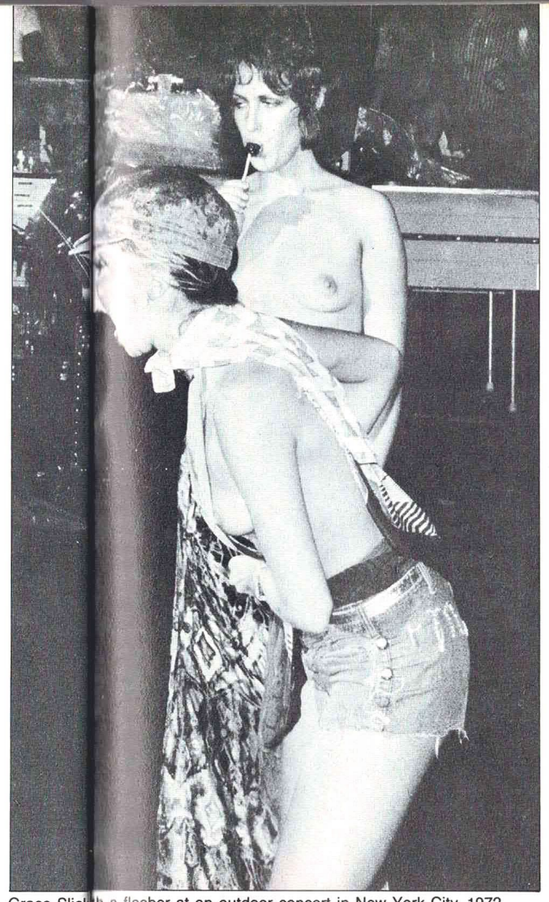
& Roc



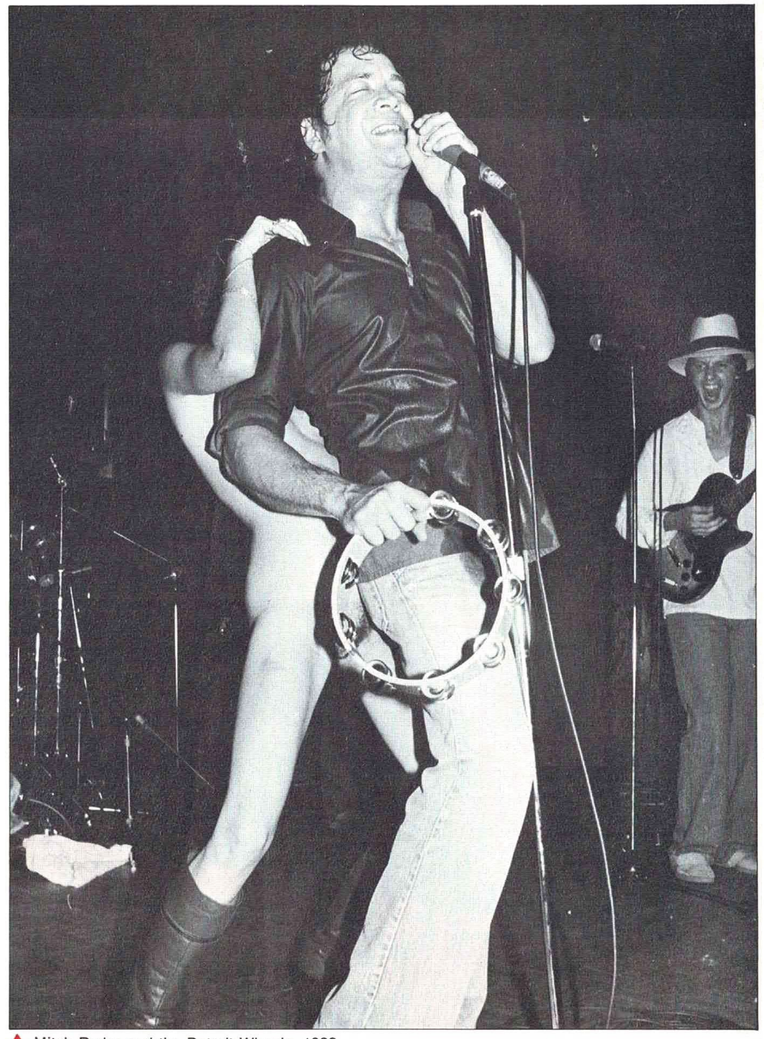
▲ The Stranglers: I



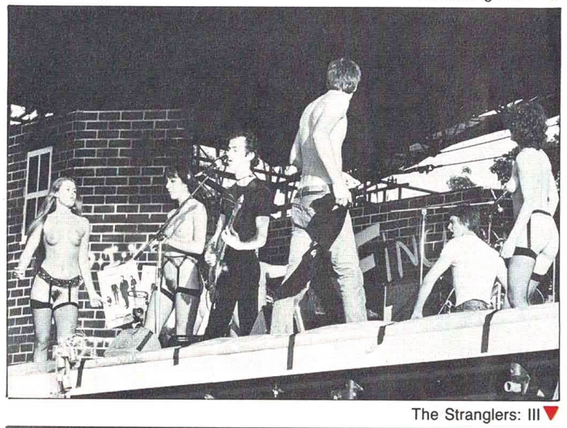
Toyah at 100 Club.



Grace Slick with a flasher at an outdoor concert in New York City, 1972.



▲ Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, 1982.

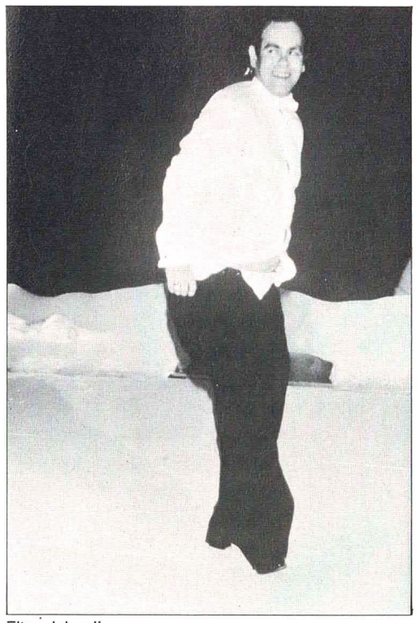


The Stranglers: III ▼

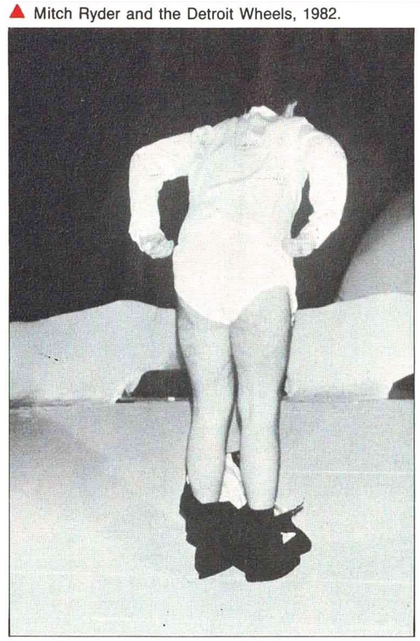
The Stranglers: IV; The police inerview the girls. ▼

Rock 'n' Roll

Elton John: I



Elton John: II.



Elton John: III

Elton John: IV.

ROUGH PASSAGE

The trouble began when Amanda came on board

FICTION BY ROBERT ENGLISH

I knew, almost from the start, that it was a mistake to take on the girl. But we'd needed a crew of three for the long haul from Honolulu to Sydney. And besides, we'd done it before and there'd never been any trouble. Female hands were usually good hands, and as long as they were suitably ugly and could cook a little, things usually worked out fine.

The only time Alan and I had ever felt the need for sex was on that three-week stint to Bermuda, but on that occasion we'd shared her, so it was okay. And she'd been a horror and a hopeless screw, so after the first time I hadn't felt like it any more, even though Alan persisted for another week until we hit port. Said she turned out to be kinky or something.

But Amanda was different. Amanda was beautiful. Amanda had the sort of figure that made you put down your beer and gawk when she walked into a bar. Which is what we both did that day. And later that night, when she hinted that she was looking for a free passage to Australia, Alan and I looked at each other, then back at Amanda . . . and the beer did the rest.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGINA STROUD

PASSAGE

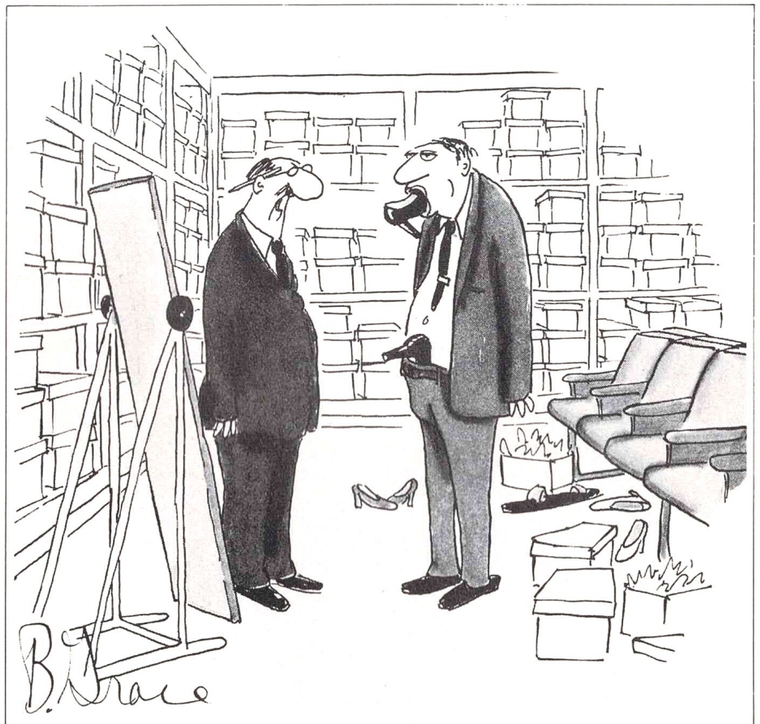
But at least she could sail. We took her out the next day to see what she could do, and quite frankly she was better than me. Because, apart from her skill on deck, she could navigate — something I had never learned beyond the basics mixed with a bit of rat cunning. But Amanda knew all about the sun, the stars, the course of the prevailing winds and all that shit. Alan had always been the navigator, and therefore the skipper. Not that he ever gave me orders, but every boat must have one, so Alan was it. The boat itself belonged to both of us — a 46-foot ketch — and in 10 years of constant sailing we'd tied up at almost every major port in the world and a few minor ones as well.

My name is Mervyn and I'm writing this thing not so much as a diary, but more as an attempt to explain what happened and why it happened. And to do that, I think we have to start with Amanda.

We hung around Honolulu for three or four days getting to know each other. Amanda liked us: you could tell that from the start. And why not? We were both good-looking guys in our early thirties, well educated, Alan with an engineering degree and me a doctor. (Well, almost . . . I mean I would have been if it hadn't been for that stupid business when I was an intern at Royal North Shore — but that's another story.) And both well hung, for Chrissake! Not that this was a consideration when we first took on Amanda. The code was there, and with the exception of that bitch on the Bermuda run, we'd stuck to it. But as I've said, Amanda was different.

We were only three days out of Honolulu when I realised that I wanted her. Maybe, in retrospect, I would have to admit that I wanted her from the moment she entered that bar. Maybe I just put the code clean out of my mind when she decided to join up.

I've thought about this a lot — about me wanting Amanda, that is — and I can't see that I've been weak or vulnerable or lacking willpower or any of that crap. Let me tell you why. This boat we're on is only 46 feet long. In other words, there's not far you can go. It's very hard to be alone, even when you're having a shit. Also, we'd reduced her to four berths (which is all we've ever needed) so there would be more room for comfort. Speaking of comfort, we have enough power to operate a 20 cubic foot freezer as well as the fridge, a four-ring stove and separate oven, a TV for when we're in port, a turntable and amplifier with a 12 by 12 Watt output, and all the other appliances and equipment you would find on most larger vessels. But in this case, the four berths were the major problem. It meant that all three of us were in each other's company day *and* night. Normally this would lead to disillusionment on a long voyage . . . but as I said, Amanda was different.



"They certainly look nice. How do they feel?"

In the mornings she would rig herself in perhaps a natty pair of white shorts — you know, really *tight* — with a loose fitting top, but *clinging*, and without a bra. And brother, did she have a figure. If she went forward to adjust some rigging and there was a swell, often as not the spray would hit her, making the flimsy top little more than a second skin. And as she swivelled her gorgeous body back towards us by the wheel, those great protruding nipples, that flowing yellow hair, those long tanned legs, that tight outlined crotch — well, you just wouldn't believe it. And she was *remote*. That's what made it worse. It wasn't that she was aloof or anything — far from it. She was friendly and warm. She had a great sense of humor. And beautiful little habits and gestures — like touching your arm when she made a point, or ruffling your hair when she was joking. But apart from that she was really her own person, cool and confident — and remote.

Sometimes when the sea was calm she would sit right on the prow, with her knees hunched and held by her arms, staring straight ahead — for hours — just thinking. And she would read. Christ, would she read . . . for entire mornings or afternoons down below. And that would annoy me because she was excluding us — or me, at any rate. I hadn't gauged Alan's feelings in the matter. He seemed to be super-cool about the whole thing, and that annoyed me too. So I started to watch him. To see if I could catch him looking at her. And I would cunningly introduce casual references to Amanda into our conversation, but he didn't or wouldn't react. It was as if she didn't exist as far as he was concerned. And that annoyed me too. In fact, the whole bloody voyage was starting to annoy me.

I'll have to stop writing now. I'd better go below and see if they're both all right.

I'm back again, at the wheel, writing. They're both okay. Where was I? Oh yes, they were both super-cool. But me . . . I was going to pieces. After a fortnight I didn't care any more about the code. I *had* to have this woman. But how? When? Where? I didn't even know whether she liked me. And then I got the sign. That's all I needed. Just a sign.

We had just finished preparing dinner, and because it was one of those perfect tropical nights you sometimes get in the South Pacific (believe me there aren't many, despite Hollywood and Michener), we had decided to eat up on deck. We'd thawed some prawns and crab and Amanda had thrown them into delicious fried patties with her own special sauce. To complement the food, Alan had opened our first bottle of Riesling — cold, crisp and dry. And after that was gone we'd shared two pipes of hash and one reel-to-reel tape of Van Morrison, so by the time the full moon had burst up over the sea, I was feeling pretty good.

Amanda was lying back, sideways, supported by an elbow, and grinning at me . . . or Alan . . . or anything. She was really gone. I decided she was looking at me. So I did the only natural thing. I grinned back. And she winked. And then laughed. Alan didn't even notice because he was stretched full-length on his back, with his hands behind his head, looking at the stars.

My stomach churned — you know what I mean, you've had the feeling — and I could feel my cock rise hard against my super-tight jeans. Jesus, I felt good. And she looked superb. I'll say right here, as an interruption, that this was something I never quite understood — at the time, that is — because every night Amanda would change for dinner, and this didn't seem to gell. I mean, who do you dress up for? Being remote and her own person, you'd think she'd stay in her work clothes — jeans or shorts or something. But no. Every night, into the shower, on with the make-up and some new gear . . . and that bloody perfume! On this particular night she'd squeezed into a skinny green number, tight around her chest and hips, and short. Christ, it was all too much.

Alan fell asleep, so Amanda and I talked. Beautiful philosophical things. Getting close. Our heads on the same level. *Really* close. I wanted her and she wanted me. She *had* to. And here was the opportunity I'd been waiting for. Alan asleep and us getting it really together — well, mentally at any rate.

About midnight, with Alan still snoring, she yawned and slowly got up. She was going to bed, she said. When was I turning in? And could we safely leave Alan up on deck? "Sure," I said, winking.

I let her get a head start — you know — to get herself ready before I followed her down. Apparently I gave her too much time because when I eventually ducked into the cabin she was already in bed and turned on her side, facing away from me. All she had on was the sheet. You may ask how I knew this — knew that she didn't even have a pair of briefs on. Well I knew because I'd lain in my bunk on other nights and watched her get ready when she'd thought I was asleep. I don't really feel guilty about that. I mean, what would anyone else have done? Anyhow, Amanda always slept in the raw.

I sat on my own bunk and slowly undressed. My brain was racing but I'd had enough experience in these situations to be able to put the brakes on. No use getting too hot just thinking about it, otherwise you'd end up with a high-school performance. And I reckoned with a super-class chick like Amanda that would go down with about as much appeal as a pygmy rape. Even so, watching the golden smoothness of her flawless back, I had fleeting glimpses into our future together when we eventually got to Sydney. Lazy days on the sand and in the surf. Early evenings in darkened, intimate cocktail bars. And then on to something wilder — maybe a late-night disco — to watch her writhe almost out of her clothes on the dance floor, her body slowly opening up its apertures and screaming to receive something more stimulating than the music. Breakfast in bed in our studio apartment as the sun streamed in to warm our bodies and rekindle our need for each other.

I got up and silently padded over to her bunk, kneeling down and softly touching her shoulders with my mouth.

"Cool it, Mervyn," she said, very much awake. Christ, she'd been waiting for me. Expecting me.

"Uh?" I said, like a fool.

"I said cool it."

She didn't even turn around. I feel embarrassed writing about it now. The bitch.

And then Alan appeared. "What the hell are you doing?"

I got up and silently padded over to her bunk, kneeling down and softly touching her shoulder with my mouth

"Who, me?" I was still on my knees.

Amanda came to my rescue. "He's lost a shoe or something," she said calmly, still on her side.

The whole thing was like a one-act play. I tried to get up but I was like a colt that's just been born — all arms and legs. Eventually I made it and as casually as I could I asked if anyone wanted a Scotch. Naturally nobody did, so I went to bed.

The next two days were pretty cool between us all. And then the storm came, and that took our minds off everything. Talk about *waves* . . . brother! I've never seen anything like it. This was the real South Pacific. And Amanda was superb — she was worth two men. Even so we lost three sails — but in these conditions there's very little you can do. We lost a lot of crockery and several bottles of liquor.

After the storm had gone we were all very depressed. And to make matters worse, we hit a calm. Eight days of it. Not a breath. And century-degree heat. We all took to reading, keeping pretty much to ourselves. During the storm we'd lost our course in an effort to save the boat and in the process we'd added at least an extra week to our journey. Not that this would normally have mattered. We had no time schedule. But after that dreadful night we all seemed to have drifted apart. It was strange. Every morning after breakfast we would take our usual positions, depending on who had the helm, but all with our books. And we would read — no-one talking. The only movement by any of us would be to have a piss (Alan and I over the side and Amanda down below) or to get a beer or something to eat. And the boat hardly moving — just wallowing.

After a week of this I was hot for Amanda again. The memory of my mortification after the first attempt had almost disappeared, because it was now a month since I'd had a woman. I was anxious as to how Alan was making out. Back in Honolulu we'd discussed at length the trip, and both of us had agreed it would be okay. But that was before we had met Amanda. Christ, was he made of bloody stone? Surely he must be feeling like me . . . but because of that dreadful night I'd been reluctant to open up the subject. He must have a private supply of bromide or something. Anyhow, I decided to have another go. But this time I'd do it right.

The opportunity came on the ninth day of the calm. I was at the helm but because of the lack of wind I'd lashed the wheel and was amusing myself with a men's magazine. Alan was below having a snooze and Amanda was on the foredeck getting some more superfluous sun into her near-black body. I knew she had nothing on because she always sun-baked that way, sheltered from our view by the cabin decking. At her request we'd agreed in Honolulu that she be allowed to do this, so long as she could do it privately. So up front was her spot. She maintained that it was no use getting the sun unless the whole of your body got it. I'm inclined to agree with her, but probably for different reasons. In any case, on a boat the size of ours, and under all exigencies, it's inevitable that privacy is not always achieved. So Alan and I had often been blessed with a view of her gorgeous body — albeit mostly just her top half, but that was usually enough. There was a sort of consensus between us that seeing a girl's tits on a trip such as ours was pretty much okay anyhow. I mean, we were all modern people. But that afternoon the thought of her lying there behind the decking was just too much, so I called out to her and asked whether she would like a swim. She stuck her head over the top and smiled, saying she'd drop the net over.

We took a couple of cans of beer with us and lay side by side, half-submerged in the water, drinking and talking and laughing as the boat dragged us along behind it, and letting the coolness rid us of the tensions of the past few days. Amanda had not bothered to don her top so that at all times I was terribly conscious of the full brown beauty of her body. But that day

PASSAGE

I was playing it cool. I had decided that small talk was always good for openers when you were feeling your way. Actually I was very strong, because I swear I would have given a hundred bucks to have her reach over and fondle my cock. Strangely, she seemed unconcerned. As I've said, I'm a good looking guy — good body, well hung and all. And she hadn't had any for just as long as me.

"You know, Amanda, I've never apologised for the other night. But really, I can't see any reason to. I mean, the food, the wine, the hash, the whole bloody thing — it was quite unreal. And you must admit, you're not exactly a Walt Disney witch." She laughed, and all at once I felt good again — confident.

"Look Mervyn, I'm not dumb. I'm not stupid. I know how it is. But on a trip like this everybody has to stay together. You and Alan have been through it all before, many times. I mean, what can I say? Okay, so we're on the mainland. That's different. You handle yourself as you think fit. But out here . . . this is hard. That's what it's all about. Don't you agree?"

I think I nodded. But her tits were fascinating me. I didn't really care what she was saying. I watched the green fluorescent water ripple over her body as she lay back in the net and pushed her face to the sun.

"Okay," I said at last, "say we're on the mainland. How about you and me? How would you handle that? I know you're pretty hungry. I saw you playing with yourself the other day and you looked as though you were having one hell of a time. What say we get together when we hit Sydney?"

She looked across at me and touched my arm. "We'll see," was all she said, and I had to be content with that because her voice and her mood demanded nothing more.

I'll have to stop again because night is falling. I'll check the others and make sure they're both okay, and then I'll make dinner. I'll write about it some more tomorrow.

Well, now it is tomorrow. Last night was okay. No trouble in handling the boat. Now where was I? Oh yes, Amanda and I in the net, and she had just left me up in the air with an enigmatic answer. But it wasn't good enough because after lying there for ten minutes or so, just watching as she lay back with her eyes closed, it became too much. As I stared at her, at the different parts of her body, I began to fantasise. I started to mentally make love to her, as if I was actually doing it, step by step. I put my mouth around her beautiful raised nipples and sucked them softly. I kissed the smooth soft line of her neck and under her chin, and then she opened her mouth and sought mine — all mental of course. Then I was down to between her legs, and that's when my mind really started to perform. I imagined them moving slowly, sensuously, as they got ready to part and receive me. I saw them arch and then separate and I could feel the cool softness of her brown thighs as if I was really touching them.

It was therefore the most natural thing in the world to roll over in the net and grab her by the shoulders and start kissing her. But instead of the impulsive, hungry reaction I'd just imagined, the opposite occurred. Now I look back on it, the whole scene must have seemed hilarious to anyone fortunate enough to have been watching, because when two bodies are struggling half-submerged in a huge net and not getting far in what they're trying to do — well, you can imagine I suppose. After her initial protest, I was with *her*. But my efforts to extricate myself must have been misinterpreted by Amanda as a further more violent attempt to force myself upon her, because suddenly she was fighting me with an unnecessary amount of physical panic. And the more I struggled the more violent she became, until in the end she managed to roll me off and hold me down under the water in an effort, I suppose, to half-drown me. When I had finally broken free she would not accept my gasping explanation that the whole thing was not what she thought. She got back on board and went below. I don't think she told Alan because I couldn't hear them talking and later, when I went down to get a beer, he was still asleep.

> The more I struggled the more violent she became, until in the end she managed to roll off me and hold me down in the water

But Amanda didn't talk to me again — just curt answers and necessary questions, and that was all. The voyage had become a nightmare, for me at any rate. Now she was even more remote, more unattainable. And I was now more hot for her than ever. The struggle in the net, despite the devastation of her rejection, had somehow been tremendously stimulating. My flesh had touched hers. I had smelt her smell. And her struggle beneath me had turned on some kind of inherent male domination thing — perhaps the excitement a rapist feels or something like that. Anyhow, all I know is that I wanted her more than anything else in the world. I was in love with her.

And then it happened. Out of the blue — without warning. And the most painful, hurtful thing of all was that I was completely unaware. Perhaps a shrewder person than myself would've been wise — but not me. Not stupid, naive Mervyn. I am being embarrassingly honest about all this, and about myself, because I want people to understand. Maybe I just want myself to understand.

It happened about four nights after the incident in the net. And to get the whole picture, you must realise that we were still two or three weeks from our first landfall. We were having dinner down below and because I was cooking, Amanda and Alan were sitting opposite each other, alone at the table. I was in the galley getting the coffee and for some reason I ducked back into the cabin to find them staring at each other, their hands linked across the table. Their attitude was unmistakable. They were on together.

I went to pieces. My mind and my body — everything — couldn't or wouldn't accept it. They looked up and saw me standing there. And they did something which made it even worse. They both removed their hands and looked guilty. As if they wanted to spare my feelings. As if I was a little boy or something. That was what really got into my guts. I was an outsider. I don't think I've ever felt so paranoic — and that includes the time before I started treatment.

And then, as if in a dream, I heard Alan talking. Something about having been married in Honolulu. And not having screwed in deference to my situation. And how they were very much in love and I had to understand that. Christ, I can't write any more — I'm crying. I'd better go down again and see if they're all right. I'll try and write some more tomorrow. I can't write at night in the cabin because they're down there. I sleep on deck now. I eat up here, too.

I'm feeling better this morning. It rained last night, quite heavily. But I didn't mind the discomfort. Water was low and now we've got enough for another fortnight. Food's okay, even though it's now been three months. Christ, I wish I'd learnt to navigate. I have absolutely no idea where we are. Still in the tropics, that's for sure. I'll have to start on Amanda soon, and that's something I just don't seem to be able to face. It was okay with Alan. After I'd dissected him, he didn't seem to be a person any more and therefore it was easy to eat him. You just close your mind off when you're that hungry. But Amanda is different. I keep telling you that. So I've kept her whole — in the freezer. She's just the same as the day I killed her. Absolutely no deterioration at all. And while she's whole I can still talk to her. I won't be able to after I start to cut her up. It won't be the same.

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The Pioneer LaserDisc is the first product of any kind to put laser hardware directly into the hands of the consumer. Now the Pioneer LD-1100 videodisc player — a new-generation version of Pioneer-perfected laser-optical videodisc players already used in industry — utilises state of the art microcomputer control systems to give the user an incredible range of functions. They include individual frame location at the touch of a button, "freeze" frame, slow motion playback, forward or reverse scan, and elapsed time display. In this non-contact system the pick-up never touches the disc. Consequently, there's no deterioration of picture quality no matter how many times you play the disc. Snowy, static-generated "noise bars" are a thing of the past; you get crystal-clear vision every time.

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Clip and send completed coupon to: **Pioneer Sight & Sound Competition**, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceding copy.

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Your entry and participation must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely open to all Australian residents other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and Pioneer Electronics Australia Pty Ltd and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, April 26, 1985. The winner will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Pioneer Electronics Australia Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

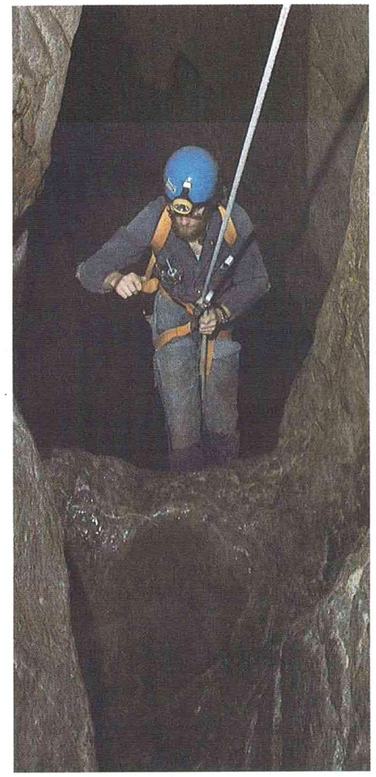
"He refuses to be part of an undignified struggle for a few crumbs."

A visit to the subterranean world is guaranteed to unlock all your irrational fears

DOWN AND DIRTY

BY STEPHEN BUNTON

Caves animate all of man's phobias: fear of darkness, of heights, of water, of cold, of isolation, of confinement and of the unknown. But these fears are the caver's elements; they're the aspects that provide the challenges in this demanding sport. The caver's world is the most dismal arena that any competitor could enter; a world illuminated only by a small puddle of light



DOWN

emanating from the front of a helmet.

To be a modern-day explorer on a planet which is fully charted, probed and photographed by satellites is a dream rarely realised. In caving it is a reality and the prospect of genuine discoveries inspires people to enter this most forbidding of all terrestrial environments. Primitive men feared caves, believing them to be the dwelling places of evil spirits. Armed only with insatiable curiosity and the technology of fire, men could put aside that fear and enter the subterranean world.

The mission of the neolithics was ritual. The ritual of modern man is sport. The difference today is that man is armed with a technology that not only pushes the frontiers of discovery but extends the limits of man's ability.

There is only one rule in caving: survive. Any excursion is generally approached with the view that both caver and cave should endure the ordeal unharmed — but it isn't always that simple. There are no guidelines on judgement or skills. They are learned by experience and practised religiously, but even when mastered there is no guarantee of safety. Just as a caver never knows what is around the next corner, he never knows if his next move will be his last. A caver is a unit of uncertainty in an uncertain world.

Switch off the electricity and the world goes black, a darkness absolute and eternal. Your hand at nose-distance is invisible. The total absence of light, though a constant companion, is no friend. A caver's best friend is a carbide light and its fragile flame. Nothing sets the adrenalin flowing as much as a wayward drop of water that extinguishes it, nullifying the sense upon which man is most dependent — his sight.

How can anyone explore such places by choice? That is a question I have asked myself many times, and still do.

Caves are formed in limestone which dissolves in acidic rainwater and surface runoff. It is this rainwater which forms the cave and becomes an omnipresent feature of the environment. From the drop that dampens the overalls to the raging river that needs to be forded or swum, water is the most formidable of the caver's adversaries.

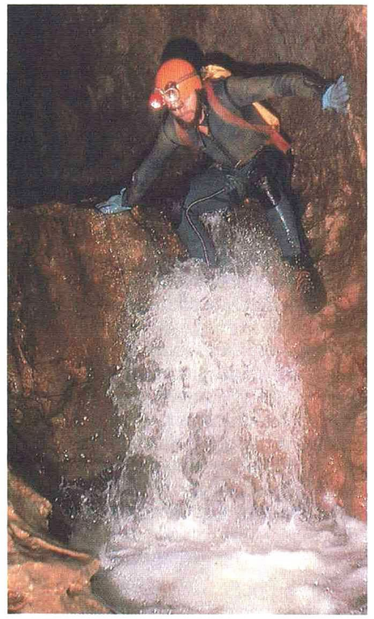
In some cases a passage may be inundated to the roof. This requires a roof-sniff, with the caver only able to proceed by submerging all but his nostrils and slowly moving forward without creating waves. Often it is easier to fully submerge and proceed on the contents of a single breath. Such situations promote chronic anxiety in cavers. What if the cave floods and the level rises? Most cavers can relate tales of people trapped inside, waiting for floodwaters to subside. Some have been unlucky enough to have been traversing flood-prone passages when they have filled, because caves are nature's stormwater drains. And underground, remote from any possible weather observations, a caver never knows when a storm may break. To exit a cave and find yourself confronted by a menacing wall of water rushing towards you is no fun. My best friends were nearly drowned when they were forced to bodysurf a floodpulse down a narrow canyon. Only the climbing skills of one of them saved the group; he scaled a sheer wall to escape the torrent.

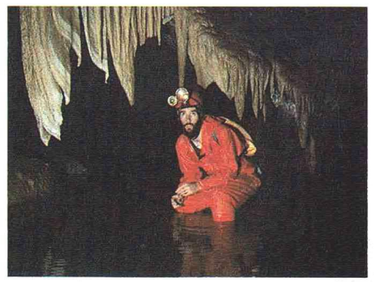
The exploration of caves is a sequential surmounting of obstacles, with each challenge met in turn. There is no prior investigation, nor is the ultimate objective in sight like the summit of a beckoning mountain. The "highs" are in reaching the bottom of a deep cave or the end of a long one. It may mean scrambling over house-sized boulders or squeezing through tiny holes, some so tight they lovingly grip at an expanded chest. Forcing your way through may require a sequence of exhalations as you inch forward. One cave, at Cliefden in NSW, has a very exclusive "inner siders club." Only a few people small enough to fit through the entrance and willing to strip to their underwear can get inside. Once redressed, they are treated to a magnificent display of calcite decorations.

The feeling of "the walls pressing in on you", though a simple phobia for daylight lovers, has very different connotations for the caver. The chance of rockfalls is low but ever-present. Several times I have had to rescue companions who have been trapped or pinned to the wall by a boulder which happens to settle at an inopportune moment. I was once rattled down a seemingly bottomless abyss atop a falling rock. I must have looked like the cartoon coyote as I rode it down but the euphoria halted when I found my left foot crushed. Suddenly a leisurely photo trip had turned into a survival epic. It was to be a long, arduous, uphill crawl on hands and knees, involving upstream wading, rockclimbing and a 30-metre rope climb using arm strength alone. The stars were a most welcome sight that night, though I still had a one kilometre crawl down the track to the car.

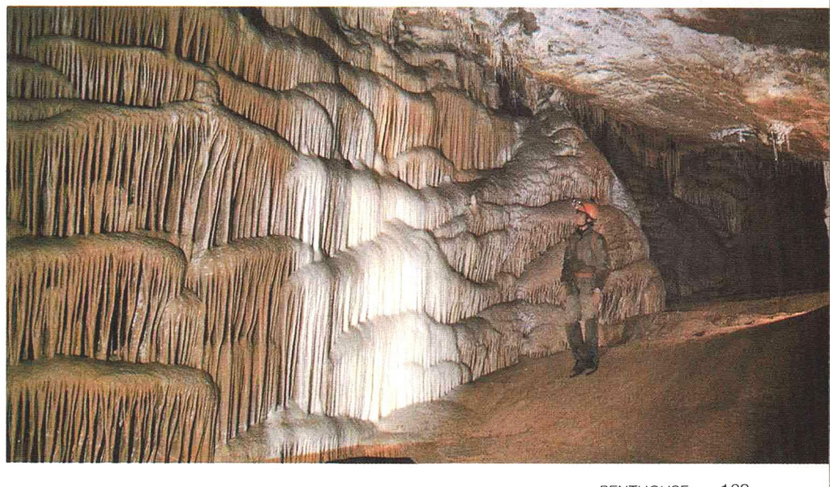
The chances of being rescued in some of the remote areas of Australia are slim at best. Every move must be considered in this context. Cavers have developed an unwritten code of practice, enabling the "safe" use of their arsenal of caving paraphernalia.

Yet I still cringe each time I hang my weight on a thin strand of rope. These single rope techniques have revolutionised caving. No longer do cavers carry mountains of ladders, safety lines and abseiling ropes. Light and fast has become the predominant edict; sturdiness has been superseded by an apparently flimsy length of nylon rope just nine millimetres thin — the diameter of the average little finger. Some vertical drops, called pitches, are over 100 metres deep. The feeling of dan-





Pages 106, 107: Trevor Wailes pushes through the mud of Herpes III, part of Growling Swellet Cave, Tasmania. These pages, clockwise from top left: Single-rope abseiling into the Drum Cave, NSW; Descending into Midnight Hole, Tasmania; Wetsuited Stephen Bunton negotiates an underground waterfall; Inside Tasmania's Croesus Cave; Shrouds of flowstone in The Forbidden City, a feature of the Kubla Khan Cave, Tasmania.



DOWN

gling in a vertical void is hard to get used to. Traditionalists have scorned such radical and seemingly crazy tactics. "What's it like to put your life on the line, literally?" asked one caver from the old school, succinctly expressing everyone's uncertainty.

The answer lies in speed and efficiency. Exploration of one cave, called The Chairman, exhausted the resources of all the local Tasmanian clubs. The entrance is an 88-metre gaping hole located in dense rainforest over an hour's walk from the road; initial exploration required many porters just to carry the ladders to the entrance. Men had to be perched on every ledge down the the entrance pitch so they could lifeline the man who eventually touched down. Like a lone astronaut who requires the entire NASA organisation for his mission, this caver needed the help of every active caver in the area. The trip took 18 hours and merely confirmed that the cave continued to even greater depths.

The cave was subsequently explored by three Sydney-siders using the single rope technique (SRT). They fully explored the five pitches to the bottom and ascended, rigging and derigging the entire cave in a mere 12 hours. Australian caving had entered the Space Age.

SRT involves the combination of two older techniques initially developed for mountaineering. Abseiling is the art of descending a fixed rope using the friction generated across a mechanical device, called a descender, which is clipped to the caver's harness. He ties his rope at the top of a pitch, choosing something solid like a boulder, threads the rope through the descender and clips it to his seat harness. A metal snaplink, karabiner or rapide attaches the descender to the caver and this supports his weight. Speed of descent is regulated by the use of one hand holding the rope below the descender. This hand actually controls the amount of friction. All the caver needs to do now is cultivate the nerve to step backwards off the edge of the abyss.

Ascending requires a completely different set of gear which is again clipped into the caver's harness. Prusiking is a method of ascending a single fixed rope. This involves the use of various clamps or ascenders, of which Jumars are the most commonly used. These devices have a sprung cam which allows them to slide up the rope but not down. When they clamp on to the rope they grip and thus support the weight of the cave. Propulsion is achieved using a set of stirrups, known as a rig.

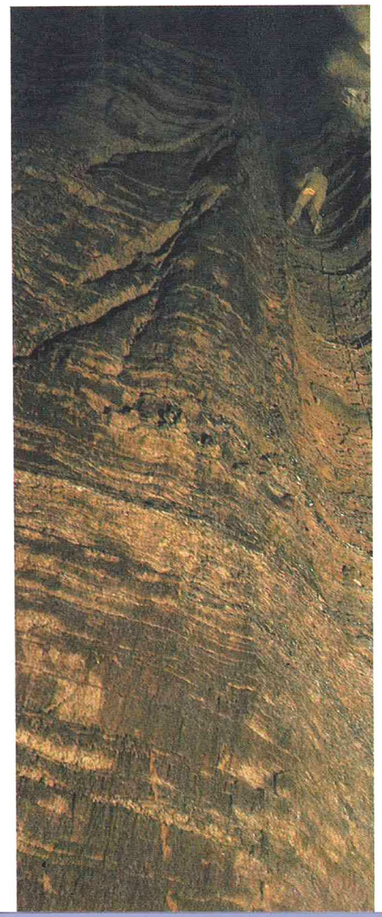
The efficiency of vertical caving is demonstrated by the speeds which can be achieved. Some cavers can climb 50 metres of rope in one and a half minutes and 100 metres the height of a skyscraper. in about four minutes.

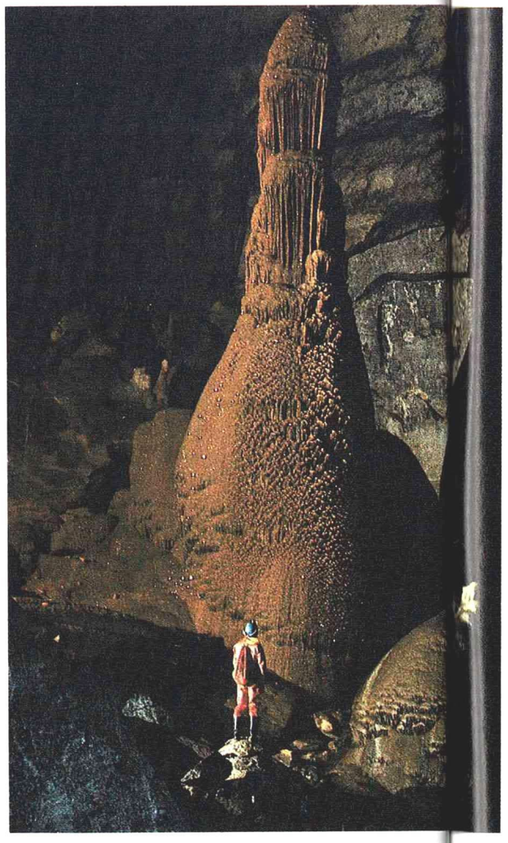
Yet there is a lot more to the single rope technique than just going up and down. The initial criticism is still the most valid: "What happens if the rope breaks?" Certainly if the SRT is fast, then so too is a caver's death if he does it wrongly.

Nylon ropes may be strong enough to support a caver's weight but the perennial problem is that of abrasion. The jerky movements of abseiling and prusiking can cause a rope to melt as it passes over any sharp edge where it may be rigged. The real skills of vertical caving using SRT are in the rigging of the rope to *eliminate* abrasion. Reducing it is not considered safe enough.

The first answer to the problem was to sheath the rope in the tougher fabric of a piece of equipment known simply as a rope protector. The placing of rope protectors required a degree of judgement which was never easy whilst dangling exhausted beneath a raging waterfall. Beyond the obvious discomfort caused by water beating on your helmet and pouring down the inside of your overalls, water provides a hidden danger. The cool temperatures of cave waters can lead to the onset of hypothermia (exposure), a silent killer. By rigging the rope free of water and any rock protections, a caver can overcome two of the most significant hazards in his sport. The achievement of this level of safety is the test of a caver's skill.

This page, right to left: Kellar's Cellar, the longest vertical drop (known to cavers as a "pitch") in an Australian cave; Prusiking out of Big Tree Pot's 100-metre pitch; The subterranean splendor of Tasmania's Ghengis Khan Cave. Opposite page, top: Descending into the tricky Col-In-Cavern at Mt Anne, Tasmania; Bottom: The Pleasure Dome, spectacular showpiece of the wild Kubla Khan Cave.



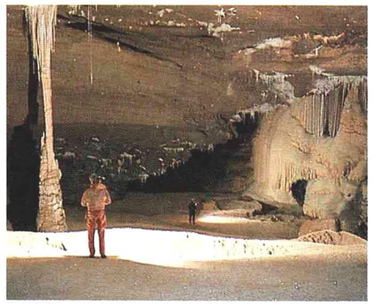


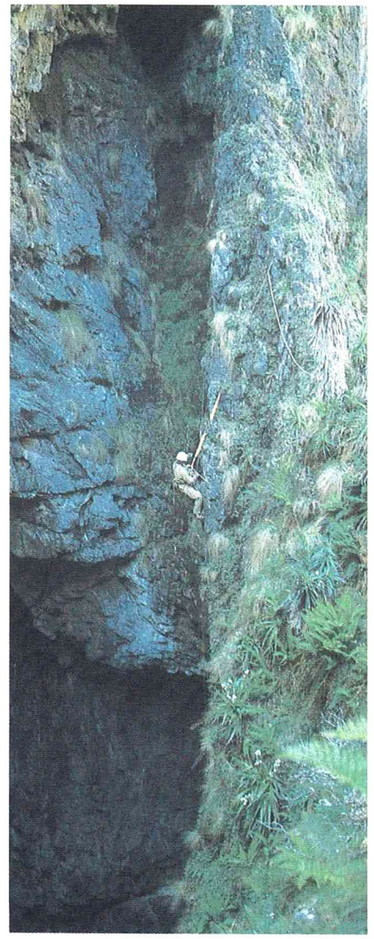
But there are no safety contracts for cavers. Just as you never know what is around the next corner, you also never know for certain if your anchor point is trustworthy. Recently a caver was hit in the head by a boulder which broke from the wall. He had used it as part of the anchor for his aerial skyway of ropes and when he weighted the rock, it failed. His party was faced with the frightening reality of an unconscious friend dangling mid-air five metres below where they stood on a ledge, some hundreds of metres below the surface. The attraction of caving is not found in these situations, but knowing that you are competent to handle such a contingency provides some of the self-satisfaction sought in the underworld. Caving is always mentally demanding. You must be alert and in control at all times, reducing the potential for disasters and capable of handling whatever eventuates.

Caves, it has been remarked, are blacker than the inside of a dog. Only that light which is carried enables the caver to see a path through. Electric lights are the most common but these can be treacherously unreliable. In a large party, such a failure is mere inconvenience, as each person carries his mate's spare light. Sporting cavers, attempting more ambitious projects than, perhaps, the 10 scouts with four dolphin torches, need to be more independent. They move faster, travel further and often separate from the main, small group, so many carry spare light sources. To a solo caver, a light failure without spares would mean a certain, slow and cold death.

Miner's lights are the most used — electric and dependable. But these must be recharged, like a car battery, which presents problems on extended expeditions. And they only offer about 10 hours of light, which is a further limitation. Besides, they are awkward, bulky and heavy. The answer lies not in new technology but in the reapplication of the old. Carbide lamps are a feature of any exotic or challenging caving trip.

The calcium carbide reacts with water to produce acetylene gas. On a commercial level, this process supplies the raw materials for oxy-acetylene welding and cutting. It was first used to supply light for the steam engines of post-Industrial Revolution Britain. A miniature version can be mounted on the helmet to provide a warm, well-





dispersed light. The lamp is in two chambers; the upper contains a little water which trickles into the lower chamber containing the carbide. The gas produced follows a tube to the jet, mounted in front of a reflector, where it is ignited. A caver need only top up the water and carry a spare source of carbide in a waterproof container. Relighting is achieved using a flint on the reflector or a cigarette lighter. Carbide lights do extinguish in adverse conditions and for such situations a waterproof electric light is taken as a spare.

The waste product of the carbide reaction is a stinking white alkali powder, which is a visual and chemical pollutant. All cavers carry a spare container so they can remove such waste from the cave.

Cave exploration is undergoing a boom period throughout the world. In the last decade more caves have been discovered than in all the preceding history of cave exploration. Expeditions around the globe have discovered and mapped phenomenal lengths of cave passage.

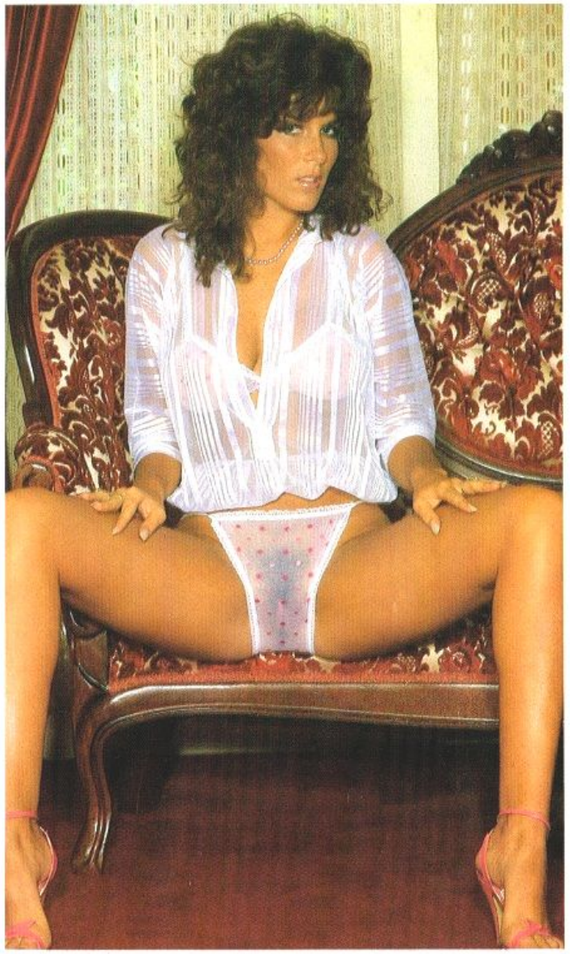
That boom has been amply reflected in Australia, with many Australians at the forefront of expeditions to Papua New Guinea, Mexico and New Zealand. At home many of the discoveries have been made in the dense, rainforested mountains of Tasmania. With the growth in exploration, the identity of Australia's deepest cave has changed. Twice in the last few years one record has been superseded by another. Anne-a-Kananda, the current deepest-known abyss, sinks 400 metres in to the slopes of Mt Anne in Tasmania's southwest.

Recreational caving, too, is gaining in popularity, with youth group and university clubs regularly introducing novices to the subterranean world, along with the numerous clubs and speleological societies in all capital cities. At almost every tourist cave site there are also wild caves for the adventurously spirited, though permits are required. The average holidaymaker fails to realise that beyond the paving and fences are far more extensive systems. A woman visiting Jenolan Caves floored a guide by asking the extent of undiscovered areas. Since she posed the question a further five kilometres have been mapped in the area.

Such surprises abound. One group were crawling through the "Four Mile" of passages at Camooweal in Queensland; their wildest imaginations could not have entertained visions of what they were to find. Mysterious pairs of red eyes reflected the beams of their lights. Tropical caves are a haven for birds and bats and the cavers were prepared for these creatures, but not any red-eyed monsters. Like a scene from *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, closer inspection revealed snakes gaping ferociously as they hung from the cave walls, seeming to mistake the human presence for that of smaller, more edible intruders.

Despite a paucity of limestone deposits and mountainous terrain needed for cave development, Australia has many unique speleological features. The dune limestone deposits of Western Australia are most unusual; the passages formed within them, now open to tourists, are among the most spectacular in the world. Also the vast expanse of the Nullarbor Plain,featureless and stark from above, is most impressive from below. Some of the largest caverns in Australia are found here. The scant moisture which falls in the area percolates underground. Inside the caves beneath, this water has accumulated as huge lakes, deep blue and so crystal clear that it is possible to see the bottom through a depth of 10 metres.

Cavers don't venture underground merely to seek out these spectacular sites; rather, it is the challenge of a unique sport that lures them. No-one has yet devised rules for an underground Olympics, nor are there any teams of spectators. Individualism in caving is its own reward. Walking up a steep hill all day, carrying a 40-kilogram pack, may seem a little extreme. Fanatical cavers, of whom there are many, are driven to these lengths by the intense satisfaction they derive from the sport. Caving is a journey into a hostile environment and a rewarding experience for having dared. O



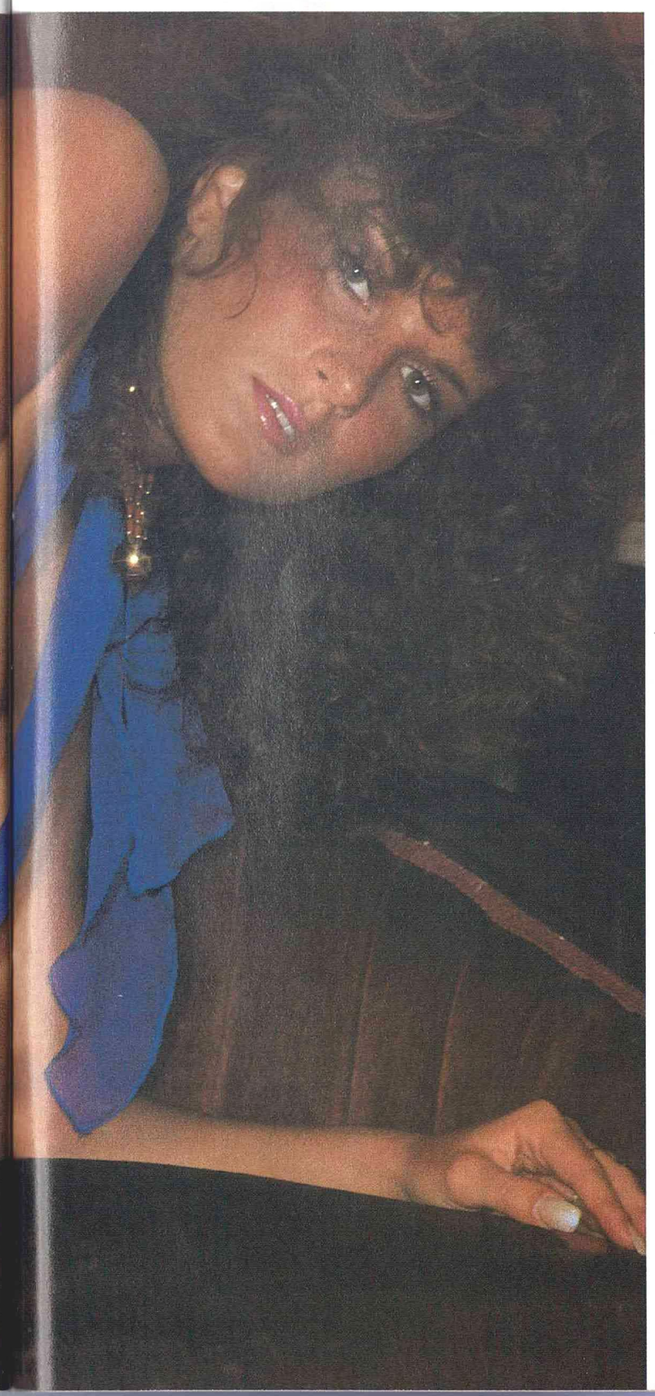
A GOOD CATCH

"As in fish," says 22-year-old Roe Adler as she introduces herself. It may be a singularly unromantic memory aid, but this brunette beach girl says it best does the job. "I've tried others," she says. "Like 'as in pretty maids all in a . . .' and 'as in skid', but the fish seems to work the best." Perhaps it's because those she meets reckon she'd be a good catch.

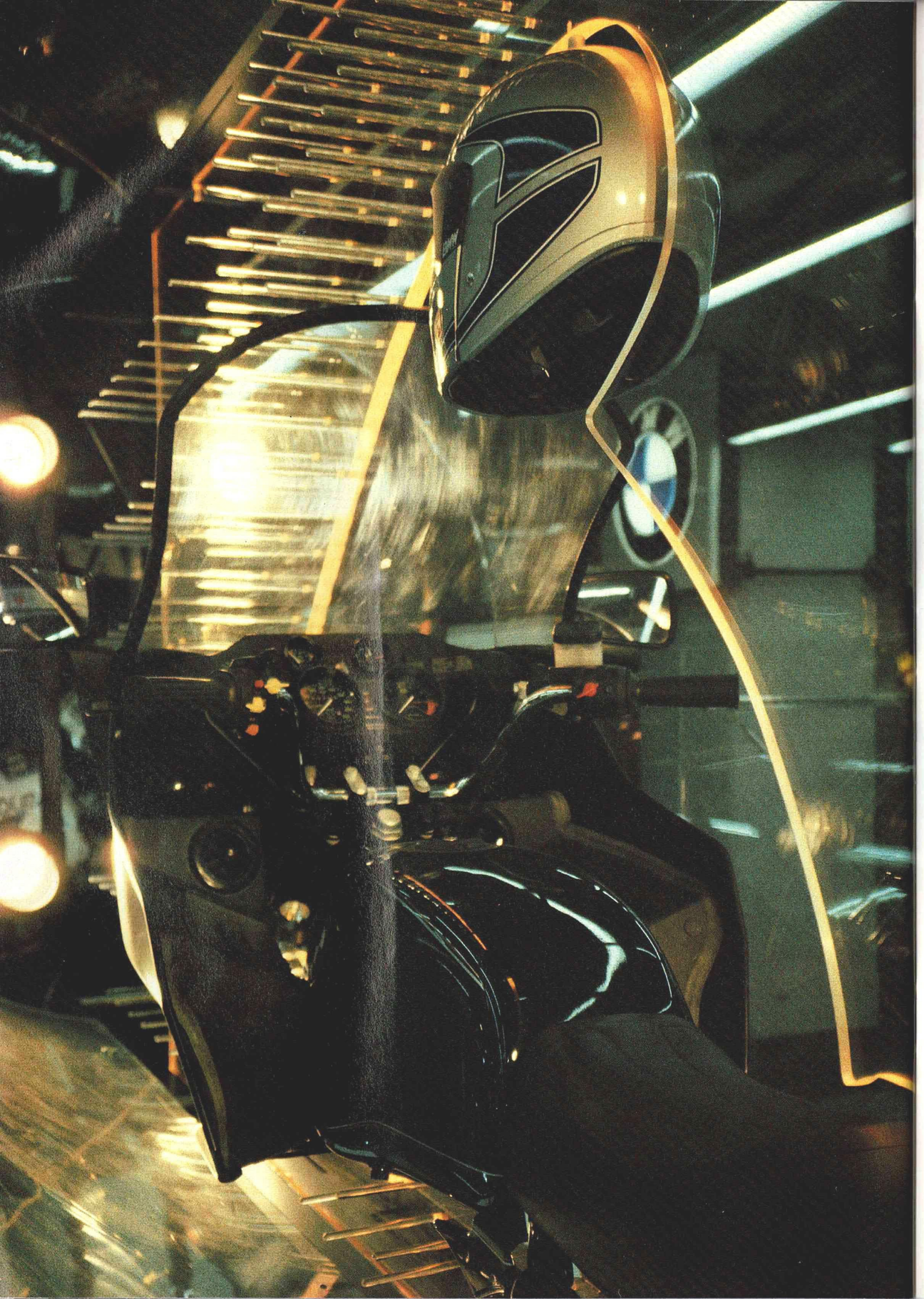
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESLIE TURTLE

Roe works as a travelling saleswoman for a cosmetics firm and a good deal of her time is spent ringing people's bells.

"The job suits my lifestyle," she says. "If there's not much work around I nip off to the beach for the day."



By the looks of that golden tan it would seem that sales have been pretty thin on the ground. "Not so," she says. "I was the company's number one perfume salesperson in the last financial sector." So much for the fish tag. In this case a Roe by any other name would smell as sweet.



Suzuki's standard bike becomes a racetrack powerhouse with the addition of optional parts.

FUTURE SHOCK

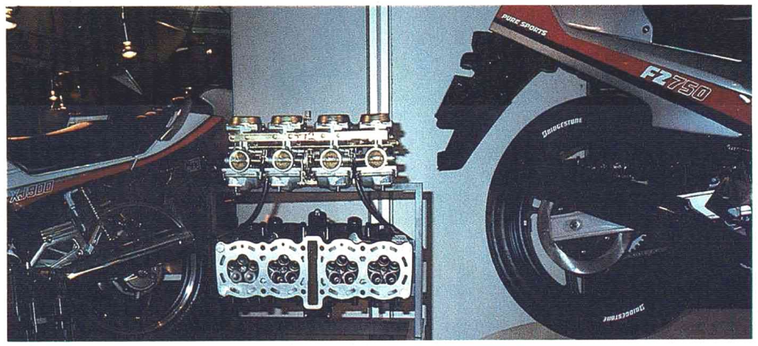
The latest range of lightweight two-wheelers have rocketed straight from the race track to the open road

It may be all quiet on the motorcycle front for the moment, but that's only because it's the lull before the 1985 storm. Two of the traditional big four from Japan are about to unload their heavy metal on the local market for another year with the emphasis on power to the people. Judging by the sort of hardware that will drop on to the Australian market, the customer needs either to be signed up with St Christopher or to have a very cool hand when it comes to handling super-fast machinery.

1985 will be remembered as a vintage year for new releases — if not from traditional market leader Honda, then certainly from the lesser lights. Surprisingly, the undefeated world champ in Honda is not party to any spectacular new models for this year, leastwise not in Australia, although other parts of the world are getting a triple-cylinder water-cooled race replica which is far from being a scrubber . . . but more about that later.

What concerns those people with access to credit, or around $5000 in folding stuff, is the array of sphincter tearing two-wheelers being crated up in Japan and bound for Australian motorcycle shops. If you're going to let your head go on bikes, now is the time to get down to the serious business of

WORDS AND PICTURES BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN



The aggressively styled cylinder bank of the Yamaha 750 sports bike.

SHOCK

deciding what's your poison.

The most potent concoctions come from Suzuki, which was in a stand-off situation for the first half of the decade while Yamaha and Honda engaged in their famous dust-up for market supremacy. Now that the feud has been resolved conclusively in favor of Honda, leaving Yamaha in financial disarray to the tune of a $220 million loss last year, Suzuki has made a timely decision to get tough. The knowledge Suzuki has gained in a quarter-century of race track experience has culminated in two bikes which will make the opposition reappraise opinions of the thin line dividing grand prix and endurance racing from the street.

While race replicas are not new — English brands Velocette, BSA and Norton played with the formula in the Forties and Fifties and the Japanese have been at it for the last decade — Suzuki has expanded new horizons with the GSX-R750. For around $5000 the new Suzuki smashes all previous limits and produces a new benchmark in power to weight ratio and outright performance for a road-going motorcycle.

The bike in its basic or road registerable form is powered by a four-cylinder 750cc engine wrapped up in an aluminium frame and clothed in a wind-slicing fibreglass fairing. It's good for 250 km/h (150 mph). What elevates this bike to a higher plane is the attention paid to weight saving in its construction, which sees the bike tip the scales at 176 kgs, at the same time delivering a power thrust of 100 bhp — or one neddy per 1.76 kgs. Imagine a beast with the size and strength of Kingston Town thundering out of the barrier bearing a jockey weighing less than a telephone directory; that's roughly what the Suzuki engineers have created for the power enthusiasts of the bike world.

Other bikes with the same engine size — Honda's VF 750, Kawasaki's GPz 750, Yamaha's XJ 750 — will now be forced to compete against a rival that in one fell swoop develops between 10 and 11 percent more power while losing around 20 percent in weight. And if that's not good enough for megalomaniacs, Suzuki is offering an optional array of improvement parts for the serious "racer" which would boost power output to 130 bhp. In that form the bike should be capable of close to 300km/h (185 mph), although the rider will never see that on the speedo — the dial only runs to 280.

Fully kitted, the GSX-R750 is meant for the race track, although there is nothing to stop anyone from transforming the 100 bhp engine into the full-blown 130 bhp monster . . . except insufficient cash.

The power plant itself is unique, being oil cooled with a little assistance from small fins on the block — a design inspired by high-powered reciprocating aircraft engines like the Rolls Royce Merlins which flew in the Spitfire and Mustang World War II fighters. Suzuki's advanced cooling system serves as a single unit with the dual purposes of dissipating high temperatures and providing lubrication, while dispensing with the need for (and the weight of) a separate cooling system.

Running four valves per cylinder and a magnesium cylinder head cover, the donk develops its maximum charge at 11,000 rpm and top grunt at 10,000 rpm.

New to the street scene is an intake system for the quartet of flat-sided carburettors, which draw unobstructed breath from an air cleaner box located in a hollowed out section of the 20-litre petrol tank, thus producing a cooler and more oxygenated combustion mixture for burning.

Exhaust gas extraction is achieved by four-into-one vortex header pipes culminating in a single muffler treated with thermetel, which has a use in the treatment of jet engine turbine blades. Heat and corrosion resistant, the muffler dulls the roar of the engine but not the bark emanating from the crank spinning at ten grand.

Shod with ultra-low profile tyres with identical sectional dimensions as racing rubber on aluminium wheels, the GSX-R750 has the strongest stoppers in the business — a pair of 300mm spiral slotted discs in the front end and a hefty single rotor at the rear acted on by no less than 10 hydraulic ram pistons.

There seems to be no quibble with Suzuki's hype that this bike was born to be a legend, unless they've planned to supersede it in 1986 with an updated version, cosmetically or otherwise, as Honda has done with the CB 1100R.

The first of the 1100Rs had insufficient time to elevate itself into the legend category before Honda popped another, then another, on to a flummoxed and in some cases disillusioned buying public.

While the GSX-R750 is the product of Suzuki's endurance racing team, linked strongly with Japanese tuning ace "Pops" Yoshimura, the second part of its 1985 double whammy, the RG 500, is the responsibility of its grand prix efforts. This half-litre, four-cylinder, two-stroke powered bike is Suzuki's answer to the RZ 500 Yamaha which took out last year's Castrol Six Hour, humbling the might of the 1000cc Honda VF 1000R in the process.

Yamaha has promised more RZs for this year but not in unlimited quantity, which augurs well for sales of the Suzuki.

What Yamaha will be pushing, though, is a 750 sports bike featuring a five valves per cylinder four-pot engine claimed to develop 100 bhp, but weighing more than the GSX-R750 Suzuki. Aggressively styled, but not so much a race replica, the FZ 750 features a cylinder bank angled forward at 45 degrees to allow the tank to tuck low behind downdraught carburettors for low centre of gravity and reduced frontal area.

While the world expected Honda to follow their grand prix success of a couple of years ago (when Freddie Spencer won the world championship) and mount a challenge in the 500cc two-stroke class, it surprised with a tri-cylinder 380cc bike which local importers are backing off. It's down on power to the Suzuki and Yamaha, and it seems there's little point in marketing a bike which, on paper at least, appears to be outgunned by the opposition as a race track contender.

The bike, designated NS 400R, is also the low man on the totem pole, being penalised by higher Australian registration and insurance costs which are heavily weighted against engines above 300cc capacity.

Kawasaki last year stabled the most popular road bike, the GPz 900R, topping the local sales charts and succeeding in production racing although dipping out in the Castrol. A new 600cc water-cooled GPz and a 750 in the same format have been added to the range for this year to support the 900 and long-established 1100.

Lovers of European machinery have a banner waver coming in the Formula 1 Ducati replica, excitingly swathed in the Italian tricolor and mirroring the Bologna factory's endurance racing exploits.

There will be no surprises from the other manufacturers — BMW is sitting pat with its trio of four-cylinders and 800cc boxer twins and Harley-Davidson will not introduce the Porsche-designed four-cylinder, although heavy metal freaks can expect updated V twins. O+

The fastest way to slay the opposition.

With the advent of the FJ1100 many so called superbikes look anything but super, because Yamaha have put performance first. The FJ1100 is a compact 1100cc parallel four with double overhead cams and a 16-valve head, housed in a racebred chassis that's second to none in production-line motorcycles. Either as a sporting superbike or a touring machine that gobbles up the kilometres, but not the petrol, the FJ really does slay the opposition. Your Yamaha Dealer will be delighted to inform you of all the FJs technical innovations that are far too numerous to mention here.

YAMAHA
The FJ1100 Bred for touring

YMJA3524

"What they wanted was an extended Barbara Cartland novel, I gave it to them. You work on the theory that most of them know less than you anyway, so you get away with it"

JOHN-MICHAEL HOWSON

BY ADRIAN TAME

John-Michael Howson is the confidant of the stars; man-about-Hollywood and a thousand film sets. Is he a hard-edged interrogator or soft-centred groupie? An erudite student of the cinematic art, or a frustrated fan in the front row of the stalls? Or merely what malicious gossips have dubbed him: the poor man's Parkinson?

The answers aren't easily come by, despite the man's disarming enthusiasm at being, for once, on the receiving end of an interview. Howson is an extrovert extraordinaire whose light shines brightest in a crowded room, but he confesses he loves nothing more than his own company. He's a womaniser seen regularly with a succession of ravishing beauties on his arm, yet in his own words, "You're not trying to get their knickers down or anything." He's a rabid party-goer, rubbing shoulders with Hollywood's most celebrated and decadent citizens, but he abhors any form of drug-taking with almost evangelical zeal. He drops more names than Michael Parkinson ever dreamed of, but he refers casually to the cinema's greatest names as "just good chums." His political leanings are unashamedly to the right, but he sports an anti-authoritarian streak that would do Norm Gallagher proud. He is, to put it mildly, a contradictory character.

Perhaps the clue to Howson's motivation lies in his immense will to succeed. He is of that most fortunate breed

PHOTO BY JOHN MURIE

of men — one who makes his living from doing what he loves most. In Howson's case that means chatting to movie stars about their art. But none of it ever came easy in the early stages. Howson literally went out there and created a niche for himself. Today, when Howson says he's off to Tinsel Town to interview some luminary regarded as frighteningly unapproachable, the feeling is he'll bring back the goods. And he does, time and time again. His secret, he claims, is that he doesn't dig for dirt. He's interested in their art, and their art alone. And to hear him talk, it's obvious that's not just a line. There is no doubting his tactics work. He has the complete trust of those he interviews. Somehow those dazzling blue eyes and that animated, gushing enthusiasm have broken down the walls of the world's most suspicious and self-protective society.

Penthouse: How did you make the Hollywood connection?

Howson: I must give the credit to Al Foster. I was working all over the place at the time; I'd phone people and tell them they needed a writer, and I'd do it for $50 and a cup of tea. There are always jobs around. Al Foster was then head of publicity for United Artists in Sydney, and he heard me one day on radio talking about a movie, and he read a column I was writing, and he said the thing he liked was that I approached movies with humor. Most people who wrote about films just loved them and lived them — the Bill Collins syndrome, where everything is wonderful — but I had fun with it. And Al Foster asked if I would like to go to England and do something on the James Bond movie being made there.

Penthouse: All right, Al Foster may have tipped you into it, but you didn't come back to Australia after the Bond movie — you decided on your own initiative to go on to Hollywood, and you hired a film crew over there and organised your own interviews and brought them back. You expected everybody here would fight to get at what you had . . .

Howson: But they didn't. They hated me. You know there is still a man who works for one of the networks — I won't say who — he still won't speak to me. He's got that thing: "That fucking poof went there and did this and did that." It's unbelievable. I got Roger Moore and Barbara Bach and Curt Jurgens from the Bond movie, and then I went to Hollywood and got all the Charlie's Angels, including Farah Fawcett-Majors, who was then bigger than anybody, and Michael Caine, Maggie Smith, a lot of big stars. That's 500 interviews ago.

Penthouse: How did you do that as a complete unknown?

Howson: Well, I had a lot of help from a lady called Marlene Daley, whom I knew from Australia. She was Marlene Duff, a model. She, God bless her, really sat on the phone for me, and I love her for this, and used her personal contacts to get me into various studios.

Penthouse: When you sat down, as an unknown, to interview someone like Michael Caine, a megastar, did you feel nervous?

Howson: I've never been nervous in my life, not even when I interviewed Streisand and Hoffman. First of all I'm a performer myself and I can say I know the traumas, and secondly I'm not there to expose some imagined or real wrong-doing on their part. I go there purely to talk to the artists about their art. By doing that they are more than willing . . . first of all they are thrilled because in America most journalists can't wait to find out about their love affairs, or whatever problem they're currently going through. It seems to me there is an attitude in the American media of "get the great." There are a lot of TV reporters all competing with one another, not for good tidings, but for bad news. What do these people actually do apart from bad-mouth people?

Penthouse: And that's the secret of a good interview with a major star? Talking only about their art?

Howson: Exactly, and the thing is when people get relaxed from that, they open up tremendously. They know I'm not trying to get them. I stopped an interview once with Jane Fonda. She'd just had a rough time from some other interviewer. She came in and she was very harassed, because the scene she had been doing was going badly. She sat down and I could see she was terribly agitated, she was giving "yes" and "no" answers, almost snappy, and I stopped the interview and said: "Listen, I know you've had problems because I know who you've just done the interview with [name deleted]" — he's a shit of a person and I think now he's sniffed himself into oblivion — and I said: "This is silly, I'm an admirer of yours. You go and have a cup of coffee, I'll have a cup of coffee, you sort your problems out." And she said: "How long can you stay here?" I said: "I will sit here all night, I've got nothing better to do, this is it. When you're relaxed and feeling better let's start again and have a good old chat about it all." She came back, sat down, and we had a terrific interview.

Penthouse: But by the same token there are only so many people who can sit down with Jane Fonda in a bad mood and tell her to go away and have a cup of coffee. You obviously don't have any sense of awe.

Howson: No, I don't. No awe at all. I think that's because since I was a child I've been around a lot of well known people. My father knew a lot of the racing elite. You're either famous in your city, famous in your state, famous in your country, or famous in the world — it's just a different kind of fame. I've got a lot of friends now around the world who are international names, and as far as I'm concerned they're chums, just good chums. I mean through the Walsh show . . . he took a group of people who were all rather odd and turned them into stars if you like. I go around Australia and draw pretty big crowds at any event I appear at, as does Jeannie Little or whoever, and the point is that in the context of Australia, a major television audience, I can draw a crowd, and I suppose I'm quite famous, but I've never, ever felt that. I still go shopping in my local suburb. Someone said to me the other day: "God, what are you doing down here getting your vegies," and I said: "Someone's got to get them, and I'd rather do it, because I know what I like." When I sit down at a dinner party and everybody around the table is a national celebrity the thing is that I knew them years ago, and the fact they've all made it big and their faces are on the covers of magazines doesn't mean anything to me. The great joy for me is that my mates have done well. Their success in a way is your success. One of the reasons Walshie and myself are such good friends is that when his show got cancelled by Channel Seven in Melbourne in the early Seventies he said to me: "You know, mate, I can count on one hand the people who cared and wrote to me." And I thought that is such a lesson. I've seen them in Hollywood — people who were big stars, famed and feted — and then they flop, and they walk in somewhere and it's like they shouldn't be there. It's almost like you should go and shoot yourself when you haven't got work any more.

Penthouse: You've said the attitude of the average Hollywood interviewer is to go in, dig for dirt, find something sordid and scamper off with it and print it. But what do they think of you? How do they see this Australian, who eight years ago was a complete unknown, coming in and knocking off some of the impossible ones like Streisand from under their noses?

Howson: The Hollywood press seems to be a league of ex-head waiters, or even current head waiters, or shoe salesmen who string for magazines around the world, you know, the Bratislava *Bulletin* or whatever. But I've never really picked up on any resentment of me. I don't actually know any of them well enough for that. Australia being the flavor of the month for the past two years helps, but the people you've really got to get to know are the publicists. And they think the world begins at Malibu and ends at Pasadena. Their perception of the world is very small-town, a one-industry situation although they're living in a city of 12 million people. They would rather have one line in the Hollywood *Reporter* than a 10-minute interview on the BBC, because it's something they can say to their client: "Look what I've got for you." It's how they work. You've got to be continually telling them: "Look, I can reach an audience, through print, radio and television, of close to 11 million people."

> Sterling Hayden wouldn't do an interview with me unless I lit up. I can't stand the taste of grass, I can't stand it

Penthouse: What was the most embarrassing interview you ever conducted in Hollywood?

Howson: Elliott Gould. I did it in London, and Elliott Gould obviously loathes the press. At the stage his career is in at the moment he should throw a press conference every day to try and get an iota of publicity. Anyway I went out to interview him during the filming of a remake of *The Lady Vanishes*. And he was just odd. He spoke in conundrums. And I really just felt: "I don't need this in my life." I mean, I was there to help the film in whatever way I could, and let me tell you, it needed all the help it could get. And he was talking in that terribly pseudo-smart New York jive. My crew didn't know what he was talking about, and I didn't know what he was talking about, and frankly I couldn't have cared less.

Penthouse: Did you let him know you were pissed off?

Howson: Yes, I tried to get it back on track, and I could see it wasn't going to work, so I just did something Mike Walsh does beautifully. [Howson's face becomes a saccharine-sweet mask, wreathed in the most patently insincere smile]. I said: "Thank you so much, you've been a very . . . special guest." And you just wrap up and go.

Penthouse: Did he realise you weren't happy?

Howson: I think he probably has the sensitivity of a brick wall; he probably didn't know. Lost behind his own ego. Another interview I did was down at Paramount Pictures for *Star Trek One*. There had been a story in the papers the week before that Leonard Nimoy was playing on Broadway in *Equus*, and he was sick and tired of *Star Trek* groupies hanging around the stage door wanting to meet Mr Spock. He said: "I'm sick of this, and I want to be a serious actor." But when I did the interview he had just signed for *Star Trek*, which put him back again as Mr Spock, and I said: "Well, here you are, you said a week ago you wanted to be seen as a serious actor, and you're going back to do this movie, which is really going to recreate the old image all over again. How are you going to feel about the groupies and Trekkies this time?" And he came out with this amazingly superior line: "They're not Trekkies, they're interested people." And I said: "I suppose that comes after you've signed a million dollar contract — they go from Trekkies to interested people. Thank you very much indeed. [That face again] You've been a very . . . special guest." And that was it. I left.

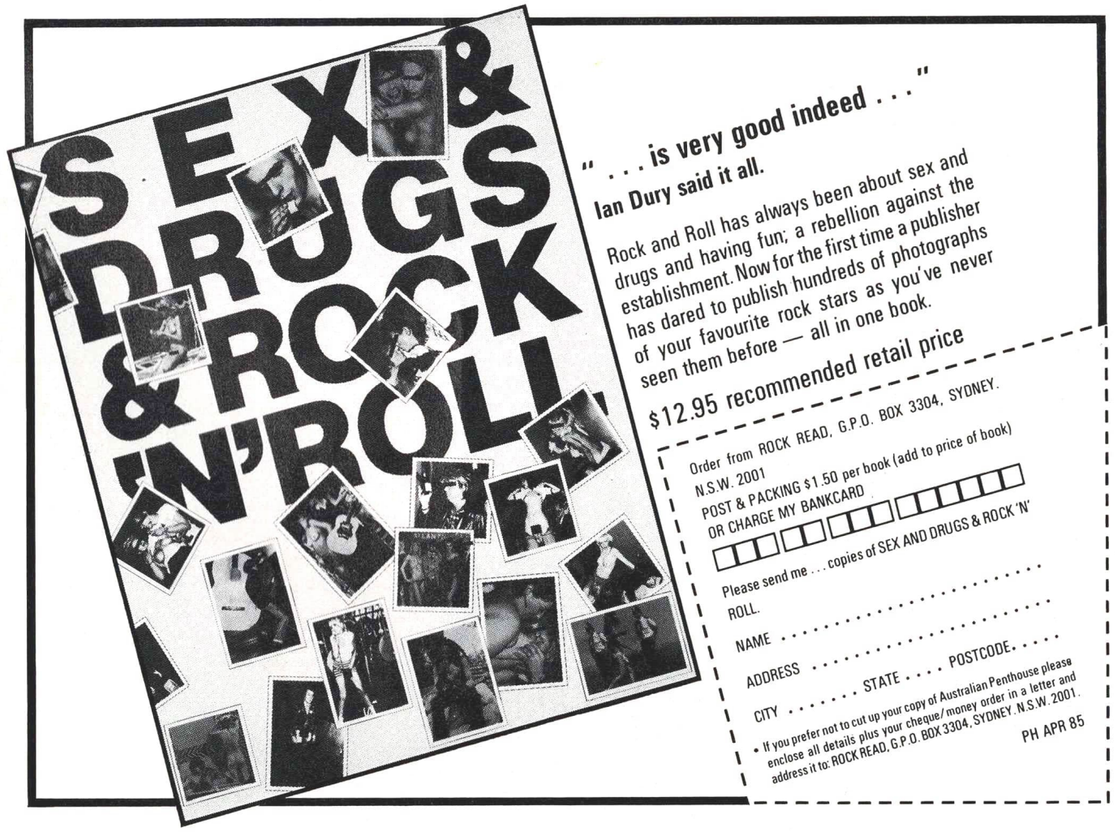
Penthouse: There and then? A 15-second interview?

Howson: That was about it. They were the only two really bad ones. You sometimes get people who sit and ruminate a lot, really consider their answers and just seem to drift on forever and ever.

Penthouse: That can be a compliment though, can't it?

Howson: It can. Dustin Hoffman said to me he loved being interviewed by me because I let him talk. He said in the United States a lot of interviewers do so many cut-aways to themselves with their long-winded questions, you just make a hurried appearance between all the questions. But he loved me because I gave him time to talk and think.

Penthouse: I want to talk about Hollywood parties. You mentioned earlier, and I've heard you say this over the years many times, that you're violently opposed to drugs. There must have been times when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someone offered you a toke, or a snort.
Howson: You see a lot of that. You also see people in restaurants running out to the toilets and snorting lines all the time. That doesn't just happen in Hollywood, that happens in some of the smarter clubs in London. I wanted to go to the men's room one night in a very posh club in the West End, and there were so many people shooting up, or sniffing, or lighting up I think there was a queue of four guys absolutely going through the tortures of the damned because everybody wanted to do their thing. And you do see that. I just say politely, "No thank you," because there's no point in going into a moralistic stance about it.
Penthouse: Is there ever any sort of sneering put-down over that?
Howson: Oh, no. Because it's either a thing you do, or a thing you don't. The big problem comes when you're interviewing somebody who definitely has that shiny-eyed look, and I've come across a few of them. You can tell from the glow in the eyes. Big stars, superstars who have a very glazed look about them.
Penthouse: How do you react to that?
Howson: I try to get on their level without the drugs. If they're doing one of those disjointed interviews, they're not quite focusing in on you, then I try to get as high as they are without the drugs. One interview I did with Sterling Hayden, who was one of the best-looking young men in Hollywood and is a free spirit shall we say, currently living on a barge on the Seine, well he was doing a film called *King Of The Gypsies*, and he wouldn't do the interview unless I lit up. I can't stand the taste of grass, I just can't stand it, but actually I didn't have to in the end, because he was breathing so much smoke that not only was I off with the pixies, so was my camera crew. He became totally unaware of the cameras, and he talked about Hollywood, when he was a man being seduced by Hollywood, by the women and the money and the success and the fact that he was an Adonis, and everyone was trying to get at him, and it was wonderful. I don't think he'd have been that open if he hadn't been stoned. If they go into one of their strange distorted reveries you've got to try and get into the mood. I remember Liza Minnelli looking at me and saying: "You've got beautiful blue eyes," and I said: "Yeah, I've dyed them to match my coat." And she thought that was wonderful, and immediately presumed I was as stoned as she was, and she opened up tremendously. But it is a problem, and there is nothing the publicists can do about it; they just try and keep them in some sort of control.
Penthouse: There has to be a bit of the chameleon in every interviewer. You have to try and merge with the mood. But does that take something out of you? Do you ever get the feeling when you've done a lot of interviews in a short period there's nothing left of you?
Howson: You've hit the nail on the head. Last year in London I was doing a run of interviews with people — God, I had everybody: John Hurt, Edward Woodward, the Royal wedding dress designers, theatre people, publishers, writers and so on. One day I went in and sat down next to someone I was supposed to be interviewing — someone very famous — and I didn't know who he was. And I thought: "Who is this person?" I said: "Excuse me, I've just got to get a glass of water," and I said to the girl at the bar, "Who the hell is that?" She told me and it clicked. That was horrendous. It was sheer overload. Nothing there. It was also the circumstances. Air conditioning has yet to be invented in England, it was very hot and I was exhausted from the pace of work. You don't just sit down and do an interview. You have to perform. You have to be bright. They don't want to see a dull, boring person. What I try and do is sit down for five minutes with someone before we do the interview, and then start it slowly but surely, and let them get into it, and then they know I'm not going to bite their heads off, and I'm not doing a number on them. Sometimes it's an absolute joy. Doing Streisand at her house was wonderful. The Hoffman interview was done in a hotel suite and he had his grandmother and his father and family there, and it became a sort of family gathering. That was good fun. Coming up to Barbara Cartland's house was wonderful, because I love the old dear. To me she's a unique and incredible personality.
Penthouse: Do you remember now the name of the guy you forgot in the bar?
Howson: It was Jonathon Price. He was in *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and *The Ploughman's Lunch*. It's very interesting sometimes. For instance I once did an interview with John Cleese about the last of the Python pictures and I had to say: "Look, I wasn't too mad about that." He said: "I hated it," and suddenly I got this confession about the trauma and the trials of the Python people, who apparently have the most horrifying arguments — they all fight like cats and dogs. But you've got to be prepared to wait. I noticed that when George Burns did interviews when he was thinking, people would just pounce in and ruin his train of thought. So when I did my interview with him and he started chewing on his cigar, I just let him go, and it seemed like hours, but he would come out with all these wonderful one-liners, because his brain was working and creating. So sometimes silence is better than anything. Just shut up and let them get their thoughts together.
Penthouse: What about Streisand? She had a reputation for eating journalists between meals.
Howson: Well, again I just went along to talk to her about her art, and that's exactly what we did. She said something to me I've never forgotten. She said it's not just the results that count when you do a film or a play or a record; quite often it's the work in doing it. She said: "We are all going to fail at various things we do, but if you feel a sense of fulfilment when you're doing it, then that is your achievement." And I think that's what it's all about. We've been so hyped up into believing everything we do must be so terrifically successful and we forget about the joy we can have in actually doing it. And that's a very valuable lesson. I dips me lid to her. We stayed and talked on a long time after the interview. That often happens to me. People say let's have dinner, or whatever.
Penthouse: Who?
Howson: One night with Peter Ustinov after the interview we went and had dinner and had a long, nice chat, because he's the original raconteur. Sir Richard Attenborough is another like that.
Penthouse: I believe your father was a champion jockey, and your step-father a publican or hotelier. What effect has that combination had on your later life?
Howson: My father used to love to take me around in his open Buick, which was rather swish at the time. He was very dapper, and I think I got the dapper dressing from him. But there was also the fact that he used to take me to card games, which was a bit like being an onlooker in a Damon Runyon situation, so I was really exposed to some wonderful and weird characters at an early age. People with a wonderful turn of phrase, "colorful personalities" as they say in the press.
Penthouse: I believe you were educated by Catholic monks, and you thought the bread and wine they made was okay, but that was about the limit of it.
Howson: Well, I was a city boy in the country. But I remember during school holidays my step-father always used to present me with a *fait accompli*, a job. I had to work. I loaded wheat into silos and earned big money, and then I worked on a pig farm, and I loved that. I must say I thought there was something quite delightful about pigs. They're beaut, and they sort of prepared me for some of the people I've had to work with over the years. But the great thing about that period was it made me realise, although I cursed him at the time, that there is no such thing as a free ride. And the independence. One of the things it taught me is that you don't sit around waiting for the phone to ring in this business. You go out and make the phone ring. I realised that years ago when I was between jobs. And I started doing a Saturday morning thing at 3AW — they used to get an asterisk for that time slot — but I at least got them some points in ratings. They said, "What money do you want?" and I replied, "No money, I want a desk and a telephone." If people think you're working they're much more inclined to ring you up. If they think you're sitting at home you don't get any phone calls.
Penthouse: After you left school I believe you went on to become a cadet journalist on a Sunraysia newspaper?
Howson: My grandfather had been editor of the paper up there before, and he retired. But he was living in Mildura and still working for them as a stringer. He said, "I don't know what to do with you; you'd better come and work at the paper." And I went in as a copy boy.
Penthouse: What age were you then?
Howson: Oh, 17. At the time I was running a great deal. My step-father thought he had a John Landy or something on his hands and he had me running around the local football field forever. So when I wasn't doing that, or I wasn't with the pigs, and I had about three and a half seconds to myself I'd head for the local library and read American magazines. And I realised then the impact television was having over there, and I thought it must happen here. Anyway, I started as a copy boy and finished up working as a cadet there. It was fascinating, a broad experience. And one of the first things I had to do was cover a court case, and this was the big leg pull, you see. The journalists — Graham Freudenberg was there at the time — said to me: "You have to go and cover this court case." It was a man who had buggered a horse. So you can imagine a 17-year-old sitting there. And they said they wanted it in detail, a very important case, and I must bring back everything. I just couldn't believe it, and I had to come back and write this story, and they kept asking for more details. I was mortified. I just didn't realise. It was a gigantic gotcha.
Penthouse: And they wouldn't have run a word of it, of course.
Howson: Not a word. And I had reams of copy and it was the most awful thing about the horse rearing up when the man . . . it was awful, all the anatomical details. And I wrote it diligently . . . *diligently*. At least it made a change from who won the ladies' bowls. But I did have a feeling that this was the beginning of me being another Clark Kent. It was always blazing in Mildura, but I always had my raincoat because I thought reporters must always wear a raincoat.
Penthouse: After that you came to Melbourne and joined the ABC?
Howson: Yes, and I loathed it. I found the ABC was a labyrinth of people spying on each other and telling stories on one another. There was no camaraderie there. One day when I was reading the 6am news I reached the studio a couple of seconds late, and they had to play four more bars of the introductory music than normal. And they put in a gigantic report on it. I think I fell down the stairs and dropped the copy, and was a few seconds late by the time I picked it up. I just felt the whole place stank. I have never, ever liked the ABC. It's a political animal; the Borgias would have felt at home there. Somewhere, if you look carefully, I think you'll find their descendants there.
Penthouse: You then went on to the RACV and drove around the backroads of Victoria trying to make them sound fascinating for the tourists.
Howson: I did actually. I was working for the touring department. I had to go round the back blocks, and God there were some hideous roads. And you'd write: "The road between Sealake and Bunyip is absolutely fascinating for the tourist. You'll see wonderful birds . . ." I mean these God-forsaken places, and I'd be writing all this wonderful prose making them sound like the middle of the Amazon. One day I went to see my cousins off on the ship — that was always a big thing in Melbourne in those days, seeing people off on ships. So I thought: "I'll do this," and went off to England.
Penthouse: You had 120 pounds at the time?
Howson: Yes, actually it was a toss-up at the time because I was slightly in love with this girl at the ABC, and it was a toss-up whether I'd marry or spend my 120 pounds and go to England. And England won. Everybody went then. It was a pilgrimage. I remember one night when I was there waking up in a sweat, and I'd dreamed I was back in Melbourne, and I confessed about it to a friend a few days later, and he said: "It's happened to me." And of course it happened to all of us over there. Other than that we spent hours in sexually ambivalent coffee shops wearing black turtle-neck sweaters.
Penthouse: Wearing berets?
Howson: The girls wore the berets. In those days you didn't dare carry an umbrella back in Melbourne. You could in Sydney, but not in Melbourne. It was terribly provincial. It was really like living in an Antipodean Leeds. The only thing was you had beaut beaches, and there wasn't the pollution around then; we had wonderful summers. But what annoyed me then, and still

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does, was the absolute arrogance of the people in authority, not giving you any leeway for your own decision making. I cannot abide government interference in people's private lives. I may morally or ethically disapprove of what people do, but I have no right to interfere. The only thing that really, absolutely gets me into a fury is drug taking and drug pushing, and I think it's scandalous that it's still going to go on its merry way. I don't think Costigan is going to make one iota of difference, and in another 10 years' time we'll still all be bleating about how bad the drug thing is. One of the things that annoys me here is Mr Cain coming out and telling you, God knows why, when you should play football. Surely the government's got enough to do without worrying about that. If nobody wants to go, sure enough the VFL will find out. That's what I say about everything. If you want to open your shop in the middle of the night, and nobody comes, you'll close it. Regulations beget regulations. Someone I know opened a restaurant, and his fridge was supposed to be nine inches above the floor. The health inspector came down and the fridge was 8.9 inches above the floor — it was infinitessimal — and he had to pull it out and do it all again. That's sheer bloody-mindedness, and it's symptomatic of the system. Far from being a free-spirited people, it seems to me Australians are the happiest to be controlled in the entire Western world. We seem to be running like lemmings to be controlled. That's one of the appeals of socialism: you don't have to make up your mind about anything, they'll do it for you. My favorite saying about Australians is this: Get three Australians together and they'll form a committee and try to get the other one off. We delight in being regulated and told what we can do. There's this thing about political prisoners in South Africa. You can march up and down Collins Street and complain about it, and it might give you a warm inner glow, but it doesn't do a bit of good for anyone. There is endless bleating among the left about civil liberties, but they really support a system that is getting us more and more controlled. Where was all the screaming about the banning of X-rated videos? Now I don't care if I never see another porn video, but the point is the police can't control the drug trade at the moment, and yet they're banning the videos to give them something to do.

Penthouse: Going back to England for a moment, I believe you worked in a mortuary for a while.

Howson: I did for about two months. You see when I first got there I thought, "This is wonderful. I'm liberated now." I worked in a cafe washing dishes, and in the morgue — I think it was the one in *Elephant Man*. It was exactly like that. It was awful. I worked as a tour guide at one stage, had no idea what I was looking at, but made up all these fascinating stories. I read the history book the night before and made it up. They'd say, "What's that over there?" and I'd say, "Mad King Ludwig built that." I gave him credit for a lot more things than he ever built. But they had a ball. What they really wanted was an extended Barbara Cartland novel; I gave it to them and they loved it. You work on the theory that most of them know less than you anyway, so you can get away with it.

Penthouse: When you came back to Australia you got involved in children's TV, and you've always had a thing about not putting down children, not talking down.

Howson: That's right. But before that in England I worked for this menswear magazine, and I was getting all this Savile Row tailoring at cost, going to Claridges and the Dorchester, covering collections in Paris and Rome, and enjoying a champagne life on a beer income. I was lucky because I had an Australian accent and that was neutral and classless; it opened doors for me. I got very used to the good life and I decided this is for me, kid. You know, I've been poor and I've been better off, and better off is better. When I did get here I started off with the kids' shows, as you say. But there is this terrible put-down, and it's like Mike Walsh being called "King of the Blue Rinse Set", which is just not true. His audience is very broad, taking in all sorts of socio-economic groups. People used to say, "Writing for children, oh, isn't that cute and quaint?" They talked down to you. They thought I came out of the magic mushroom in the show. But I felt we were producing much better television than what was coming out for adults. Look at the crap that was on TV in those days, the awful cop shows. I have a feeling our production values and our scripts were 100 times better. Godfrey Phillips, a demented genius, created things for the camera that people thought were impossible. He saw the possibilities and painted pictures with videotape. I sometimes found him very hard to cope with, but he taught me a great deal. He saw something in me, a sense of whimsy and magic. We do lack this in Australia. One of the great joys of being in England is to go to the pantomimes; the adults go and love them because they're great fun, but I couldn't ever imagine an Australian audience going to a pantomime.

Penthouse: You stood for the Senate after the children's TV . . .

Howson: Yes, I was fulminating one night at a party on politics, and someone said to me: "If you think you can do better, why don't you?" and I got about 45,000 votes. I was quite thrilled, but I think I'd have died if I'd won. I was very politicised in those days. I was a great supporter of the Labor Party; I thought they were a great idea until they got into power. The trouble is their attitude: tying us up with neat little ribbons in neat little boxes and filing us all away. But it doesn't work like that, because there will always be people born in very poor circumstances who will go out and make a million quid. I can tell you of four or five very successful people in this town who really did sell newspapers on street corners. You start to make it all tidy from cradle to grave and you take away all initiative. I fear we're going to have a very dull society. People get ahead because they take risks with their lives. If you say you will provide everything for them you make them very dull. What we're seeing with old people and the Assets Test is the taking away of the right to save, and to be rewarded for thrift. And at the other end of the scale it's the same. One example: in a country town they had a swoop on the people who were getting the dole and working. They gave them sentences of six or nine months, and the unemployment rate has dropped to zilch. My right-wing sympathies will come out now because I feel a lot of the danger is coming through the school system, where you are getting teachers who have never worked in the real world, who have gone from school to college to school, living room Marxists, bistro Marxists, filling these kids with the nonsense that the world owes everybody some big pie in the sky.

Penthouse: Let's finish up with a round-up of what you've got on your plate at the moment.

Howson: I've got a TV mini-series called *The Body Business*, Ross Dimsey producing. The book of the series is coming out soon; it's all about beautiful girls with big tits, sex and sin and murder in the glamorous world of modelling and cosmetics. Then I've got another book coming out called *I Found It At The Flickers* about my childhood fixation with movies. There's another film, a rock and roll fantasy with no names yet, and I'm hoping to have a series of movies produced for TV all dealing with different aspects of love. I've already written two of them. And the night-time Mike Walsh thing. ○—

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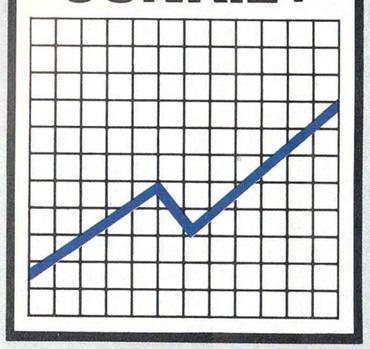
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SEX JUNKIE?



Some men don't just enjoy sex, they are obsessed by it. They are literally *addicted* to it.

If you have to be addicted to anything, sex would seem to be a good choice. But for sex addicts the preoccupation with satisfying their genital urges can be as devastating as the most out-of-control heroin habit. Their compulsive use of sex follows a pattern that would be familiar to any junkie: They go from obsession to a quick peak of ecstasy and then slide into a psychological pit of remorse, guilt, shame, and despair.

Sex addicts are not necessarily "perverts," in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Outwardly they usually resemble the proverbial "bloke next door" (or "girl next door" — it's estimated that a third of all sex addicts are women). What sets them apart from other people is their utter inability to keep sexual activity in perspective. They don't savor sex as one of life's great joys. It's a way of hiding from things they don't like about themselves or their lives.

No-one is quite sure how many people suffer from sexual addiction. Research in this field is less than a decade old, and the psychological community is not in full agreement about where the borderline between healthy horniness and addictive sexuality lies. However, Dr Patrick Carnes, a leading theoretician in this field and author of *The Sexual Addiction,* says the syndrome may affect at least one out of 12 people.

That's a lot of people. To find out if you're one of them, you must be rigorously honest with yourself in answering these questions. Choose the first answer that seems correct — don't hesitate; your initial impulses are likely to be the most accurate. Don't change any answers once you've made your selections. And, finally, do not try to rationalise your way into choosing more "acceptable" or "normal" answers. That sort of behaviour, in itself, is a sign thay you're trying to hide from some uncomfortable aspects of your personality.

1. Are your idle thoughts devoted almost exclusively to sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your post-coital feeling:
   (a) The best thing about sex is that it's so relaxing. I feel great after I've had an orgasm.
   (b) I may feel good immediately after I've had sex, but within a short time I often feel unsatisfied.

3. Is your need for sex strongest when you're feeling angry, depressed, or anxious about some problem?
   (a) yes, usually
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

4. Can you go for long periods of time without having sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) absolutely not

5. Do you usually have several orgasms during a single sexual encounter?
   (a) Yes, I'm not really satisfied until I've come several times.
   (b) no

6. In general, are you satisfied with your sex life?
   (a) yes, completely
   (b) quite satisfied
   (c) not too satisfied
   (d) not at all satisfied

7. Are there times when you feel *driven* to have sex, even though you may wish to be doing something else?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

8. Judging by what you know of other men's sex lives, would you say you have more or less sex than the average man?
   (a) much more
   (b) somewhat more
   (c) probably about average
   (d) somewhat less
   (e) a lot less

9. Is it important for you to have a large number of sexual partners?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Sex is so important to me that it takes precedence over everything else in my life."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

11. Do you feel ashamed or guilty about your sexual fantasies and thoughts?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

12. Do you feel ashamed or guilty about your style of sexual relations?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

13. Does your sexual activity tend to follow rigid patterns, varying little from one time to the next? (Examples of such behaviour would include things like always having sex at the same time of day, or always needing to follow precisely the same sequence of foreplay.)
    (a) Yes, I feel most comfortable when I'm following a set pattern of sexual activity.
    (b) No, I like diversity. For me, variety is the spice of life.

14. Has your need for sex ever caused you to lose a spouse or lover?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Has your need for sex ever caused you to lose a job or to fail at a job you

> Some people's compulsive use of sex follows a pattern that is familiar to any junkie.

otherwise would have succeeded at?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. Would fear of contracting venereal disease keep you from engaging in sex with some people?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Before you have sex with a new partner, do you usually make sure that one of you is taking some sort of birth control precaution?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Do you feel that it's possible to have too much sex?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. Do you ever resolve to restrain your sexual activities, only to break those resolutions when temptation arises?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you ever feel your sex life is out of control?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

21. Is the *quality* or the *quantity* of your sex life more important to you?
(a) quality
(b) quantity

22. With which of the following statements would you tend to agree:
(a) Sex is usually best when it is linked with love, I believe that sex is most satisfying and fulfilling when it is done with someone you feel very close to.
(b) Sex and love have little to do with each other. In fact, love can often make sex less interesting since you may not be as likely to do erotically exciting or "forbidden" things with the woman you love.

23. Do you sometimes feel that you're a worthless person?
(a) yes, often
(b sometimes
(c) no

24. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "The only time I feel really good is when I'm having sex. I may feel lousy five minutes after I come, but those few minutes when I'm at the height of sexual excitement are the best times in my whole life."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 120 points; the lowest, 24.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1, e-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-5, b-3, c-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-5
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-5, b-3, c-1
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-1, b-5
23. a-5, b-3, c-1
24. a-5, b-1

If you scored 101 to 120 points:
You appear to exhibit virtually all the characteristics of someone with a sexual addiction. In short, you are a sex junkie. Compared to the average person, you are probably having more sex but enjoying it less. People in this category may find sex to be a true narcotic. You start out enjoying it and end up dependent on it. You need ever-larger doses of it, and even then can't get enough to distract you from the dismal feelings you have about yourself and your life. Many sex addicts function with perfect adequacy for years. You may even think you're enjoying yourself. But eventually you'll probably realise that sex no longer enhances your life but dominates it. Help isn't always easy to find. Since this is a relatively new area of psychological inquiry, treatment procedures are only beginning to be developed. In some areas of the country reformed sex addicts are joining together in counselling groups.

82 to 100 points:
You appear to have many of the same impulses as men in the category above, but your obsession with sex, *so far*, hasn't come to dominate your life quite to the same degree. You may be headed in that direction, however, and may want to think about trying to put a stop to the vicious circle of sexual highs and lows before it gets completely out of hand. You may need some professional guidance to accomplish this, since the more one tries to suppress one's compulsion, the more overpowering the obsession becomes.

63 to 81 points:
You are not an obsessive sex junkie, but on the other hand, neither do you have a natural, easygoing attitude toward sex. Somewhere along the line you've picked up a substantial number of sexual hangups. This is hardly unusual; many men in our society fall into this pattern. It's not that you can't enjoy sex, but you carry a lot of psychological pressure that keeps you from fully savoring its pleasures.

44 to 62 points:
If there is such a thing as an "average approach to sex," men in this category probably have it. You know that part of the excitement of sex derives from its addictive nature. Most of the time you are likely to lead a fairly average sex life, yet when opportunities for truly exotic and erotic forms of sexual activity arise, you can take advantage of them without getting hooked.

24 to 43 points:
You show hardly any characteristics of sexual addiction. This does not mean you are asexual. Quite the contrary, you may have an extremely active and varied sex life, but you never get compulsive about it. For you sex is always a pleasure, never something to worry about. A man in this category can engage in prodigious amounts of sexual activity without the risk of becoming sexually addicted, because he always knows where to draw the line between fun and compulsion.

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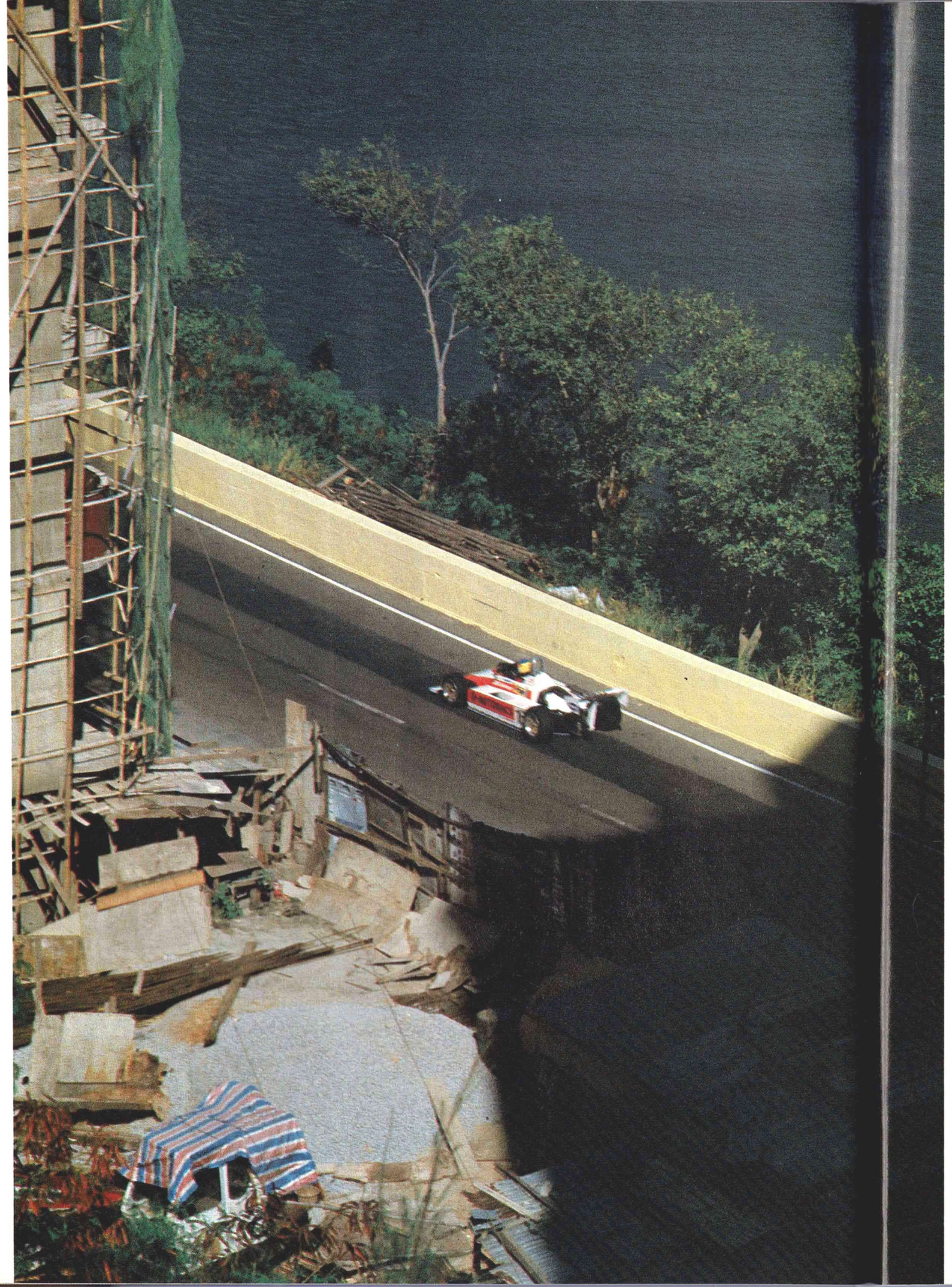


MOTORING

For one week of the year, Macau becomes the Monaco of the East

THE ORIENT EXPRESS

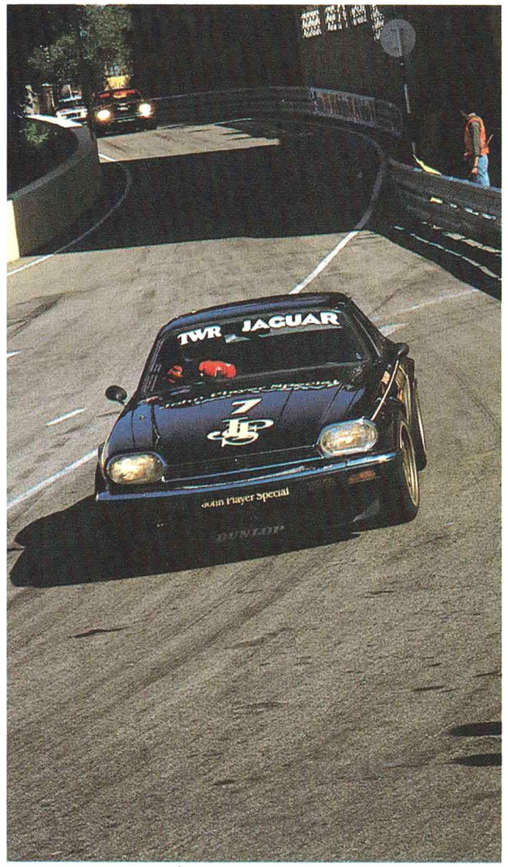
BY PETER McKAY

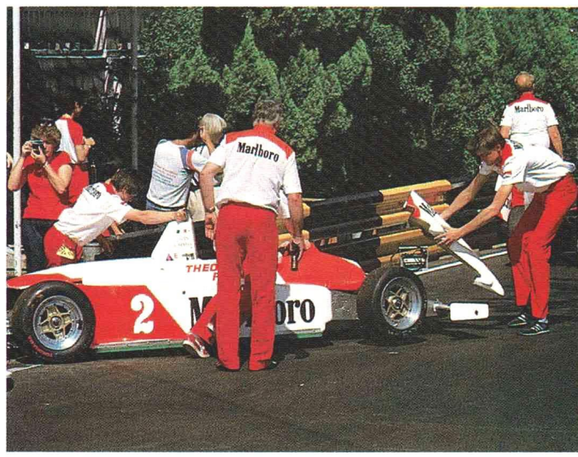
For 51 weeks of the year, Macau is Macau: a tiny, rambling gambling bastion clinging to a peninsula on the Chinese mainland. It is a crumbling, bustling, bewildering mixture of poverty, opulence, marvellous Portuguese colonial architecture and tumbledown shacks. Originally part of China, it became a Portuguese trading post in the 16th Century. Today it is a territory under the administration of Portugal. The architecture, the street names, the shopfronts and the cosmopolitan babble reflect Macau's multi-cultural countenance. Chinese comprise 95 percent of the estimated 425,000 population, yet the official language is Portuguese. Macau's big earners are manufacturing (particularly textiles) and tourism. The magnet for visitors is the casinos; gambling is virtually non-existent in nearby Hong Kong, a mere 50-minute jetboat ride away. For the Macanese though, life however difficult, is conducted at an easy pace.

And then there's grand prix week, a social blow-out for

PHOTOS BY JEFF NEILD AND GEOFF PARADISE

Opposite page: A harborside stretch of the tortuous Macau Grand Prix circuit. This page: The Macau shindig is a magnet for big motor racing names. Formula One hero Stefan Johansson (bottom) and European Touring Car champion Tom Walkinshaw, who manhandled his big Jaguar to victory in the Guia Classic. The cigarette sponsors battle was won this time by JPS, with Marlboro a close second.





EXPRESS

40,000 international visitors, when much of the little territory is transformed into a madhouse of barricaded streets, monster advertising billboards and bamboo grandstands jammed with chanting Asians.

They close off the streets from six to six, from Thursday through to Sunday. It must be inconvenient for the locals, but no-one is about to complain about something that brings in so much money to a community that obviously needs it.

Macau is an awkward and dangerous 6.117km circuit for car racers; for bike riders it must be spooky and life-threatening. A fatality or two every year is par for the course.

The Australian connection has been an enduring one over the years. Kevin Bartlett has been racing in Macau since the late Sixties, firstly in formula cars and lately in tin tops. He won the GP in '68 and finished second a couple of times since. Vern Schuppan is a dual winner — in 1974 and '76. Allan Moffat raced his Ford Capri at Macau in the Seventies, and returned with his Mazda in the early Eighties.

The '85 Macau GP meeting may have even greater significance for Australia, with talk of a three-race mini-trail for international Group A touring cars encompassing the James Hardie 1000, the Fuji 1000 in Japan, and Macau's major sedan race, the Guia 100.

Colorful Teddy Yip is a megabuck man, a go-go 73-year-old Chinese with business interests and homes (and ex-wives) in several countries. Motor sport is his hobby. He's backed teams in Formula One (remember Theodore?), the Indy 500, the Tasman Series in Australasia, and who knows what else. Athough he's nobody's fool, you could say he's got more dollars than sense.

And every year Teddy tosses some of his money into a Macau Grand Prix team — this time it was the three-car Marlboro outfit of Stefan Johansson, Ivan Capelli and Emmanuelle Pirro. Goodtime Teddy used the involvement as a reason/excuse to invite his pals from all over to come and make whoopee. Make that Yippee. So in they came, checking into the Lisboa . . . headed by James "Rockford" Garner and three-times Indy 500 winner Bobby Unser. Teddy's celebrity guests.

He threw a pre-race cocktail party at his house on the hill. Garner, unsuccessfully hiding behind a turquoise belt buckle about the size of a saucer, must have shaken a hundred hands and kissed a hundred powdered cheeks. He also didn't mind a chat on the subject of car racing. A fair hand at the wheel back in his Maverick days was Jim.

The recent 31st Grande Premo De Macau — the Macau Grand Prix to you and me —brought together most of the young leadfooted desperates from the world of Formula Three, along with a fair sprinkling of wise old heads who just wanted a rip-roaring good time away from the cold climes of Europe and North America. They included Roberto Guerrero (former grand prix driver who found another career racing Indy cars), European Formula Three Champion Mike Thackwell, British F3 champ Johnny Dumfries (a young, pleasant gent with a pale face and even disposition who is really the Earl of Dumfries), Ross Cheever (brother of Eddie and the wrecker of more cars than Simsmetal), Slim Borgudd (one-time F1 rent-a-driver financed by Abba), John Nielsen (returning after three months on his back in hospital), David Hunt (brother of James), and Paul Belmondo (offspring of the celluloid hero and ex-beau of Princess Stephanie).

Barely had the circuit opened for the first practice session on Thursday when the youthful airheads, all bravado and no brains, hit the self-destruct button. Four cars were badly bent in the first half hour.

The GP, run in two nail-biting 25-lap legs, was dominated by two clever Scandinavians: men who think. Stefan Johansson of Sweden held out Denmark's John Nielsen in a photo-finish to win the Saturday race, with the Dane reversing the result on Sunday to snatch outright victory on aggregate. It was a fairytale return to bigtime racing for Nielsen, who six months earlier shattered his hips in 10 places after a horrific pileup in an F3 race at Monaco.

But the Macau circuit isn't just a playground for the visiting internationals. Heavy-breathing locals from Macau and Hong Kong also get the chance to bend metal, burn rubber, and break necks and engines.

Boy racers with decorative names like Manuel F. de Jesus Junior and Louie Pak Wah are let loose in their incredibly noisy and outrageously signwritten Celicas and Corollas and 323i BMWs. Racecar preparation and driver ability range from commendable through to scary.

Further up the socio-economic ladder came the gentlefolk of the Cassini Supercar Challenge. It allowed Hong Kong's poor little rich kids to play race aces for a weekend. The brainchild of a purveyor of exotic cars in Honkers, the Supercar Challenge brought together about two dozen high-priced street machines of the Ferrari-Porsche-Lotus ilk and a similar number of drivers high on enthusiasm and optimism, but otherwise raw racing rookies.

For the handsome price of four grand Australian, these Hong Kong innocents got to risk their expensive toys in 10 laps around a circuit that could well have been the handiwork of a certified crazy harboring a grudge against men who drive fast cars. Some of the tyro racers didn't even make it to the race; they dashed their prized machines against a steel barrier or a rock wall during practice.

The survivors continued with the carnage on race day. One unfortunate soul managed to lose control at the gentle curve on the main straight, gyrating in slo-mo before leaving a deep and expensive impression in the armco barrier with his Ferrari 308. May it rest in pieces.

Two Porsche 930 Turbos fought frantically to the end, easily outdistancing the remaining Ferraris, a Porsche 928, the occasional Maserati and a lone Lotus Esprit Turbo.

But the real winner was the Hong Kong car company that organised the whole supercar thing. On the Monday after the race it did a roaring trade in body panels and spares.

On the social front, Jimmy Garner was also doing it tough. Exuberant host Teddy Yip dragged Big Jim's arse all over the colony, showing him this here, showing him off there. Limping noticeably from an old leg injury ("I used to do my own stunts . . .") and sweating like Jimmy Connors in a Wimbledon final, Rockford must have been relieved as GP winner John Nielsen to see the chequered flag unfurled on Sunday afternoon.

The Cassini Supercar Challenge . . . road cars of the rich go racing

McKAY'S BLOODY COUP

Forget the grand prix and the Guia 100 touring car race. Kid stuff. The *real* highlight — the *piece de resistance* — of Macau's orgy of speed was the Jackie Chan Trophy Race. Cross my heart.

Loosely dubbed a "celebrity challenge", it evolved into a slugging grudge match between racing journalists from Britain, Japan and Australia and five shithot Hong Kong wheelsmiths who'd been added to give a local flavor. Did the protagonists treat it seriously? No more than the world championship . . .

The home crowd heroes were the warm race favorites; the five all boasted sobering, if not awesome, credentials and had accumulated vast experience at a circuit regarded as one of the most difficult and intimidating anywhere.

But several others were not right out of it. Japan sent a handy trio led by Tommy Tsutsumi, a flinty veteran with a fearsome Kung Fu moustache whose race credits include placings in the Japan Grand Prix and

two victories in the Suzuka 1000. A tough cookie.

The Brit spearhead was the impeccably groomed Peter Windsor, a very serious racer/writer and specialist sedan man with several seasons of competition in the roughhouse Austin Metro Turbo Challenge Series. He was Europe's big threat.

And then there was the Kangaroo lineup — the redoubtable red-bearded drive-anything South Australian Bob Jennings, aggressive fast Colin Young (a strange breed of Queenslander who doesn't wear safari suits or thongs), and yours truly. A motley crew indeed but with a tradition to uphold, for Australian racer/journalists such as David McKay, Evan Green, James Laing-Peach and Barry Lake have previously scored brownie points in international motor sport.

Allan Moffat laughed fit to bust when told Jennings/Young/McKay were about to go trophy chasing at Macau. "You'll find the track most interesting," was all he would say before falling about again. Reassuring.

Organised extraordinarily well by Mitsubishi, the Jackie Chan Trophy was a two-heat affair. Both televised live to Hong Kong. Mitsubishi sank the Yen equivalent of half a million Aussie Oxford scholars into the weekend, the aim of which was to beat the drum for a South Pacific Colt Turbo race series which kicks off about now in Japan. Jackie Chan is Asia's new-generation Bruce Lee. An indecently handsome and too healthy young man whose

very presence sent all women under the age of 85 into ecstatic paroxysms, Mr Chan, it seems, is on a retainer from Mitsubishi to endorse the company vehicles. He was at Macau to shake hands with the victor and Be Seen. The result was much oohing and aahing, clicking of Canon Sure Shots and an excess of moist knickers.

On hand too were 14 apparently identical 1.6-litre turbo Colts, freighted in from Japan for the use and abuse of the aforementioned bunch of racers and racer-writers.

Brand spanking new on Thursday — some had four kilometres on the clock — the Colts were to finish the week looking less than pristine.

The Australians distinguished themselves during the first day with qualifying lap times any respectable pedicab operator could equal. The locals and Japan's Tsutsumi filled the fastest six slots. At the wankers' end were the Team Oz aces, an embarrassing 11 seconds off the pace. Young at least had an excuse of sorts; his car was unwell.

Drastic measures were called for. Somebody suggested prayer but that wouldn't teach the intricacies of those many corners. There was a marked improvement — 12 seconds in my case — during the final qualifying session, although Young was still seeking a cure for his ailing machine.

Out came the grid sheet with McKay and *Penthouse* on pole, the lap time ridiculously fast thanks to some surprise outside help from a timekeeper. Position two went to race favorite Hong Kong's Helmut Greiner, an ex-Porsche test driver and past winner of the Guia 100. Then came Tsutsumi and local touring car whiz Michael Lieu. Jennings was to start from position 10 and Young, his car yet to cover a full lap without a hiccup, from 13th.

Then enter the wild card. While running (late) to my car on the starting grid I was made acutely aware of the different architectural requirements of Orientals and substantially taller Australians. Overhead clearances in Asia are not as generous as those in Oz and head-butting a concrete stairwell on the fly was my reward for daring to grow beyond 160 centimetres. The 13 other Colt Turbo drivers were treated to the unnerving sight of the skinny chap from Australia staggering on to the startline with blood liberally flowing forth. A strange Antipodean custom, perhaps . . .

Showing steely resolve and carefully avoiding emulating Bob Hawke, Kim Hughes and other Kleenex users, I made a brief stopover for a temporary patch-up job. The spirit of Gallipoli, Kokoda and the Sydney Cricket Ground Hill lives.

The race? I pissed it in, of course. Just like a good fairytale. Helmut Greiner thoughtfully understeered into a barrier at the first corner, while Tsutsumi was slowed by a sticking throttle. Other Aussie fortunes fluctuated. Jennings charged up to fifth. Young mounted a desperate early lunge at the leaders before his car lost its sting. He then decided not to take prisoners, embarking on a brutal intimidatory campaign that left rivals shell-shocked, the circuit littered with pieces of fibreglass and his Colt virtually unrecognisable.

Local Danny Stacy Chau avoided the carnage to finish a highly impressive second, from England's Windsor. It'd been a rugged race; 10 of the 14 Colts required surgery to panels or paint. One, driven by a Japanese, was stuffed.

After the obligatory TV interviews and prizegiving, fawning fans were dismissed to let the bloodied winner return to the medics for treatment. Come on doc, only two

stitches? Can't you toss in a few more for appearance's sake? Maybe a bigger bandage, huh?

On Sunday the *Penthouse* flag flew high again. Another win. A bloodless coup this time. Windsor and Tsutsumi shared the rostrum. What's that? More trophies? How insensitive . . . JAL will give me a hard time at check-in. More Moet from Jackie Chan. More kisses from the trophy nymphets.

Sometimes it's tough being a star.

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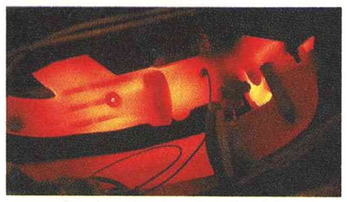
So Castrol, as leaders in lubrication technology, especially in Australian conditions – have done something about it.



Introducing Castrol FMX. A new high-technology motor oil that meets the requirements of modern performance vehicles by satisfying what are arguably the most severe operational demands for any automotive crankcase lubricant – those of the highly stressed turbocharged petrol engine.

Prolonged high temperature is a major cause of engine failure.

The heat generated within a turbocharged engine can be phenomenal. Bearing temperatures of up to a staggering 368 degrees Celsius have been recorded under high speed conditions.

Castrol FMX combats heat with very sophisticated additives to minimize piston ring sticking and bearing corrosion and resist the formation of harmful deposits produced by sustained high-speed operation and immediate shutdown. This new oil reflects a development philosophy common to all Castrol oils. It does not simply meet the required standards of industry tests – it exceeds them easily, by significant margins. Some inferior oils available on the Australian market may only just meet these modern lubricant requirements.

Castrol FMX is a 'no compromise' performance motor oil, offering superior engine protection.

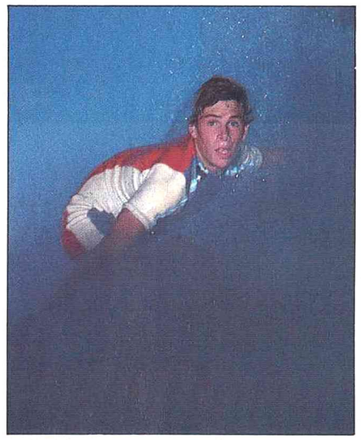
As such it commands a premium price. But we believe the performance-oriented motorist does not want compromises when it comes to the thousands of dollars investment represented by a performance vehicle.

Castrol FMX. Developed for performance vehicles. Available now at specialist workshops, auto accessory outlets and car dealer service centres.

Castrol
Oils ain't oils

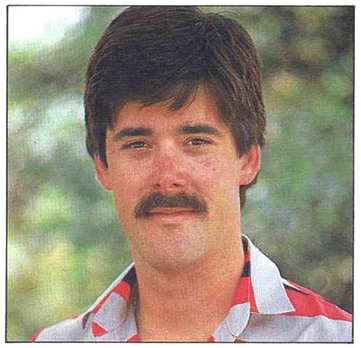
Y&RC CAS 2037

PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



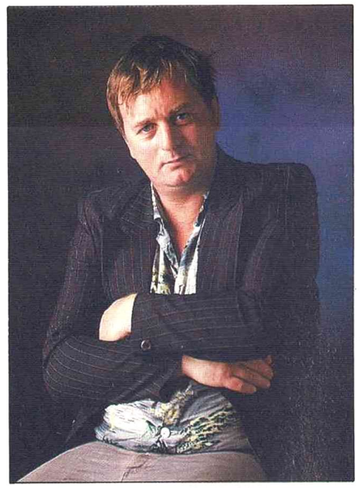
DAMIEN HARDMAN

Australia's international sporting fortunes have fluctuated over the last few decades. We have watched our domination of world class tennis and swimming fade, while the green and gold rugby league and union teams have recently risen and swept all before them. But one sport in which Australia has consistently shone over the last three decades is surfing, starting with world champions Midget Farrelly and Nat Young in the Sixties, four times world champion Mark Richards in the Seventies, and upheld by 1984 world title holder Tom Carroll. Blooded in one of the most competitive surfing arenas on the planet, Sydney's northern beaches, they rise from the status of local hero to take on and beat the best in the world. Eighteen-year-old Damien Hardman is the latest young professional to emerge from the pack and make a claim for star status. After winning the Australian schoolboys' competition three times, taking the 1984 Australian junior title and winning the hotly contested world amateur junior title in the United States last year, Hardman has joined the pro surfing ranks in 1985. With a fist full of airline tickets in one hand and a quiver of boards in the other, Hardman has embarked on a tour of the professional surfing circuit which includes events in Japan, South Africa, the USA, France, England, Hawaii and maybe even Israel. Like many of his counterparts on the tennis circuit, Hardman maintains a mature and level-headed attitude to the recreation which has become a career. Currently rated in the world's top 30 pro surfers, after taking out the Australian Professional Surfers Point Score competition last year, Hardman's aim is to improve his ratings so that he is guaranteed an invitation to the A-rated events, and to do that he must stay in the top 28. How does he relieve the boredom of all that surfing? "I do a few days laboring," says Hardman. "I don't mind doing a hard day's work."



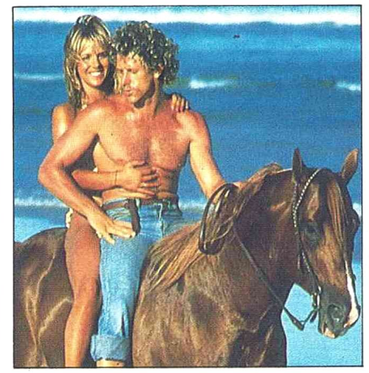
MIKE CARLTON

In the rumbustious world of television production, it's not unique for an ambitious young chap to rise from lowly technician status to top management in a mere seven years. Still, it's pretty damned unusual. Mike Carlton is a 26-year-old whiz kid whose TV production career kicked off inauspiciously when he got a job as a videotape operator in the Sydney studios of Channel 7. That was back in 1977. Then aged 19, Carlton moved steadily up the ranks against red-hot competition until in 1982 he was asked to join Artransa Productions, a division of Channel 7 specialising in the production of high-quality commercials and documentaries. Although he'd never produced or directed an ad before, he suddenly found himself filling both those positions and pumping out 10 commercials a week to fulfil a lucrative contract with Norman Ross Discounts. Slipping comfortably into a working week that would turn the average workaholic into a gibbering idiot, he quickly assumed total control of production, direction and post-production and is now in charge of Commercial Productions at Artransa. "It's certainly been a faster rate of progression than I'd anticipated," says the TV tyro. "In fact, I've never been able to figure out how I've done it. It seems to have happened in spite of me rather than because of me, and my career has been fostered to a great extent by the people at Artransa." Self-deprecation may be Carlton's forte, but his colleagues show no reluctance to acclaim his talents. "He's one of the new breed of TV producers who are accepting enormous responsibility at an early age," claims Artransa boss Tony Culliton. "Only a handful of people in the industry have risen so dramatically, and I think it's got a lot to do with both his understanding of people and his courage. He won't be fazed by anything — he'll just walk straight into it. He's dealing with big budgets and there's a lot of heavy negotiating in the job; his great talent is his firmness." It seems Mike Carlton's influence will be felt in teeveeland for a long time to come.



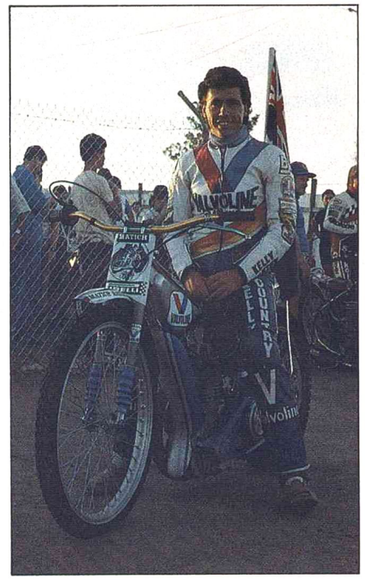
BARRY DICKINS

Barry Dickins' work always has bite to add to its distinctly Australian flavor, even though he writes with his teeth on the desk beside his typewriter. "I'm more comfortable that way," says the self-confessed ham, for whom work *is* comfort — he thrives on it. Though he has a string of plays to his credit and has provided tasty morsels of his talent as a scriptwriter, cartoonist, poet and journalist in various media, the critics and public alike have a newly aroused appetite for his uniquely witty satire, a style described by one reviewer as "constantly poking us in the complacent eye with his funny bone." His recent first novel *The Crookes Of Epping* had its first print run gobbled up in a matter of weeks. It is typical of Dickins' style, exaggerating the best and worst of Australia's working class. Another book has since become available: *What The Dickins*, a collection of his journalism with the apt sub-title "A Symposium Of Low-Life Pieces." But theatre is Dickins' first love. Two of his plays are currently being staged in capital cities. The Melbourne Theatre Company is performing *Reservoir By Night*. It intertwines history and caberet-review, with two actors — Graeme Blundell, an old school cohort and fellow Melbourne boy, and Janet Andrewartha — playing a multitude of parts. It looks set to tour other states when its Melbourne season is done. *Beautland* was commissioned over a year ago by the State Theatre Company in Adelaide to coincide with the International Year of Youth. With work now flowing in, Dickins is able to choose what he feels like, hopefully acting and radio comedy. But he doesn't see his success and change in lifestyle affecting his work. "I'll always stay well aware of my working class background, but it's good to be able to pay the bills and get my teeth fixed, instead of going around gummy."



ALBY MANGELS

Alby Mangels is the bloke you'd probably rather be if you didn't have to be yourself. The 36-year-old former bricklayer and now creator, star and promoter of *World Safari* and *World Safari II* has made a great deal of money out of having fun in front of a movie camera. For Mangels, having fun means taking near-suicidal risks in remote environments, and relying solely on determination and luck when the going gets tough. That formula has proved irresistible to a diverse range of audiences. The original *World Safari*, which was basically a home movie amateurishly documenting Mangels' six-year journey through the Australian outback, the Pacific Islands, Japan, Thailand, India and Africa, has grossed somewhere between three and four million and is still putting bums on seats in obscure venues around the country. However, *World Safari II*, now showing at a town hall or civic centre near you, looks like swamping all records set by its predecessor. Mangels describes its marketing as "the biggest release of any film in Australia" and says the figures indicate that *WSII* is even outgrossing the smash hit *Ghostbusters* on the strength of its word-of-mouth reputation. It's not hard to understand why. Apart from the higher standard of production (the film was shot by professional cameramen), *World Safari II* is a staggering testament to one man's sheer *balls*. The action takes place in the Australian outback, New Guinea and the wilderness of South America. Mangels displays uncanny skill throughout at everything from boat-building to caving, sailing, horsemanship, fishing, diving, and above all surviving, at the same time maintaining immaculate cool in the face of genuine dangers. Somehow he manages to come across as a modest, shy and somewhat bemused observer with an overriding sense of dignity. And there's nothing false about the packaged Mangels image. The man is simply an adventurer with a penchant for doing things the hard way. As he repeatedly says in *WSII*: "It was just something I'd always wanted to do."



BILLY SANDERS

If the name Aub Lawson doesn't mean anything, then ask your dad about him. Lawson was among the doyens of world speedway — a legend on two wheels. And an Aussie to boot. When he snaffled his fifth Australian championship while in his forties it was said that no-one would ever eclipse that achievement. Wrong! A cheeky knockabout named Billy Sanders recently broadslided his way past Lawson into history. Riding at the 1985 Australian titles, Sanders posted a perfect score to notch his sixth national crown. Not yet 30, he reckons he's just about to peak as a speedway rider and is gearing up for his most serious shot at the world championship. Lawson's best in the world title was third, in 1958. The globetrotting Sanders has already surpassed that, finishing an aggravatingly close second in West Germany two years ago. Being a foreigner in Europe has hurt Sanders' ongoing quest for sponsorship. While he battles to survive, Danes and Brits pluck the plum deals. And still Sanders wins. The local media tagged him Billy The Kid when he broke out of school in Sydney's west at 16 to head off to Mother England, looking to make a quid and a name for himself as a pro speedway rider. These days that sobriquet doesn't sit comfortably on Sanders' head — not after 29 birthdays and two kids of his own. But somehow it's mandatory for the speedway press to dream up God-awful nicknames for the star performers and Sanders now sheepishly answers to The Rooty Hill Rocket. Unquestionably one of the hottest properties in international speedway, he aims to lasso the world title in Yorkshire Ripper territory, Bradford, in September. The Rooty Hill Rocket on top of the world? It could happen.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

ENGLAND
SUZE

Suze Le Petit was photographed for these pages while working as a cocktail waitress in a West End casino. While the emphasis in the pronunciation of her surname rests on the last syllable, the emphasis in her waitress costume fell on another part of her anatomy. Suze was required to wear a bodice top and a very cheeky G-string. She said she wore the outfit hoping to attract the attention of some rich playboy who'd whisk her away to exotic parts. That's one way of having a crack at the big time.

PHOTOS BY ALEC GREEN

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

Bianca Juarez tells it to the marines in body language. The tawny 23-year-old, originally from Tijuana, is a dancer in a troupe that entertains US troops on the mainland and occasionally at far-flung military outposts. She admits to a soft spot for a man in uniform but anyone who steps out of line is likely to receive a demonstration of her Mexican hat dance while he's still wearing his hat. Happily, that's a rare occurrence. Her professional relationship with the average GI is most cordial.

PHOTOS BY JON COX

MEXICO
BIANCA

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

Supra will handle a chicane at Hockenheim as easily as a hairpin at Hotham.

Toyota Supra not only has style to turn heads in Europe.

It has the handling that can easily turn the twisting hairpins on an alpine road.

And performance that is as impressive on an autobahn as it is on our highways.

A POWERFUL 6 CYLINDER HANDLING STORY.

Supra takes the exhilarating power of the 6 cylinder Super Responsive engine – with Electronic Fuel Injection – and puts it smoothly on the road.

The fully independent suspension, as part of Toyota's unique Suspension Tuning system, combines with rack and pinion steering and a limited slip differential to hug corners and straighten out sharp curves.

Then add low profile 60 series steel belt radials, on 7" alloy wheels and you're ready for gripping performance.

Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with four-wheel ventilated discs.

YOU HANDLE IT IN STYLE.

Supra's wedge-shaped styling packs retractable headlights, bumper and air scoop into an aerodynamic shape with the same drag co-efficient as a Porsche 944.

Sit inside, and Supra shows even more class.

The instruments are completely digital. The driver's seat is adjustable eight separate ways, and features something few other cars have in Australia – a pneumatic lumbar support.

Toyota Supra is a car designed for those who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get European performance with Toyota reliability.

In a car ready to handle anything!

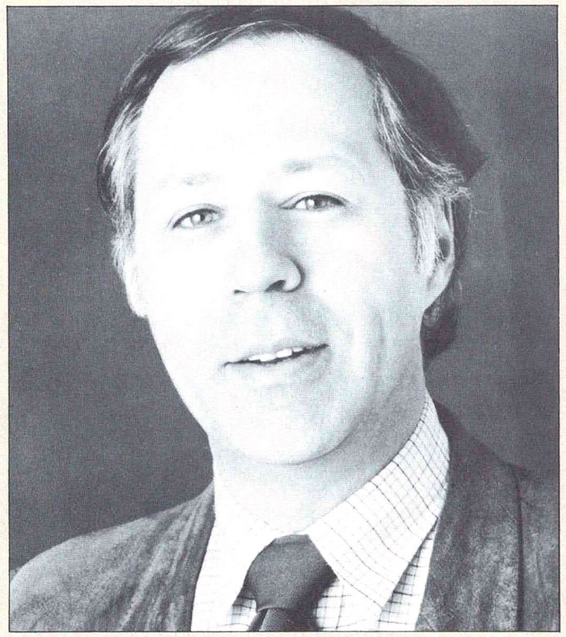
TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TPA 776

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY BEN BOVA

The author, who is Vice-President of the National Space Institute and a former editorial director of *Omni* magazine, has written several science books, both fiction and nonfiction. His latest is *Assured Survival*, a study of the political implications of space-based strategic defenses

FINDING PEACE ON EARTH IN OUTER SPACE

President Reagan's call last year for a Strategic Defense initiative — "Star Wars" for short — in which laser weapons would be mounted on satellites in space was not just another proposal for a defense against nuclear attack using the most scientifically advanced means possible. It marked the beginning of a new era in international politics.

Since Hiroshima strategic policy has been based entirely on the idea that there is no viable defence against a determined nuclear attack. Official policy is literally MAD: Mutually Assured Destruction. America strives to maintain a nuclear attack force so strong that even if the Soviets launch the first strike the US counterstrike will also annihilate the Soviet Union. And the Russians do the same.

This MAD policy has produced the continuing nuclear arms race that has terrified so many people around the world. The Nuclear Freeze Movement is an attempt to stop the constant escalation of nuclear weapons. It is a well-intentioned movement, but it is doomed to failure — unless someone, somewhere, finds a way to assure the leaders in Washington and Moscow that they can actually protect themselves and their nations from nuclear annihilation.

Now, technology offers the possibility of creating a *workable* defence against nuclear missiles. Critics of the idea claim that it is impossible, or at least undesirable. Crazy as it may seem, there are some allegedly thoughtful people in America whose immediate reaction to the President's suggestion was that it is preferable to live under a nuclear Sword of Damocles than to build a credible defence against nuclear war. This is akin to Neville Chamberlain's hope when he was Prime Minister of Great Britain in the late 1930s that he could appease Hitler and avert war.

I, for one, do not choose to spend the rest of my life, and the lives of my children and *their* children, under the constant threat of nuclear holocaust. If there is a way to defend the planet, it is deadly nonsense to ignore it.

But — and this is the point on which our entire future will turn — we must be prepared not only to open our minds to bold new technological concepts; we must be prepared to consider, fairly and openly, equally bold new *political* ideas. For just as the technology of gunpowder eventually blew apart the political system based on kings and emperors, just as the technology of aircraft ended Britain's snug, smug feeling of safety on its tight little isle, the new technology of space weaponry is going to change international politics forever.

The first political reality we must face is that we no longer live in a bipolar world of two superpowers, their various allies and satellites, and a scattering of small, poor nations that don't count when it comes to military power. True, America's major military concerns all centre on the Soviet Union. But the People's Republic of China has nuclear-tipped missiles and so do France and Great Britain. India is launching satellites with its own rockets and has tested its own nuclear bomb. Pakistan, the most likely target of India's missiles, is undoubtedly trying to produce its own nuclear arsenal so that it, too, can engage in a MAD policy.

What will the world be like in the 1990s, when nations such as Argentina and Libya may have nuclear weapons and the missiles to deliver them? Will Iraq finally produce its own nuclear bombs? And if it does, will it use them first against Iran or Israel?

A second fact we must face is that America is not the only nation in the world that might build orbital defences. Most American pundits who have come out against the Star Wars defence have tacitly assumed that if the United States does not place defensive weapons in orbit, nobody will. That is arrant foolishness. The US can decide if it will build orbital defence weapons; it cannot decide if the Soviets or other nations will.

Make no mistake: the Soviet Union has been developing this technology almost as long as the Americans have, and in several key areas the Russians are far ahead of them.

Through the 1970s, when the American space program became moribund after Washington killed the Apollo program, the Soviets sent scores of cosmonauts into orbit aboard a succession of space stations they called Salyuts. Salyut 7 is in orbit today, it is larger than any previous Soviet space station and may well be the permanent platform from which the Russians will test their own orbital beam weapons.

Soviet scientists have worked hard not only on lasers, but also on particle-beam devices, which fire a stream of subatomic particles such as protons. As a weapon, particle beam devices may prove to be more effective than lasers. The Soviets have also pushed development of the kinds of electrical power systems that are needed to "drive" high-power lasers and particle-beam weapons.

For nearly 20 years the Soviets have flown military weaponry in space. While both the United States and the USSR have placed satellites into orbit for early warning, military surveillance, communications, weather observations, and mapping, only the Soviets have put actual weapons into space. They regularly fly tests of their anti-satellite weapons, and unconfirmed leaks from intelligence sources claim that they have blinded American surveillance satellites by firing lasers at them from the ground.

As much as we may want to keep space free of weaponry, the fact is that the military got into space before anyone else did, and space is already a theatre of military operations. The best thing we can do — the wisest thing we can do — is to try to use space in a way that will shield us against nuclear attack.

Is it possible? Technologically, yes. There is no reason why the US cannot develop orbital weapons that will find, track, and destroy ballistic missiles bearing nuclear warheads. Satellites armed with lasers, particle-beam weapons, or even pellet guns or small missiles, could destroy ballistic missiles while their rocket engines are still boosting them, when they are still over their own territory and very vulnerable to attack.

Critics of the idea claim that building an orbital defence system would violate the SALT I agreement. However, the treaty specifically allows *research and development* on missile defence to be carried out. That is what the US should be doing. It is undoubtedly what the Soviet Union is already doing. Then, when the Yanks are convinced that their R & D efforts will lead to an effective defence, it will be time to return to the bargaining table.

The loudest argument that critics of orbital defenses make, however, is their claim that such a system will not work. Their forefathers made similar claims against repeating rifles, submarines, aeroplanes, and almost every other new idea they ever heard of.

The critics point out that no defence system is perfect, and that some attacking missiles will get through to deliver their nuclear warheads on target. That is quite true. But remember that the goal we pursue is *deterrence*.

> "If we match the technological wizardry of the Star Wars defense system with equally high-powered political initiatives, we have a good chance of making nuclear war impossible"

If the USSR knows that a substantial portion of its missile force will be destroyed long before the missiles reach their targets, and that a powerful American force will survive a Soviet first strike and be capable of a devastating counter-strike, the decision-makers in the Kremlin will no doubt stay their hand, even though they could inflict considerable damage on the United States.

It will cost tens or even hundreds of billions of dollars to build such an orbiting defensive shield. But what price tag do you place on survival? How much are you willing to pay to prevent nuclear war?

If we match the technological wizardry of high-powered lasers and satellite defense systems with equally high-powered political initiatives, we have a chance — a good chance — of making nuclear war almost impossible.

The key to this is simple in concept, but terribly difficult in practice. It is this: invite the Soviets, the Chinese, the Europeans, everyone in the world to join America in the effort to build and deploy such defensive satellites.

If we have the moral courage to make this program completely open, and invite the rest of the world to participate in it, sharing our knowledge with theirs, and placing the orbiting satellites under international control, then we may have found the way to prevent *any* nation from launching a nuclear attack on any other nation.

What we need is a form of Swiss Guard in orbit, an international organisation that has the power to destroy any rocket launched from anywhere in the world, if that rocket has not already been inspected and found to be carrying only a peaceful payload.

Such an organisation would discourage nations from developing nuclear arsenals, or from enlarging the arsenals they already have. And an international program could spread the costs of the system among all the participating nations.

Would the United States voluntarily give up its right to attack its enemies? Would Americans willingly place their defence in the hands of some international organisation? That *must* be the basis for a full and thorough dialogue within its own society.

Would the Soviet Union, with its historic fear of invasion and almost paranoic insistence on secrecy, be willing to allow such an international organisation to control its defences? I believe the Kremlin would join such an effort, for two reasons.

First, most of the rest of the world would quickly agree to such a global defence system, and the Soviets would find themselves facing not only the US and Western Europe, but almost the whole world. It would be more advantageous to the Soviet Union to join the peace-keeping force than to isolate itself.

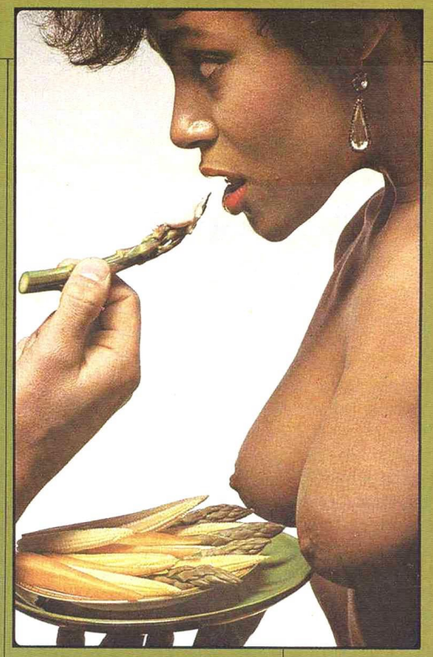
Second, by neutralising the world's nuclear arsenals, the Soviets — with their heavy preponderance of conventional military arms — will feel more secure than they do today. By removing the threat of nuclear war, their advantage in numbers of tanks, guns, and planes becomes more important to them. And to the US.

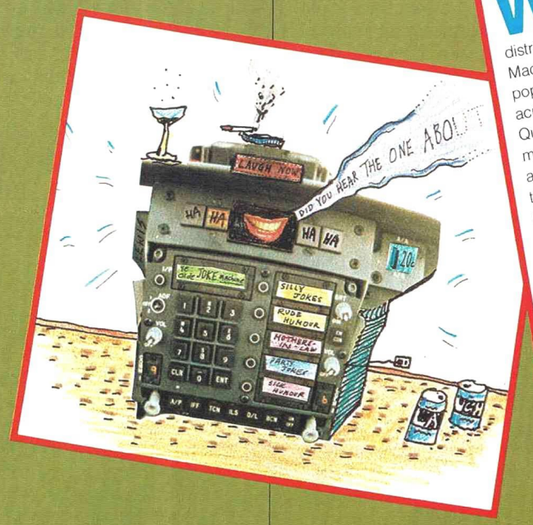
Clearly, orbital defenses against nuclear armed missiles are not the answer to every problem that faces the world. But they can be the answer to nuclear Armageddon, and that is a major step forward for the human race's prospects of survival.

If it is impossible to freeze nuclear weapons, we should at least be prepared to melt them.

LOOSE ENDS

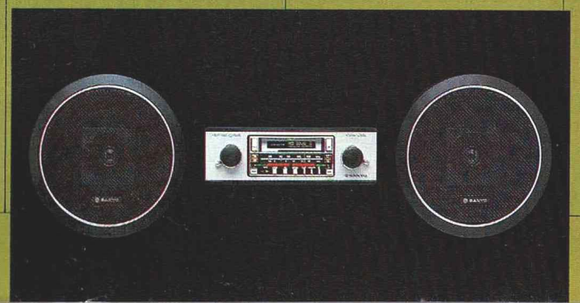
So you've heard about people playing with their food — ever heard about food playing with itself? Order a Helping Hand at Rude Food in Sydney and you get a juicy rack of lamb curled protectively around a fat zucchini that thrusts outward from a base of two baked potatoes. And that's not the half of it. This raunchy restaurant puts the sensuality back into whatever you put into your mouth and swallow. Another main course is the Slick Chick, a tender boned chicken breast with a light sauce, assembled to remind you of looking up a female friend. "Foreplay" courses are similarly suggestive, and it might be the only restaurant where you get to go down on your dessert. It's a friendly, set-price restaurant catering to those for whom food is the music of love. Play on at 84-88 Anzac Parade, Kensington, (02) 663 2288.





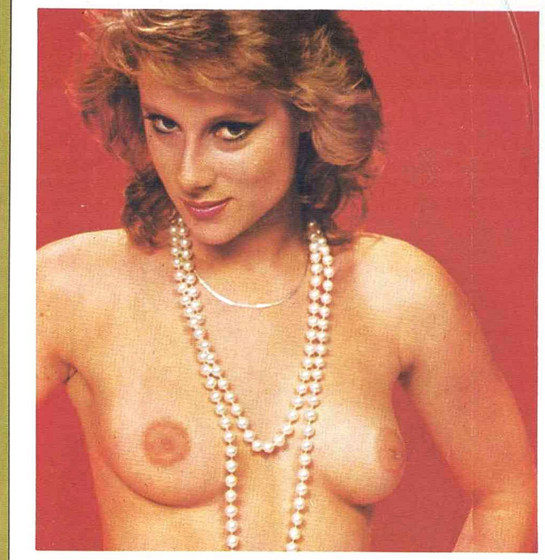
What price a giggle? Twenty cents, according to the distributers of Ye Old Joke Machine, a novelty vending device popping up at pubs and clubs across Australia. Designed by Queenslander Jim Murray, the joke machine swallows your two bob and regales you with five or six taped gags. NSW distributer Kevin Nowland says the $700 machines come with 11 tapes, each a recording of about 120 jokes. Mr Nowland tells us many of the gags are on the blue side, but when asked for a sample joke from the 1300-odd in the machine's repertoire, he couldn't remember a one. They must be ripsnorters.

Thanks to the thousands who cast their votes in the Pet Of The Year Poll. The winner of the Sanyo AM/FM radio/cassette player was Rod Cramer of Alice Springs. His reaction was a simple: "Wow." That's one thing he won't get with his prize, nor flutter. The Sanyo FT460M 25 Watt per channel unit features full auto reverse, Dolby NR metal tape capability, twin 6-LED sound level meters, night illumination, loudness control and standby function.



Go on . . . you're pulling my leg. It's a joke, isn't it?" That was the reaction of John Foulsham of Two Mile Flat in NSW when he heard he'd won our December P&O cruise competition. But *Penthouse* doesn't joke about $4000 worth of Pacific cruising and we sort of like to leave the pulling to others. Mr Foulsham and his companion chuck their farewell streamers from the deck of the magnificent Oriana on May 3 before setting out on a 14-day cruise visiting Noumea, Vila, Suva, Pago Pago and Nuku'alofa. Half their luck. Keep up those entries to *Penthouse* competitions.

Here's a little something that could come in mighty handy for Bob Hawke, lazy fans at Test matches, veterans' marches and America's Cups, and for collectors of the virtually useless. It's an electronic flag waver, invented by William Bounds. He was the man who gave the world the teaspoonless measured sugar dispenser. As yet he's only made a little one but he's working on a bumper banner billower for the full-sized flag. Sounds about as useful as an electronic dog polisher.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Greg Morse of Keperra in Queensland teamed with Cheryl Wilson to come up with this winning entry in this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition. Not a bad effort it is too, winning them a choice of Polaroid prizes. There's the good old Polaroid SLR680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe Camera or the handy Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess System. The latter prize is a kit that allows you to process your own transparencies at home in minutes, doing away with the expense and delay of sending off your trannies.

If you want to be in the running for a Polaroid prize, send us a revealing photo or photos taken on any film, and let us be the judge. Your photographic model may also have the chance to be a *Penthouse* centrefold and pick up a modelling fee of $5000. Send entries to *Australian Penthouse*, attaching the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

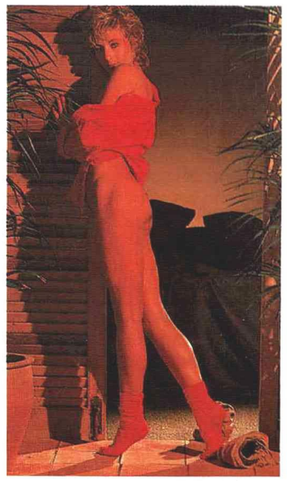
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

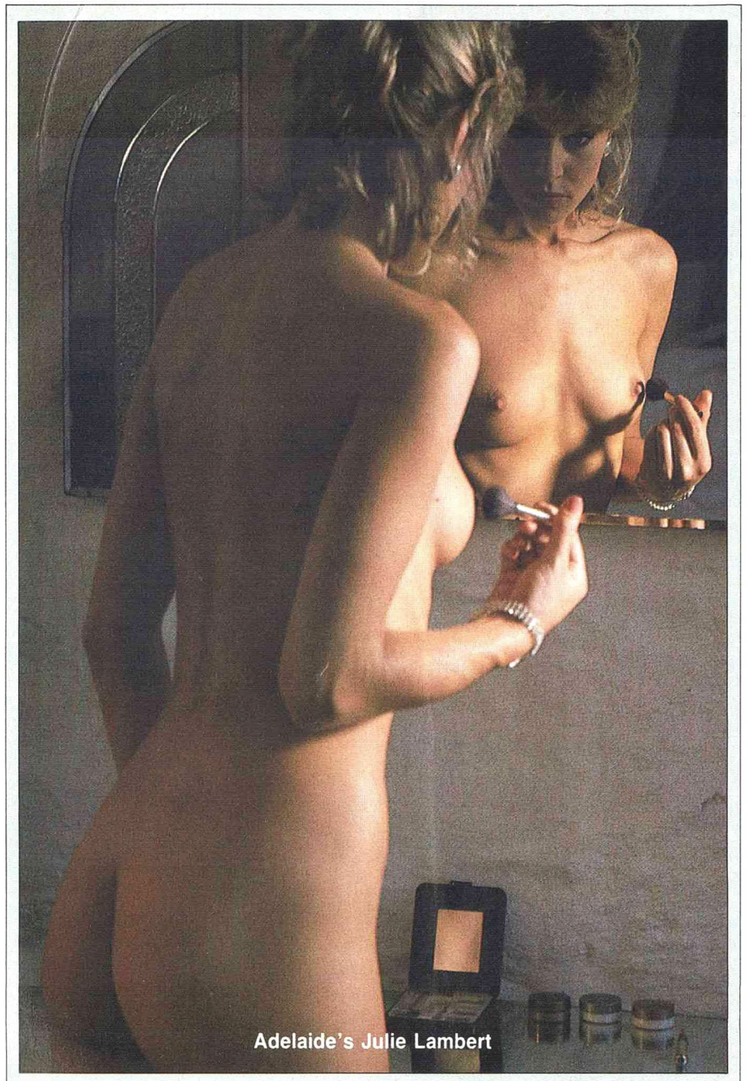
I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .



Photographing a *Penthouse* centrefold isn't just a matter of dragging a young lady off the street and snapping her in various stages of undress. A stylist comes up with a background concept, organises hair and make-up artists, and begs, borrows or rents the clothing, shoes, furniture and other props that appear in the pictorial. It's our policy to credit all involved. However, due to an oversight in our February centrefold, Sophie Jeanne, those credits didn't appear. So here they are: Centrefold styled by Fiona Joseph; Make-up by Kim Bowen; Hair styled by Robert of John Adams; Cane chair from Keyhole Furniture; Doors from Memory Lane; Pots and plants from The Itchy Palm; Terracotta tiles provided courtesy of Fred Pazotti Pty Ltd.



Adelaide's Julie Lambert

COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Our Children, Our Shame — Behind the shocking and increasingly frequent headlines about child sex abuse lies an even more shocking reality — an apparent public acceptance of this terrible crime. *Penthouse* reports on the inability of the law to cope with paedophilia in Australia.

Mick Jagger Interview — For two decades Jagger and the Rolling Stones were billed as "The World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band." Many think they still are. Jagger speaks at length about everything from the Beatles and Marianne Faithfull to Reagan's re-election and the Falklands invasion. It is an unusually frank discussion with the man behind the image of rock and roll's greatest superstar.

Strangers In A Strange Land — Australia is being flooded by illegal immigrants who are making a mockery of our immigration department and the laws it is supposed to administer. *Penthouse* investigates the impact of these renegade refugees on Australia, and looks at the lifestyle of some immigrants for whom hide and seek is a game with serious consequences.

Poor Man, Rich Man — Clayton Crowe reckons if he can become a millionaire, anyone can. This 31-year-old Gold Coaster, who was broke nine years ago but is now worth nearly $10 million, wants to let you know how to follow in his footsteps.

Pet Of The Month — Adelaide's willowy blonde Julie Lambert shares her day with *Penthouse* readers in a stunningly different pictorial next month. From her drowsy early morning awakening through to a sensuous dusk, this one's a winner.

BIGGS

Continued from page 64

he has some security. A Japanese film company recently made a 90-minute documentary about him and his great escape which will be screened, only in Japan, this month. The British are unlikely to ever witness Ronnie's acting debut.

Without the publicity, he is lost. Biggs admits, "Mike is the straw I am clinging to. I depend entirely on him for any degree of happiness and I have already had a lot of pleasure out of him. The fact that he has become a success as a pop star is an added bonus — the icing on the cake. He can look after himself materially now.

"The way I see it, my life is beginning to rise up from the ashes of my screwed up past. I look forward to the time when my children in Australia will forgive me and come out to live with me in Brazil. Perhaps they will work with Mike. Who can tell?"

The prospect of going back to prison is one that the Great Train Robber can accept: "I've done a lot of time in jail and one of the things I got used to was the solitude. I have to have certain moments when I am strictly alone. Sometimes I go into my bedroom and I automatically close the door for no real reason. I think it's to do with being in a cell.

"There's a certain degree of comfort in the nick when you are doing your time. You slam the door of the cell and that's it — all the shit is out there and you're back in the womb again. A lot of people go to prison deliberately with a view to getting back to the womb."

If Biggs should decide to return to Wandsworth Prison to "do his bird", he will be taken to Block HT5 (Heavy Textiles 5), where a mailbag he was sewing at the time of his escape from jail waits, with needle and thread attached, to be completed. One and a half sides have still to be sewn.

Asked what his plans would be in the future if Michael decided he would not support his father, Biggs responds: "That leaves me knocking on the door of Wandsworth Prison asking if they want me to do my time. I've always said I wouldn't mind going back there at 80. It's a cosy life after all, you know — and they've got a decent library."

In the meantime, he will continue to live the good life in Rio and set about his campaign to win a pardon and real freedom. But perhaps the remaining lines of *The Ballad Of Wandsworth Prison* will eventually prove to be an omen:

All too soon the shouts of the screws,
Unlock the ones, unlock the twos;
Empty your pisspots and bang up your doors,
Unlock the threes, unlock the fours.
Downstairs transfers for Dartmoor and Norwich —
Hold out your plate lad, here comes your porridge.

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